

## When Thugz Cry

2pac

When thugs cry..  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord my guns to keep  
If I die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
God as my witness, when thugs cry, too much is hard

Born thuggin and lovin the way I came up  
Big money clutchin, bustin while evadin cocaine busts  
My pulse rushin, send my pulse into insanity  
Shout at my cousin now we bustin if they yo' family  
The coppers wanna see me buried, I ain't worried  
I got a line on the D.A. cause I'm fuckin his secretary  
I black out and start cussin, bust 'em and touch 'em all  
They panic and bitches duckin, I rush 'em and fuck 'em all  
I'll probably be an old man before I understand  
why I had to live my life with pistols close at hand  
Kidnapped my homey's sister, cut her face up bad  
They even raped so we blazed they pad  
Automatic shots rang out, on every block  
They puttin hits out on politicians, even cops, I ain't lyin  
They got me sleepin with my infrared beams  
And in my dreams I hear motherfuckers screamin  
What is the meaning, when thugs cry?

Oh why, children send your child off to die  
In the streets of chalk where they lie  
Let no wrongs cry out when thugs cry  
Dear God..  
Oh why, does it have to be this way, our  
children of today won't stay wise  
Let the children hear when thugs cry  
Dear God.. oh why..

Heh.. maybe my addiction to friction got me buggin  
Where is the love? Never quit my ambition to thug  
Ain't shed a tear since the old school years of elementary  
Niggaz I used to love, enclosed in penitentiaries  
But still homey keep it real, how does it feel  
to lose your life, over somethin that you did as a kid?  
You all alone, no communication, block on the phone  
Don't get along with yo' pop, and plus your moms is gone  
Where did we go wrong? I put my soul in the song  
to help us grow at times, but now our minds are gone  
We went from brothers and sisters, to niggaz and bitches  
We went from welfare livin, to worldwide riches  
But somethin changed in this dirty game, everything's strange  
Lost all my homies over cocaine.. mayne  
See they ask me if I shed a tear, I ain't lie  
See you gotta get high or die, cause even thugs cry

And all I see is these paranoid bitches, illegal adventures

Bustin motherfuckers with uppercuts, I leave 'em with dentures  
Cause in my criminal mind, nobody violates the Don  
I write your name on a piece of paper, now your family's gone  
Why perpetrate like you can handle my team?  
So merciless that my attack'll take command of your dreams  
Leavin motherfuckers drownin in they own blood  
Clownin takin pictures later  
Laugh bout the punk bitches, that turned snitches  
Regulate my area, the terror I represent  
Makin yo' people disappear, you wonderin where they went?  
Am I cold or is it just I sold my soul?  
Addicted to these streets, never find true peace I'm told  
Come take my body God, don't let me suffer any longer  
Smoke a pound of marijuana, so I know it ain't long  
Where is the end to all my misery, is there a close?  
I suppose that's why I murder my foes, when thugs cry

I shed tattooed tears for years  
for my dead homeboys and my prison peers  
Y'all ain't never heard my cries  
Now you wonder why would you die?