

## Tradin' War Stories - 1/3

**Interprété par 2 PAC.**

A military mind nigga.  
A military mind mean money.  
A criminal grind nigga.  
A criminal grind mean hustle.  
You know,  
We tradin war stories.  
We outlaws on the rise.  
Jealous niggas I despise.  
Look in my eyes.

(Chorus repeats once more)

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 trigga Semi-Automatic Mack 11 just to scare niggas.  
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 niggas whisper when they mention  
Makaveli was my ?  
My father figure.  
Mama sent me to go play with the drug dealers.  
Hits fall.  
We thug niggas and we came in packs.  
Every one of niggas strapped sippin on 'nac(Cognac)  
In the back, my AR 15.  
Thuggin till I die.  
These streets got me cravin for a zine(magazine clip, limosine,?)  
My chansons are blueprints to money makin.  
Fat as that ass that honey shakin.

Repeat chorus 2X

I must stay thuggin and shit.  
They call it overthuggin and shit.  
But I was just a youngen 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 war,  
To watch all these playa hatin niggas position,  
For I could see em all.  
Made it up out of there.  
Lucky to be here.

## Tradin' War Stories - 2/3

Tell you, but it'll never be a repeat.  
People I'm tryin to tell you.

Now picture the scenery.  
I'm thugged out smokin greenary.  
Considered a BG(baby gangsta) but I'm offering  
This game something deeper.  
My eyes only see these  
That's why I'm definately bugged out.  
Learned to know how.  
Well to do now.  
By 18, turned out.  
And why I do thee.  
To rob and smoke and ally my foes in the worst place.  
Y'all shouldn't of fucked with us in the first place.  
Y'all real OG's(original gangsta) droppin game to the youngsters.  
Y'all don't want no fun  
Cuz y'all be the next in the long line of ?

Chorus repeats 2X

I starts em off with this gansta raw story tale.  
Stackin loot up in the coup 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 ? Major Payne.  
Ya slay and move and gain.  
I be the nigga 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 a wall.  
? As for men ?  
We bucks em down on the way to the ground.  
Ain't nuttin but the hog in me.  
This stuff is real, dough(though).  
Killin the Po's and keep mobbin, G.  
???  
? with a sawed off.  
Cuz they dirty as drawers, y'all.  
And had them bitch niggas hauled off.

Chorus repeats 2X

Mama had me lived and raised on shit that ain't ok.  
Ain't nuttin on this earth will make a nigga like me stay.  
I'm reminissin and catchin flashbacks when niggas  
Ran up in my house and I was too young to try to blast back.

## Tradin' War Stories - 3/3

What happend then, no one would tell me since I was 3.  
Heard they got to my peoples.  
Now they livin somewhere free.  
But fuck that,  
You got whats 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 and murderin.  
Got some war stories for ya.

Now look at me.  
Straight Outlaw Immortal.  
Never gave a fuck cuz I was nobody's daughter.  
Outlaw from my tits to my clips.  
Don't try to figure cuz the murderous tendencies of my mind  
Can be controled, 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, ok nine fourths(?)  
Prayin to god as your life goes back and forth.

Chorus repeats through the rest of the song.

(Spoken)  
War stories, nigga.  
Heh, heh. Ya playas, too.  
Thug Life. Outlaw Immortals. Mother fuckin Tupac AKA Makaveli.  
Can you feel me?  
Just say never  
Say Death Row.  
My niggas love that shit.  
Dramacydal in this mother fucker.  
Heh, heh. Yeah nigga. Shout outs to my niggas Fatal and Felony.  
See ?, ya bald head nut.  
What?  
You know what time it is.