

Po Nigga Blues

2pac

Why'd you slang crack? I had to
Why'd you slang crack? Cuz I had to
Why'd you slang crack? Cuz I had to
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin rent

Crazy, I gotta work with what you gave me, claimin I'ma criminal when you th
e one that made me
They got me trapped in this slavery
now I'm lost in this holocaust headin for my grave G
I told Sam he could fuck the war, and got a busted jaw for sayin "fuck the l
aw"

And if you wonder why I'm mad, check the record
Whats a nigga gotta do to get respected
Sometimes I think I'm getting tested, and if I don't say "yes" a niggas quic
k to get arrested

That's the reason I stay "zestin", I keep a vest on my chest incase the cops
is getting restless

Walkin round ready to light shit up, and since my life is fucked, some say I
'm slightly nuts

Buck buck is the sound as I move up, other niggas pay attention when a fool
bust.. huh..

They make a nigga be a killer, I used to be a dealer but they wanted to see
who's realer
Now them same mother fuckas wanna murder me, and I wonder if the lord ever h
eard of me

I need loot, so I'm doin what I do, and don't say shit until you've walked i
n my shoes,
There was no other destiny to choose, I had nothing left to lose, so I'm sin
gin the nigga blues

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Papa need brand new shoes, but what the fuck can a nigga do, my little boy g
otta eat too

So why must I sock a fella? Just live large like rocafella
And did you ever stop to think? I'm old enough to go to war but I aint old e
nough to drink
Cops wanna hit me with the book, and you hooked on my "I don't give a fuck"
look
Makin rules, I'ma break em, no matter how much you make em, you show me baki
n, I'ma take em
So don't you ever tempt me, I'm a fool for my nigga, and my pockets stay HIN
TED
To my brothers in the barrio, you livin worse then the niggas in ghetto so
I give a fuck about your language or complexion, you got love from the nigga
s in my section
You got problems with the punk police, don't run from the chumps, get the pu

mp from me

We aint free, I'll be damned if I played a chip for a blonde haired blue eyed Caucasian bitch

Down with my home boy rich, fuck a snitch and groupie ass bitch
And a nigga with a cellular phone, leave his baby at home so he can go out and bone (huh)
And you wonder why we blazin niggas, cuz you punks haven babies cant raise the niggas
And they damned to be fuck ups too, drink 40s of brew, singin the nigga blues

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Why'd you slang crack? Cuz I had too
Why'd you slang crack? Cuz I had too
And now I'm headin for the mother fuckin' PEN