

# Outlawz, Tradin' War Stories

[2Pac]

A military mind nigga  
A military mind mean money  
A criminal grind nigga  
A criminal grind mean hustle  
You know

[Chorus: 2Pac (repeat 2X)]

We tradin war stories, we Outlawz on the rise  
Jealous niggaz I despise, look in my eyes

[2Pac]

Now can your mind picture, a thug nigga drinkin hard liquor  
This ghetto life has got me catchin up to God quicker  
Who would figure that all I need was a hair trigger  
semi-automatic Mack 11 just to scare niggaz  
Pardon my thug poetry, but suckers is born everyday  
and fear of man - grow on trees  
Criminal ties for centuries, a legend in my own rhymes  
So niggaz whisper when they mention  
Machiavelli was my tutor Donald Goines, my father figure  
Moms sent me to go play with the drug dealers  
Hits fall, we thug niggaz and we came in packs.  
Every one of niggaz strapped sippin on 'nac (Cognac)  
In the back, my AR-15  
Thuggin till I die, these streets got me cravin thorazine  
My lyrics are blueprints to money makin  
Fat as that ass that honey shakin

[Chorus (w/ Outlawz)]

[Fatal]

I bust a trey-trey, buggin an' shit  
They call it overthuggin and shit  
But I was just a younger nigga;  
gettin older and lovin this shit  
But what was I doin in this place?  
To the fakes without a pistol in the first,  
facin termination in the worst  
But I figured to play the wall; to watch all these  
playa hatin niggaz position for I could see 'em all  
Made it up out of there, lucky to be here to tell you  
But it'll never be a repeat people I'm tryin to tell you.

[Dramacydal]

Now picture the scenery, I'm thugged out smokin greenery  
Considered a B.G., but I'm off in this game somethin D-P  
My eyes only see deez, that's why I'm young and burnt out  
Learned the know how, well how to do now, by 18 turned out  
And why I do it - the ridin and smokin  
Collidin with foes - in the worst place;  
y'all shouldn'ta f\*\*ked with us, in the first place  
Y'all real O.G.'s, droppin game to the youngsters  
Y'all don't want no funk cause  
y'all be the next in the long line of war stories

[Chorus]

[C-Bo]

I breaks 'em off with this gangsta war story tale  
Stackin loot up in the coupe that I protect with a Mack 12  
Slap my clip in the chamber; fool, your life's in danger  
No one will remain when I come through dumpin insane

Call me Bo-wl of Major Pain, gun-slang and movin 'caine  
I be the nigga that's pullin the trigga  
and dumpin the hollow points in your brain  
Mo' bigger balls that RuPaul, Thug Life ain't a ball  
We bust that ass up against the wall (up against the wall)  
(?) Never been no (?) men  
How we bucks 'em down on the way to the ground  
ain't nuttin but the hog in me  
Bust off his dildo, killin (?) and keep mobbin G  
It ain't no problem (?) funk off  
(?) blow down punks with my sawed off  
Bust they dirty-ass drawers off  
and had them bitch niggaz hauled off

[Chorus]

[Outlawz]

My whole family been raised, on shit that ain't okay  
Ain't nuttin on this earth will make a nigga like me stay  
I'm reminiscin, and catchin flashbacks when niggas ran up  
in my house and I was too young, to try to blast back  
What happend then? No one would tell me since I was three  
Heard they got to my peoples, now they livin somewhere free  
But f\*\*k that, you got what's mines and I want that  
Never drop my guard, been on the squad, since ways back  
And now I'm sittin, holdin in anger because my parents missin  
Thuggin Immortal, got some war stories for ya

[Storm]

Now look at me - straight Outlaw Immortal  
Never gave a f\*\*k cause I was nobody's daughter  
Outlawin from my tits to my clits, don't try to figure  
cause the murderous tendencies of my mind can't be controlled, nigga  
So who's the bigger, who's the quickest killer?  
Would ya try to trip with my finger on the 9 milla  
When I got cha on kay-nine-fourths  
Prayin to God as your life goes back and forth  
We tradin war stories

[Chorus (repeats through to end, getting softer)]

['Pac talking]

War stories nigga; hahaha, what players do  
Thug Life, Outlaw Immortalz  
Motherf\*\*kin Tupac a.k.a. Makaveli  
Can you feel me? Just so you know, it's on Death Row  
My niggaz love that shit  
Dramacydal in this motherf\*\*ker, heheheh  
Yea nigga! Shout out to my niggaz Fatal and Felony  
C-Bo, the bald head nut, what?  
You know what time it is