

2Pac, Thug Nature

No need to cry now, go wipe your tears

Be a woman, why you actin' surprised?

You showed the bullshit; commin' fake hair

fake nails, fake eyes too

So why you bound to fuck wit fake guys too

Aint nothin' hard about it

Why you lookin' sad, should'a though about it

Say you learn, i truly doubt it

I guess you got a problem with affection, kinda loose with the love

Gettin' freaky with the thug niggaz up in the club

Ask to buy you a drink, you holla Don Perione (spellin?)

Knowin' I'm a cash dealer, still I, remain calm

Let you chill with me

Plus you was smilin' 'til the bill miss me

That's what you get for trynna dick me

Missed me with that "buy me this, buy me that"- syndrome shit

Bitch get a job if you wanna be rich

Gettin' mad 'cuz i cursed and i screamed i hate'cha

Introduced you to a nigga nature, feel me

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Probably too nice at first

I lettin' you kiss where it hurts

Me and you gettin' busy, slangin' dick in the dirt

Met you at a pool party it was cool to kick it

See us, toungekissin', you was trouly with it

Little Exstasy, Hennesey, mix with me

Picture me pray for pussy when the dick's for free

Hey now, where my niggaz at? Tell these hoes

Before I pay; I jerk off, word to Moses

Visions of you sittin' there sweaty and wet
Pointin' at the places that you want me to hit
Give me room all up in the room, call the cops
Nigga, hit them walls til the bastard drop
Label me: Makaveli - Thug Nigga with pipe
Livin' life as a Rock Star friday nights
Make money, get pussy
Always keep a pager, cell-phone in the ride
To complete my Nature now!

(Chorus) (That's a nigga nature!)

(Verse 3)

Started as a seed from the semen
Straight outta Papa's nuts, lustin' for creamin'
Bitches wit big butts, curves make a nigga cry, tits and shit
When I'm locked down beggin' you for porno fleeks
Sneak weed in, helped a nigga passed the time
With my name tattoo'd so that ass is mine
Tell everybody; 'Pac put it down for good
A local legend through the whole hood
Follow me, I got a gun on me
Goin' for nun on the run baby
You know a nigga need some, is my son crazy?
Why I cry, when i be thuggin' til i die
Picture of nigga in heaven high, of weed I fly
Got me missin' dead homies with the phonies that died
Hit the weed and hope it get me high
Dear God, understand my ways, livin' major
Blessed with a thug's heart
In a realla nigga nature!

(Chorus x2) (That's a nigga nature!)

(Just be a nigga nation)

(It ain't my fault, that's a nigga nature)

(A nigga nature)