

Fuck All Y'All

2Pac

Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all
I don't need nobody
Fuck 'em, fuck all y'all Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me
When all these muthafuckin' cops be on me
I got problems ain't nobody callin' back
Now, what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats? Remember me, I'm ya homie that was down to brawl
Sippin' Hennessey hangin' with the clowns and all
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew
We had bitches by the dozens oh, we fuckin' cousins You can throw ya middle finger if ya feel me loc
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke
It took time but finally the cash was mine
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind Look around and all I see is snakes and faces
Like scavengers waitin' to take a hustler's pape's
And when you stuck where the fuck is all ya friends?
They straight busted and can't be trusted fuck y'all Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice
and what's the use?
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was
Way back in the day before they put the crack in the way And hey, how much money can you stack in a deck?
It's gettin' rough collect calls from my niggas in court
I recollect we used to ball now just livin's enough
I stand tall in the winter summer spring or fall Thug for life scrawled all across the wall
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla
Drop an album sell a million give a fuck about tomorrow
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark These marks keep on huffin' and puffin'
Ain't no fear in my heart, what's goin' on in the ghetto
Still struggle and strive? I still roll with the heater smokin' chocolate Thai
In 94 I'll be goin' solo, too many problems with my own
So I'm rollin' do-do, fuck all y'all Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all I went from rags to riches
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches
I'm seein' death around the corner
I'm bumpin' Gloria, doin' 90 'cause I wanna I'm gettin' high like I said it with some chocolate Thai
Mixed with some Indonesia watch me fly
And even though I know the cops behind me
Hit the weed and uh, I continue doin' 90, biotch Will I get caught another ticket get to kick it in court?
Fuck the law, give a shit I'm even worse than before
I know they wanna see a nigga buried

But I ain't worried still throwin' these thangs
Got me locked in these chains
And hey, nigga what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?
Soon as I hit the cell I'll be bailin' out
And when I hit the streets I'm in a rush to ball
I'm screamin' thug life nigga fuck y'all
Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all, fuck all y'all
Fuck all y'all

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