

# 2Pac, Fuck All Y'all

[Intro:]

Ha ha ha...fuck all y'all...fuck all y'all...I don't need nobody  
Fuck 'em...Fuck all y'all

[Verse 1]

Money gone fuck friends  
I need a homie that know me  
when all these muthafuckin' cops be on me  
I got problems ain't nobody calling back  
now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats  
Remember me I'm ya homie that was down to brawl  
Sippin' Hennessy hanging with the clowns and  
all we used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew  
we had bitches by the dozens oh we fuckin' cousins  
You can throw ya middle finger if ya feel me loc  
a nigga just got paid and we still was broke  
It took time but finally the cash was mine  
all the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind  
Look around and all I see is snakes and faces  
like scavengers waitin' to take a hustler's pape's  
and when you stuck where the fuck is all ya friends  
They straight busted and can't be trusted fuck y'all

[Chorus]

Fuck all y'all [2x]

[Verse 2]

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use  
cause I'm a hopeless thug  
Ain't no love reminiscing on how close we was  
way back in the day before they put the crack in the way  
and heeyyy how much money can you stack in a day  
It's gettin' rough collect calls from my niggas in court  
I recollect we used to ball now just living's enough  
I stand tall in the winter summer spring or fall  
Thug for life scrawled all across the wall  
and all about my dollars make me wanna holla  
drop an album sell a million give a fuck about tomorrow  
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark  
these marks keep on huffin' and puffin'  
ain't no fear in my heart  
What's going on in the ghetto still struggle and strive  
I still roll with the heater smokin' chocolate thai  
In 94 I'll be going solo  
too many problems with my own  
so I'm rolling do-do  
Fuck all y'all

[Chorus 3x]

[Verse 3]

I went from rags to riches quick  
to socializing with the baddest bitches  
went from a bucket to a rag with switches  
I'm seein' death around the corner  
I'm bumpin' Gloriaaaa doin' 90 'cause I wanna  
I'm getting high like I said it with some chocolate thai  
mixed with some indonesia watch me fly  
And even though I know the cops behind me  
hit the weed and uh I continue doing 90 (Biotch)

will I get caught another ticket get to kick it in court  
Fuck the law give a shit I'm even worse than before  
I know they wanna see a nigga buried  
but I ain't worried still throwing these thangs  
got me locked in these chains  
and hey nigga what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout  
soon as I hit the cell I'll be bailin' out  
And when I hit the streets I'm in a rush to ball  
I'm screaming Thug Life nigga fuck y'all

[Repeat of intro]