

2Pac, Hennessey

(feat. Obie Trice)

[Intro: 2Pac/Obie Trice]

[Obie Trice]

Ha ha ha, yeah

[Tupac]

Nigga fuck that Gin and Juice (Hennessey)

Just Pour a nigga a glass

Hennessey, that dark shit (That's right)

[Obie Trice]

Hey pour me some of that too baby

[Chorus: Tupac/Obie Trice]

They wanna know who's my role model

It's in a brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking motto nigga?)

Hennessey

They wanna know who's my role model

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

Hennessey

[Tupac]

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

[Obie Trice]

That's what your sippin on

Now what's you name nigga?

[Tupac]

Big ballin ass nigga named Pac

[Verse 1: 2Pac]

Now I was born in the gutter facing life or death

I was a thug ever since my momma gave me breath

These motherfuckaz wanna 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 Hennessey

The nigga you don't wanna see, let me precede

My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me?

Now that it's poppin aint 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

Aint nothin wrong with gettin paid

So nigga blaze, cuz 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 Hennessey

[Chorus: 2Pac/Obie Trice]

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Hennessey

[Tupac]

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

[Obie Trice]
That's what I'm sippin on
Now let me tell 'em who I be

[Tupac]
Big ballin ass nigga named Trice

[Verse 2: Obie 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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 niggaz off shit
(Robbin niggaz in the do' ways) That's right
(With my four four, that's the sure way)
And this your old days, all eyez 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

[Chorus: 2Pac/Obie Trice]
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Hennessey

[Tupac]
Ha ha ha, Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug shit (Hennessey)

[Outro: Obie Trice]
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 riddin for you
always
2PacalypseNow and to infinity boy' forever
Shady Records, Afeni Shakur what up?
Yea, Obie Trice
Pour out a lil' liquor nigga