

Thug Passion (feat. Jewell, Outlawz & The Storm)

2Pac

Aight, new drink
One part AlizÃ©, one part Cristal
Thug's Passion, baby
Y'all know what time it is
This drink is guaranteed to get the pussy wet and the dick hard
Now, if you with me
Pour a glass and drink with a nigga, you know what I mean?
I ain't tryin' to turn you all niggas into alcohols, alcoholics
I'm just tryin' to turn you into motherfuckin' thugs
So come and get some of this Thug Passion, baby I could pull out the drink and be good until it's relevant
But I'm a straight soldier
I'll roll up a nigga like it's Heaven sent
Tripping over dead presidents
They got these derelicts
I throw was down with this business
Trying to clown and get a cent
And so rather than stand forever, been thinking
Drinking over a felony
And hell of me and how it will be some other shit
People telling me to cool out
But they ain't feeling me
A motherfucking fool, about
My fucking cheddar cheese
And it pleases, passion of mine
Thugging, hugging plenty of G's
And laughing while I pass through times
And all these bastards be watching
Just keep it plain
And I'mma keep it the same partner, just take it the simple game
I can pinkle with the rain twinkling
Diamonds and things go blinking
Enough to hold me, til I'm old and wrinkling
And these adversaries
They gonna have to be worrying
'Cause I'mma be illing, fulfilling my passion
Til I'm burying my Thug Passion I heard it's the bomb
And you got it going on
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
You got me dripping wet

From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
Ooh whoaNow what if me
Turn this Hennessey into a robbery
The Prophecy probably suddenly
Switch and how it supposed to be and dirty money
Can't be evil 'cause it's filling up my tummy
Born in a position, death collision was futuristic
Twisting riches but there is only one way to make more
So I'm standing on the corner
Trying to hustle in the snow and my bigger bro
Couldn't know, but buy a .44, blasting at playa haters wanting more
With a Thug PassionPutting down mashin'
Control by this Thug's Passion
Unlike them other bustas pistol blasting
I'm asking what happened
To the niggas who kept it real
Like they claim to
That's when I bang, do, see thang true
Travelling this road my poor soul has been consolidated
With all this bullshit that I done tolerated
How I made it can easily stated
It's like my heart be gripped with the Passion
To be the fucking greatest
Load up and take shitMake it to some high dollar gangsta shit
Jack a stack 'til we got enough bank to splitCreep with me
Through that immortal flow
Thug Passion got you trembling, like Death on the Row
Make your move
So I can throw your mind a curve
While I'll be blowing up the scene
Like my nigga Mr. Herb
Take a toke as your heart goes full arrest
I got the bomb, so nigga, fuck the rest
You need a dub to get you flowing
And let that loc see smoke
Feeling the strokes of the 9 squeeze tight and slowI heard it's the bomb
And you got it going on
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
You got me dripping wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
Oh whoaThey say money don't make the man
But damn, I'm making money
Observing you motherfuckers

'Cause some of you bitches funny
Say you want it but you bullshitting
Licking them lips, you got me about to act a fool quick
Sipping on some Alizã© and Cristal
Meanwhile, buy me a drink and get to winking at me
She smiles, a niggas full of passion
Satisfaction is everlasting
"How does it feel?" what I'm asking
While I'm rubbing on that ass
"Why you laughing?"
See, I'm digging as if I'm curious
Full blown and furious
Baby, get a grip
When I be doing this
It's so physical
My attraction driven by alcohol
Beware of my reaction
Baby I'm born to ball
Thugged out on Death Row
You better recognize and picture what I said, so
Now you can feel it, it's a portion for my niggas in motion
Forever blasting, bitches ain't ready for this Thug Passion I heard it's the bomb
And you got it going on
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
You got me dripping wet
From the way you make me sweat
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
Oh whoah I heard it's the bomb
And you got it going on
Give me some of your Thug Passion, baby
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Oh whoah

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