

Ha ha ha, yeah
Nigga fuck that Gin and Juice (Hennessy)
Just Pour a nigga a glass
Hennessy, that dark shit (That's right)
Hey pour me some of that too baby

They want to know who's my role model
It's in a brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking motto nigga')
Hennessy

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It's in a brown bottle (You know our motherfucking motto)
Hennessy

Ha ha ha, y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug shit (Hennessy)

That's what your sippin on
Now what's you name nigga'

Big ballin' ass nigga named Pac

Now I was born in the gutter facing life or death
I was a thug ever since my momma gave me breath
These motherfuckas want to see me die
So who am I to try to warn 'em, I'll buck and bomb 'em, them nigga fry
Ey remember me' Damn that Hennessy
The nigga you don't want to see, let me precede
My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me'
Now that it's poppin' ain't no love bitch
I maintain in the game and the gutter is where I still kick it
I'm tryin' to hustle up a meal ticket
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler till my dying days
Ain't nothin' wrong with gettin' paid
So nigga blaze, 'cause we some motherfuckin' fools
Walkin' through the streets wearing jewels
Breakin' niggaz, fakin' moves
Even the cops can't stop us
My enemies flip when the see me drink a fifth of that Hennessy

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That's what I'm sippin' on
Now let me tell 'em who I be

Big ballin ass nigga named Trice

Now I was born in Detroit on the side that's west
Troubled child, commin' up I had to ride I guess
Tried to apply myself, but niggas was ballin'

My momma couldn't tell my shit, the streets was callin'
I was often involved with niggas breakin' the law
I look back Pac nigga, we was bankin' off raw
P Funk, got I pumpin', he had the connects
Through the sack to us little niggas workin' the set
And if you got it you getting wet, nigga bet on that
Don't come around hurr on that floss shit
Detroit niggas off shit
(Robbin niggas in the do' ways) That's right
(With my four four, that's the sure way)
And this your old days, all eyes on me
We was loony I suppose you could (die homie)
O Trice always repped his block
Pac that Hen' and that Ice, I'm on a track with Pac nigga

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Yea

Ey Pac' Pac, nigga Detroit love you boy

We put it down out here I mean, you know' Me, my family, my friends
Man we ridin' for you always

2PacalypseNow and to infinity boy' forever

Shady Records, Afeni Shakur what up'

Yea, Obie Trice

Pour out a lil' liquor nigga