

Pour Out A Little Liquor

2Pac

Yeah

Pour out a little liquor for your homies, nigga
This one here go out to my nigga Mike Coolie
(Light up a fat one for this one)

How you come up, man? I started young kickin' dust and livin' rough
You watch you mouth around my mama, you couldn't cuss, man

I had a down ass homie though we ran the streets
And on the scene at the age of fourteen, huh
I packed a nine and my nigga packed a forty-five
We drinkin' forties, lil' shorties livin' naughty lives

You couldn't stop us, long as I got my glock, fuck the coppers
Hangin' on the block, slangin' rocks and makin' profits I couldn't fuck with the school life, I was a fool

I'll play that motherfucker for a tool man
Tonight'll be the night that's what we figurin'
Hustlin' in the rain felt no pain 'cuz we drinkin'

Playin' them hoes like manure
First let my nigga fuck and then I fuck, that's how we do it
(Ha ha) It's two niggaz comin' up out the hood

Livin' life just as good as we could
But since a bitch can't be trusted
Hoes snitched to the police, now my nigga's busted
The cops whoopin' on my nigga in jail
Tryin' to get a motherfucker to tell
And couldn't nobody diss my nigga

Damn, I miss my nigga, pour out a little liquor My cousin died last year and I still can't let go

My cousin died last year and I still can't let go
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go This goes out to all you so called G's

Pour out a little liquor for your real motherfuckin' partners
Don't let the drink get like that y'all, huh
Pour out a little liquor, pour out a little liquor
What's that you drinkin' on? Drinkin' on gin, smokin' on blunts and it's on

Reminisce about my niggaz, that's dead and gone
And now they buried, sometimes my eyes still get blurry
'Cuz I'm losin' all my homies and I worry

I got my back against a brick wall, trapped in a circle
Boxin' with them suckers 'til my knuckles turn purple

Mama told me, "Son, there'll be days like this"
Don't wanna think so, I hit the drink and stay blitzed We had plans of bein' big time G's

Rolling in marked cars, movin' them keys
And now I roll up the window, blaze up some indo
Get to' down for my niggaz in the pen, yo
Your son's gettin' big and strong
And I'd love 'em like one of my own, til' you come home
And the years sure fly with the quickness
You do the time, and I'll keep handlin' yo' business That's the way it's supposed to be
Homie, if it was me, you'd do the shit for me
Homie, I can remember scrapin' back to back
Throwin' dogs on them suckers runnin' up on this young hog
I hope my words can paint a perfect picture
And let ya know how much a nigga miss ya
Pour out some liquor My cousin died last year and I still can't let go Look at you
Drinkin' got you where you don't even give respect to your partners
Pour out some liquor, nigga
It ain't like that, tip that shit over
Pour out a little liquor My cousin died last year and I still can't let go
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go
My cousin died last year and I still can't let go This for my nigga Madman, Dagz, Hood, Silk, yeah
A little liquor for my homies y'all
We in this motherfuckin' piece, yeah
Pour out a little liquor, Young Queen, yeah
This one goes out to all my mack partners
Back in the motherfuckin' BayOaktown still in the motherfuckin' house
(Pour out a little liquor)
My nigga Richie Rich, Gov'na
(I don't care, Night train, Hennessey)
All my real motherfuckin' partners
(Pour out a little liquor)
And all my real partnas in Marin, fuck you busta ass niggaz
Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor

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