

Definition Of A Thug Nigga

2Pac

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

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My definition of a thug nigga

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'

Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison

As I'm bailin' down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun

Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb

I guess I live life forever jugglin'

But I'll be hustlin' til the early mornin 'cause I'm strugglin'

Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker

Gettin' pages from my bitch it's time to dick her

I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her

Drop off and let the next nigga get her

That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a ho, make the dough

Break a ho when it's time to make some mo'

I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock

Ridin' down the block lickin shots at the punk-ass cops

And spittin' game through my mobile phone

The type of shit to get them hoes to bone

My Definition of a Thug Nigga "Tis the season, to be servin'" "What you doin'?"

"Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker"

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"Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker"

"Tis the season, to be servin'" Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggas

They're quick to pulle a nine when it's time do niggas

Comin' through like I'm two niggas, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag

Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga

I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy

Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me

Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin for the big bucks

Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck

In a one-room shack, and, kickin' back

Daydreamin with the nine in my lap (huh)

So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga

Bought a fo'-five 'cause I heard that the slug's bigger

Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself

Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump

I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger
 Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a thug nigga "Tis the season, to be servin'" "What you doin'?"
 "Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker"
 "Tis the season, to be servin'" "What you doin'?"
 "Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker"
 "Tis the season, to be servin'" "What you doin'?"
 "Mob-mobbin like a motherfucker"
 "Tis the season, to be servin'" Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time
 Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime
 So here we go, we in the inner city
 I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty
 Niggas don't like me 'cause I'm makin' ends
 Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, 'cause I'm all in
 And any nigga trying to take what I got'll
 Hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)
 So here we go, I can't be faded
 Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it
 Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger
 And I ain't takin' shit from no niggas
 I'm just tryin' to make some money right
 Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right
 I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball
 Find a spot and we can serve 'em all
 My definition of a thug nigga "Tis the season, to be servin'"
 "Mobbin' like a motherfucker, every single day"
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Songwriters

GRIFFIN III/MIZELL/SHAKUR Published by

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