

Tradin War Stories

2Pac

A military mind, nigga
A military mind mean money
A criminal grind, nigga
A criminal grind mean hustle
You know We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin' hard liquor
This ghetto life has got me catchin' up to God quicker
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger
Semi-automatic MAC-11 just to scare niggas
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday
And fear of man grow on trees
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes
So niggas whisper when they mention
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure
Moms sent me to go play with the drug dealers
Hits fall, we thug niggas and we came in packs
Every one of niggas strapped sippin' on 'nac
In the back, my AR-15
Thuggin till I die, these streets got me cravin' thorazine
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin'
Fat as that ass that honey shakin' My niggas tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit
They call it overthuggin and shit
But I was just a younger nigga
Gettin' older and lovin' this shit
But what was I doin' in this place?
To the fakes without a pistol in the first
Facin' termination in the worst
But I figured to play the wall, to watch all these
Playa hatin niggas position for I could see 'em all
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryin' to tell you Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin'
greenery
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game somethin D-P
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out
And why I do it the ridin and smokin'

Collidin' with foes in the worst place
 Y'all shouldn'ta fucked with us, in the first place
 Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin game to the youngsters
 Y'all don't want no funk 'cause
 Y'all be the next in the long line of war stories
 We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
 Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
 We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
 Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
 I breaks them off with this gangsta war story tale
 Stacking loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12
 Slap my clip in the chamber, fool, your life's in danger
 No one will remain when I come through dumping insane
 Call me Bowl of Major Pain, gun-slang and moving 'caine
 I be the nigga that's pulling the trigger and dumping the hollow points in your brain
 More bigger balls than RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball
 We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)
 Never been no sign for men call
 How we bucks them down on the way to the ground
 Ain't nothing but the hog in me
 Bust off his dildo, killin' up hoes and keep mobbin' G
 It ain't no calling the funk off
 Don't be funkking with my sawed off
 Bust they dirty-ass drawers off
 And had them bitch niggas hauled off
 We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
 Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
 We tradin' war stories, we Outlawz on the rise
 Jealous niggas I despise, look in my eyes
 My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay
 Ain't nothing on this earth will make a nigga like me stay
 I'm reminiscing, and catchin' flashbacks
 When niggas ran up in my house
 And I was too young, to try to blast back
 What happend then? No one would tell me since I was three
 Heard that God took my peoples, now they living somewhere free
 But fuck that, you got what's mines and I want that
 Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back
 And now I'm sitting, holding in anger because my parents missing
 Thugging Immortal, got some war stories for you
 Now look at me straight Outlaw Immortal
 Never gave a fuck 'cause I was nobody's daughter
 Outlawing from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure
 'Cause the murderous tendencies of my mind can't be controlled, nigga
 So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?
 Would you try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla
 When I got you on kay-nine-fourths
 Prayin' to God as your life goes back and forth
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What players do

Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz

Motherfucking 2Pac a.k.a. Makaveli

Can you feel me?

Just so you know

It's on Death Row

My niggas love that shit

Dramacydal in this motherfucker

Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggas Fatal and Felony

C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?

Songwriters

MUTAH W. BEALE, KATARI T. COX, MALCOLM GREENIDGE, TUPAC AMARU SHAKUR, JAMES
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