

Thugs Get Lonely Too

2pac

Ha ha, ha ha
Yeh u crazy
See, it ain't easy bein' me,
Life as a celebrity is less than heavily,
I got these fakes and these back-stabbers chasin' me around,
And it's always drama,
Whever I wanna get around,
Mama told me,
Long before I ever came up,
Gotta be true, to watchya' do,
And keep ya' game up,
'Cause things change,
And jealousy becomes a factor,
Best friends at your wifes house tryin' to MAC HER!
I'm on tour,
But still they keep on knockin' at my door,
And I got no time to worry,
I'm steady wantin' more,
Every day is a test, yes,
I try hard,
But I'm strugg-a-lin' with every breath,
I pray to God that the woman that I left at home,
All alone,
Ain't nothin' like tryin' to bone, over da' phone
In my mind,
I can see her naked,
I can't take it,
Got me shakin' at the thought that we can make it,
I thought you knew

Chorus

Nate Dogg

Im rollin' out on tour today, you gettin' sad 'cause I'm goin away (na ah ah)
Chicken heads wanna play with me, you gettin' mad 'cause you think Im'a sway(im'a sway)
Some of 'em cute some of 'em fine, I hear 'em scream soon az i hit tha stage (na ah ah)
Still I be gettin' lonely for you, I'm comin' home soon as I make this pay (make this pay)

Tupac

I call you up long distance,
On the telephone,
I wanna tuck you in,

Even though I know I can't make it home,
I wisper things in ya' ear,
Like your near me,
Wonder if you feel me,
From far away,
Or can you hear me,
It seems to me,
That ya' jealous,
'Cause I'm hustlin' and makin' money,
With the fellas',
In the back streets,
Tryin' to trap me,
Baby HOLD UP,
Thugs get lonely too!
But I'm a soulja,
And theres no way I'mma' stop makin' money,
'Cause ya' attitudes changed,
And ya' actin' a little funny,
Always complainin',

Sayin' we don't spend time,
Can't you see,
I got enough stress on my mind,
Hangin' up like you all that,
And get mad when I'm tell you that,
'I'm busy baby, call back,'
Please, ain't nothin' left to say to you,
Thugs get lonely too,
You KNOW

Chorus

Nate Dogg

Im rollin' out on tour today, you gettin' sad 'cause I'm goin away (na ah ah)
Chicken heads wanna play with me, you gettin' mad 'cause you think Im'a sway (ima sway)
Some of 'em cute some of 'em fine as fuck, I hear 'em scream soon az i hit tha stage (na ah ah)
Still I be gettin' lonely for you, I'm comin' home soon as I make this pay (make this pay)

Tupac

I sit alone in my room, drinkin',
Without a dare,
Talkin out loud to ya',
Like ya' there,
Take ya' picture out my back pocket,
Man it's on,
You the first face I wanna see,
When I get home,
I wanna love you 'till the sun rise,

Buckwild,
Touchin' every wall in the house,
Thug style,
Put ya' hands on the head-board,
Think of me,
Drippin' sweat on top of you,
Sick of scenes in yo' head,
That I'm makin' love,
So turn the lights down,
Reminice 'n relax,
'Cause baby right now,
I feel you in the middle of my stomach,
You wisper in my ear,
Baby tell me how you really want it,
Hold on tightly,
Watch the ceiling,
Scratch my back,
How you react,
Lets me know you feel me,
'Cause everythin' I'm givin' to you,
Is so true,
Thugs get lonely too,
You know.

Chorus

Tupac

Yeh, thug life baby! Stay thuggin
Ay, so you remember that next time you sweatin me when I'm on the road
Thugs get lonely too
We aint gotta go through all these bullshit-ass problems
If you wanna be real with me, be real with me
If you wanna be fake, move onto the next
That ain't me
You know

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