

2Pac, When Thugs Cry

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 (?), When Thugs Cry, Too Much Is Hard

{2Pac}

Born thuggin and lovin the way I came up

Big money clutchin, bustin while evadin cocaine busts

My pulse rushin, send my (?) 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?

{Chorus: singers}

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..

{{"When thugs cry"} on line 4, first time only}

{{"thugs cry"} on line 6, first time only}

{2Pac}

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

Chorus:

{2Pac}

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
Chorus:
{2Pac over Chorus}
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?