

Pour Out A Little Liquor

Thug Life

This one here go out to my nigga Mike Coolie
(Light up a fat one for this one)
How you come up man?

I started young, kickin' dust and livin' rough
You watch your mouth around my mama you couldn't cuss, man
I had a down ass homie though; we ran the streets
And on the scene at the age of fourteen, huh
I packed a nine and my nigga packed a forty-five
We drinkin' forties, lil' shorties livin' naughty lives
You couldn't stop us, long as I got my glock, FUCK the coppers
Hangin' on the block, slangin' rocks and makin' profits
I couldn't fuck with the school life, I was a fool
I'll play that motherfucker for a tool, man
Tonight'll be the night that's what we thinkin'
Hustlin' in the rain felt no pain cause we drinkin'
Playin' them hoes like manure
First let my nigga fuck and then I fuck
That's how we do it (haha)
It's two niggas comin' up out the hood
Livin' life just as good as we could
But since a bitch can't be trusted
Hoes snitched to the police, now my nigga's busted
The cops whoopin' on my nigga in jail
Tryin' to get a motherfucker to tell
And could nobody diss my nigga
Damn, I miss my nigga
Pour out a little liquor

"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"
This goes out to all you so called G's
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"
Pour out a little liquor for your real motherfuckin partners
Don't let the drink get like that y'all, huh
Pour out a little liquor
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"
Pour out a little liquor
"My cousin died last year and I still can't let go"
What's that you drinkin' on?

Drinkin' on gin, smokin' on blunts and it's on
Reminisce about my niggas, that's dead and gone
And now they buried, sometimes my eyes still get blurry
Cause I'm losin' all my homies in a worry
I got my back against a brick wall, trapped in a circle
Boxin' with them suckers 'til my knuckles turn purple
Mama told me, "Son there'll be days like this"
Don't wanna think so - I hit the drink and stay blitzed
We had plans of being big time G's
Rollin' in mob cars, movin' them keys
And now I roll up the window, blaze up some indo
Get to' down for my niggas in the pen, yo
Your son's gettin' big and strong
And I'd love'm like one of my own, so you come home and
the years sure fly with the quickness
You do the time, and I'll keep handlin' yo' business
That's the way it's supposed to be, homie

If you was me, you'd do the shit for me
Homie, I can remember scrappin' back to back
Throwin' dogs on them suckers runnin' up on this young hog
I hope my words can paint a perfect picture
And let you know how much a nigga miss ya
Pour out some liquor

"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
Look at you
Drinkin' got you where you don't even give respect to your partners
Pour out some liquor, nigga
It ain't like that
Tip that shit over
Pour out a little liquor
This for my nigga Madman
Dagz, Hood, Silk, yeah
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
A little liquor for my homies, y'all
We in this motherfuckin' piece, yeah
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
Pour out a little liquor
Young Queen, YEAH
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
This one goes out to all my mack partners
Back in the motherfuckin' Bay
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
Oaktown still in the motherfuckin' house
(Pour out a little liquor)
My nigga Richie Rich, [?]King Gov'na
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
(I don't care, Night Train, Hennessy)
All my real motherfuckin' partners
(Pour out a little liquor)
And all my real partners in Marin, fuck you busta ass niggas
"My cousin' died last year and I still can't let go"
Yeah nigga, pour out a little liquor!