

2Pac, Changes

Come on come on

I see no changes wake up in the morning and I ask myself
is life worth living should I blast myself?

I'm tired of bein' poor & even worse I'm black
my stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch

Cops give a damn about a negro

pull the trigger kill a nigga he's a hero

Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares

one less hungry mouth on the welfare

First ship 'em dope & let 'em deal the brothers

give 'em guns step back watch 'em kill each other

It's time to fight back that's what Huey said

2 shots in the dark now Huey's dead

I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere

unless we share with each other

We gotta start makin' changes

learn to see me as a brother instead of 2 distant strangers

and that's how it's supposed to be

How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me?

I'd love to go back to when we played as kids

but things changed, and that's the way it is

Come on come on

That's just the way it is

Things'll never be the same

That's just the way it is

I see no changes all I see is racist faces

misplaced hate makes disgrace to races

We under I wonder what it takes to make this

one better place, let's erase the wasted

Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right

'cause both black and white is smokin' crack tonight

and only time we chill is when we kill each other

it takes skill to be real, time to heal each other

And although it seems heaven sent

We ain't ready, to see a black President, uhh

It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact

the penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks

But some things will never change

try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game

Now tell me what's a mother to do

bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you

You gotta operate the easy way

"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way

sellin' crack to the kid. " I gotta get paid,"

Well hey, well that's the way it is

We gotta make a change...

It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes.

Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live

and let's change the way we treat each other.

You see the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do

what we gotta do, to survive.

And still I see no changes can't a brother get a little peace

It's war on the streets & the war in the Middle East

Instead of war on poverty they got a war on drugs

so the police can bother me

And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do

But now I'm back with the facts givin' it back to you

Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up,

crack you up and pimp smack you up

You gotta learn to hold ya own

they get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops they can't touch this
I don't trust this when they try to rush I bust this
That's the sound of my tool you say it ain't cool
my mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black I gotta stay strapped
& I never get to lay back
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
some punk that I roughed up way back
comin' back after all these years
rat-tat-tat-tat that's the way it is uhh