

Stay True (feat. Stretch & Mopreme)

2Pac

Yeah nigga, drop the top on your muthafuckin' ride
This how we do it on the West Coast babyRollin' down the Four O Five
Gettin' high
White boys done wrecked their shit
Tryin' to check my rideI ain't being bootsy
Crusin' in a Six-o Impala
Drivin' like I'm in a Hooptee
Car full of ballin' capsKeep yo hand on the strap
And take all the craps
Niggas know my steel-lo, all legit
But I'm drapped like a nigga movin' kiloShit don't stop
'Cuz I can make that ass drop
Make the front pop
And hit the three wheel motionAll day
Hit the freeway
Take it easy, uhh
Let's slideAnd pick-up some hoochies
Ride right back to the movies
High talking back to the screen drinkin' liquor
Havin' big dreams of gettin' richer, I'm livin' thatThug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, yeah
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, uhhThug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true, yeah
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay trueBig Stretch represent the real nigga
Flex, Live squad and this muthafucker catch wreckThug Life, sharp as a roughneck
Shakin' the dice, we roll long, ain't nothin' nice
So the vice wanna follow us around
Got 'em runnin' as we clown thru the townAnother one, had to throw another gun
Don't need another case, you can see it on my face son
But I ain't fallin' yet
And I gotta give a shout to where my ball is at MophremeTell 'em why the hoes dream
Gettin' high off a nigga like a dope fiend
'Cuz I'm non-stop, and I'm always hustlin'
Twenty four seven, ain't nothin' buckBut when a young G's flippin' keys for a livin'
Try to make a mill off the time I'm givin'
Trippin', mad, I'm crazy, can't nobody fade me
And I been goin' insane latelyAnd everybody tryin' ta hold me back

I'm about to snap
You better move back
You know I led aThug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay trueThug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true
Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay trueMan, I don't worry about the Five-O
If they start 'cuz it's all about survival
Just stay smart, keep your mind on your bank roll
Always stay ahead of these stank hoes these daysIt's an all out rat race
And look at me just caught another cat case
That makes three
My lawyers getting cash up the assDon't even ask, why I'm buck wild?
Don't smile, don't laugh
To the young G's comin' up, peep game
Don't let the money make you change or act strangeStay broke, it's all in together now
Keep pumping loud till the crowd bring the top down
Is that Tupac Thug Life ? Hell yeah
Try to dirty up my name but it's still hereWhich way do I turn?
I'm strapped
Lost in the storm
I can't turn back with thatThug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true
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Thug Life, y'all know the rules
Gotta do whatcha gotta do, stay true

Songwriters

SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU / WALKER, RANDY / MAYFIELD, CURTIS / HARDING, MAURICE

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