

Y Do Thugz Die

Luniz

Thugs die, why me?

All eyes on me, so that means all eyes against me
simply cuz I may do in this world what God sent me
if I said that I was gonna die,
would I be tellin' the truth would I be lyin'
would I be chillin' in heaven or hell fryin'
do thugs go to heaven even though we bettin' big
loot, makin green an lovin' hootchie prostitutes
jewels an big high rollin to the big part
of two main thugs who got plugged with slugs but had so much love
until tha paraphernalia, you can't floss or make mill
one fellow dies in his click then it's all hell
Big Poppa took hot ones 2Pacalypse took hot ones
now, between east and west there's problems
it's true cuz who knows when you gonna die, who
knows when and where, who knows tha reason why
who goes and who stays who pause in these days
who paves the roads ways
who makes bread and who plays
not rollin' not doin' what you love (uh-uh) an when I die
I wanna die in this business as a thug
so I ask you, why?

Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry
Why do thugs die, cuz it's insane
Why do thugs die, makes you wanna cry
Why do thugs die, cuz it's insane

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh, uh,
Sometimes I wanna pray, sometimes I wanna say somethin'
to God cuz only God can solve the problems of today
get on my knees and pray, I cry and say
if I die today please take my soul away
make a brighter day for Lil ???, that be my son
so many people with money fall victim of the gun
for tryin' ta rock your rhymes like ??? caught two in the lungs
wanted to get me, dear lord forgive me, I didn't
wanna die this quickly
God the most expert hitman on earth to get me
had plans to have tha inner city killin' each other
first Pac now Biggie, what really goes on
lets hold on, like En Vogue, cuz when them devils want you gone
you gone, tombstones and funeral
homes keep yo game strong
my little homie got his brains blown (POW!)
ready to get yo whobang on, C an Rappin' Ron I miss ya
dudes, how many brothers must we lose
before we hit tha ballers fued
it's only hurtin' me and you
cuz they tryin' to shut down our music that we use
dont be confused, these ??? folks to us
control the industry, got us programmed like New York is the enemy
man look what they did to Kennedy
why, why, why me, why me, why do thugs die playa

1, 2, 3 years of struggle, huddles and plans

can't amount to millions bubble
that's why we keep stacks tucked and cuddled
I praise any human makin' loot by the truck loads
my motto stay clean like pimps in El Dorado
or any real playa makin' ripples in the pond,
got hustles for days, kinda makes me think of mine
and by the time I'm 30 I wanna own them things
in your ear (what) bubble for 20
years if the world is still here

Uh-huh, huh, playboy, it seems like everybody with bread
get indicted by the feds
and family members end up dead, REDRUM
I used to read psalms and go to church to be an usher
then of course the terms they got worsen
everyday is a different murder, so many
funerals and waits, pour out liquor smoke blunts
in the face when thugs die, you can't stop cryin
cuz I lost my momma then my father in `95, I ask the lord why
why thugs die, why do thugs die
it's like that there playboys
watch your back cuz it's goin' down man
This goin' out to all the fallen soldiers
who died in the line of duty, you know what I'm sayin
my playboy Tupac, rest in peace
my playboy, Biggie Smalls, one love rest in peace
to all the other soldiers, everybody who lost somebody
you know (world wide)
reminisce, lets do this, pour out some liquor
smoke some blunts with your folks
they lookin' down on us proud
there is a heaven for a G playboy, that's real
believe me, done deal, done deal, done deal, done deal, uh

[Chorus]