

Life's so Hard

2Pac

Ma-ah-an, it ain't easy
They got me goin cold-hearted
Probation, violation, incarceration
Frustration, you know
Fuck that, nigga damn near bouts to start basin
It's hard! Hard on a nigga
coughing

Hard on a nigga (yeah it is, yeah it is)
whispered Kill kill kill, murder murder murder
Watch out nigga! Chorus: Now tell me do you see
Life's so hard on a nigga when you livin like a G
(repeat 2X)[Tupac - chorus 2X throughout]

Daz in this motherfucker
Alright bwoy, drop that shit
Whassup man? Always listen to that shit?

That ole criminal shit? Peep game nigga, peep game, feel me Verse One: Travel through my mind am I blind it's
a shame

Young niggaz gettin murdered straight took out the game
As I sit here puffin on a cigarette
Gotta be ready, never know who's plottin on a niggaz death
These are the rough times, best to hurry up
and duck muhfucker 'fore I buck mine
It's gettin crazy and everybody's strapped
Surrounded by niggaz but nary a motherfucker down to watch my back
These are the bitch made niggaz, you been played nigga
While you starvin and broke they pullin six figures
Oooh, what can you do
when you can't trust your crew, time to bust out the twenty-two
Boo-yaow! Ran out of weed, so I'm sippin
on this Hennesey, tell me, do you feel me?

Heyyy, I have no remorse
as I take another sip of my liquor and spit my sick thoughts, oooh Chorus Verse Two: Thuggin to the fullest, got
my strap, I'ma pull it

I'm the first muhfucker that can outrun a bullet
It's them Thug Life niggaz, them done like triggers
Got these punk wannabes and they jockin like bitches
Now my riches is gettin hoe-zone, it's on
Fuck a mystery, do you wanna get with me, then let's bone
I'ma take her to my hideout, cause I'm smokin that spinach

and stayin strong to the finish and then I ride out
 See you on the freeway, sorry baby
 but I gotta call my homey see what he say
 I ain't got no time, I gotta get mine
 I keep my mind on my loot, I'll shoot everytime
 And ain't no way I'ma let bitch made nigga worry me
 Catch me slippin, empty the clip and bury me
 Hell nah nigga have to plug me twice
 Ain't no slippin when you Thug for Life, motherfucker can you see?Chorus 2XVerse Three:Never bow down
 let these other bitches crawl
 I'm a Thug motherfucker and these Thugs only ball
 Ain't no half steppin here, from the cradle to the grave
 I'm a muhfuckin fool, but I choose to get paid
 Now my pockets gettin empty, and I'm panicked in a fright
 Me and my bitch named Nina are fiendin tonight
 Ain't nobody livin safe, got a Glock, and I'm stressin
 All I want is my muhfuckin money, ain't no question
 Don't try to stall little trick, cause we hit
 So bring in the scissors and get to clippin that dick
 I'd rather die young than die old and broke
 That's why I stay drunk, and I constantly smoke
 My memories as a youngsta, hangin with the homies
 But now I'm doin bad and them bitches don't know me (Who? Who?)
 But playa haters can't fade me (Why?)
 Cause this is Thug Life nigga and we're crazy, tell me do you see?Chorus 2XVerse Four:Yeah, constantly
 runnin from danger ain't no stranger to cop cars
 Gettin arrested and tested wearin a vest and don't drop my guards
 My life is hectic my homies send mail from jail
 Niggaz in Hell got some horrible stories to tell
 I'm catchin cases and still tryin to stack a grip
 The IRS is tryin to stress off a niggaz shit
 A young nigga never had a prayer to prevail
 And all my peers doin years locked up in jail
 What can I do, stay strapped, get a bigger crew
 And creep around with them Dogg Pound niggaz too
 And now we rich ain't no bitch than can touch us
 And it's a trip, how we clown, when we fuck sluts
 Bust nuts then I cut, that's my new thang
 And motherfuckers got on do-ragsChorus 2XCan I get paid, can I get paid, can I motherfuckin get paid
 Nigga can work for his money all motherfuckin day and
 still never see a piece of it, you understand me?
 It's not about the nice guy
 It's bout the hardworkin motherfuckin Thug nigga
 If you ain't a Thug nigga, you ain't really doin nothin
 (Chorus repeats in background)

You ain't really makin nothin
These motherfuckin po-po's and these pink folks
got it all locked up for us to fail
See how they did O.J., and they doin niggaz like that all day
So if you don't watch your motherfuckin stack
believe me, this could be your last breath...Chorus 2X to fade

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