

# Tupac, I Ain't Mad At Cha

Change, shit

I guess change is good for any of us

Whatever it take for any of y'all niggaz to get up out the hood

Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha

Got nuttin but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while

I'ma send this one out for y'all, nahmean?

Cause I ain't mad at cha

Heard y'all tearin up shit out there, kickin up dust

(Danny Boy) I ain't...

Givin a motherfucker, heheheheheh

Yeah, niggaz

(Danny Boy) ...mad at cha

Cause I ain't mad at cha

Verse One: 2Pac

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind

Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line

You was just a little smaller but you still roll

Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn

On the block, witcha glock, trippin off sherm

Collect calls to the till, sayin how ya changed

Oh you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin home, just got bail

Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail

I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man

Hit the pen and now no sinnin is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle

When I tell you I'm livin large you tell me it's trouble

Congratulation on the weddin, I hope your wife know

She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshitin

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember

I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her

And I can see us after school, we'd BOMB

on the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it

Got a big money scheme, and you ain't even with it

Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad

Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back

And I can't even trip, cause I'm just laughin at cha

You tryin hard to maintain, then go head

cause I ain't mad at cha

(Hmm, I ain't mad at cha)

Chorus: Danny Boy

I ain't, mad, at cha (2Pac: I ain't mad at cha)

I ain't, mad, at cha

Verse Two: 2Pac

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin, playin dozens

Whole neighborhood buzzin, knowin, that we wasn't

Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs

I'm gettin blitzed and I reminsce on all the times we shared

Besides bumpin n grindin wasn't nothin on our mind

In time we learned to live a life of crime

Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know

I caught a felony lovin the way the guns blow

And even though we seperated, you said that you'd wait

Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state

I kiss my Mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes  
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived  
Don't shed a tear, cause Mama I ain't happy here  
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years  
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin busters on they backs  
in my cell, thinkin, "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"  
As soon as I touch down  
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down  
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin at cha  
Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

Chorus: Danny Boy

I ain't, mad, at cha (2Pac: I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad, at cha (2Pac: A true down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha)

Verse Three: 2Pac

Well guess who's movin up, this nigga's ballin now  
Bitches be callin to get it, hookers keep fallin down  
He went from nuttin to lots, ten carrots to rock  
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block  
He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key  
Most hated by enemy, escape in the Luxury  
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made  
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days  
So full of pain while the weapons blaze  
Gettin so high off that bomb hopin we make it, to the better days  
Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll blaze  
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days  
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot  
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?  
Til God return me to my essence  
Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent  
So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down  
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?  
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin at cha  
You niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha

Chorus: Danny Boy

liiiiii,  
I ain't, mad at cha (2Pac: and I ain't mad at cha)  
liiiiii ain't mad (2Pac: hell nah I ain't mad at cha) at cha  
I ain't, mad at cha (2Pac: and I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha (2Pac: I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha, noooo  
I ain't mad at chaaaaahhhhhhhmm