

# Tupac, Nothin' But Love

Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on ya  
Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners  
I remember drinkin Hennesey, smokin weed  
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be  
Had a partner named Snoop, loved to clown a stank  
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank  
Shooting craps in the alley til they chased us off  
Pour a little for my homies but don't waste it all  
Oooohweee, who popped that coochie best?  
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest  
Having house parties in a crowded spot  
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot  
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come  
Lookin dumb, cause you waitin for your chance to hump  
Straight grindin, everybody havin fun  
And it's cool til a fool pull a loaded gun  
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over  
He had to act a fool now the party's over  
Gun shots rang like it's thunder  
And everybody bum rushing and I'm rushing to get a number  
Says she got a man but she's lying  
Why? I seen her talking to this other guy and..  
he's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him  
I ain't trippin I just hope he get em, I got nuttin but love

\*chorus\*

(singers) Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(2Pac) I'm down for yours, nuttin but love  
(repeat 4X)

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from  
Cause uh, old man still drinkin, his breath still stinkin  
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin  
But I can't diss him he's my elder  
He been livin here longer what that tell ya?  
And little girls playin double dutch  
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much  
It's uhh, ponytails and barrettes  
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to set  
And little boys playin stick ball, quick y'all  
Get out the street before they hit y'all  
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss  
And wonder how we came to this  
I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free  
I can't take what she offers me  
And this is how the world could be  
This is how the world should be  
Feels good to be back on the streets  
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

\*chorus\*

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see  
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me  
I saw our brothers getting rich slangin crack to folks  
And the square's getting big for these sack of dope  
Started thinking bout a plan to get paid myself  
So I made myself, raised myself  
Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool  
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"  
I got my game about women from a prostitute  
And way back used to rap on the block for loot  
I tryed to make my way legit, haha  
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent

And uhh, it was funny how I copped out  
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out  
My family on welfare  
I'm steady thinking, since don't nobody else care  
I'm out here on my own  
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone  
I'm feelin like a waste, tears rollin down my face  
Cause my life is filled with hate  
Until I looked around me  
I saw nothing but family, straight up down for me  
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs  
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

\*chorus repeats for a while w/o 2Pac\*  
Oaktown -- (singers) ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
ain't got nuttin but love for ya (repeats to fade)