

Bury Me A G

2pac

Thug Life
Thinkin' back
Reminiscing on my teens
A young G
Getten' paid over dope fiends
Fuckin' off cash that I make
Nigga, what's tha sense of workin hard
If you never get tp play
I'm hustlen'
Stayin' out till it's dawn
And commin' home
At 6 o'clock in tha mornin'
Hand's on my glock
Eye's on tha prize
Finger on tha trigga when a nigga rides
Shootin' craps
Bustin' niggas out tha door
Pick my money off tha floor
God bless tha tre-four
Stuck on full, drunk again
Sippin' on Gin
With a couple of friends
Sayin' those thug life niggas be like major pimps
Stickin' to tha rules is what made it simp
And if I die
Let it be
But when they come for me
Bury me a G
I ain't got time for bitches
Gotta keep my mind on my mothafucken riches
Even when I die
They won't worry me
Mama don't cry
Bury me a G
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Bury me a G
More Trouble than tha average
Just made 25 and I'm livin' like a savage
Bein a G ain't no easy thing
Cause you could fuck around get crossed
And get stuck in tha game
And for tha rest of your life you will sit and remineise
Wonder why it had to end like this
And to tha G's you can feel my pain
Till tha mothafuckas gets born again
You thought I was a game kid
I'm not tha nigga for playin games
I let my buckshots rang
When I pull tha trigga on my gauge
I'm on tha rampage
Makin' runs for tha devil
Ain't nothin' on my mind
Will get me in some trouble
I'm tryin to ride
No more loves
For me hard to figure
Get a nigga, smoke a blunt
Or is a jury starts (break that shit)
I gives a fuck nigga
Stuck outta luck
When I bust
Pull me to my death
But I'm a G to tha enemy
I ain't got time for bitches
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I got nothen' ta loose so I choose to be a killer
Went from bangin' ta slangin'
Now I'm a dope dealer
All my life payed tha price to be tha boss
Back in school

Wrote tha rules on getten' tossed
Poppin' rocks on tha block was a past time
Pack a 9 all the time
You wanna test mine ?
Don't cry
I die before they play me
From tha cradle to tha grave
Bury me
Straight Thug G
Kickin' it with tha homies in tha hood
Getten' drunk, smokin' blunts
A bitch said I was no good
I gives a fuck
I spend my time in tha dope spot
Never had no time for no bitch
Instead slangin' rocks
And bustin' caps on you punk ass marcs
Fake ass G's
Bitch niggas with no heart
I'm stayin' real till I'm 6 feet deep
So when a nigga gone
Bury me a G
I ain't got time for bitches
Gotta keep my mind on my mothafucken riches
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They won't worry me
Mama don't cry
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Stuck on Full
Tangaray got a nigga high
Lord knows I don't need another DUI
I led a Thug Life
Heartless hustler
Just cause I fucked
Don't mean I trust her
Now my pagers vibratin'
Can't sleep
So I'm mobbin' to tha ho's house
Pumpin' Isely

Is it cool ta fuck is what I'm askin
Bitch recognize game and start laughen
When I'm all in those guts and shit
Prayin' that a nigga don't nut too quick
Cause I'll fuck and get up and let ya know
I'll be a 10 minute brotha for a \$2 ho
Lots a ho's get mad and shit
I let a trick be a trick
You can have that bitch
Cause I doubt if I change
Tha games a mothafucker
Real niggas turn ta bustas
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