

Changes – 2pac

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 and 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 and let 'em deal to brothers
Give 'em guns, step back, and 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 'stead 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
Aww yeah

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 are 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 they 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 kids "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?
There's war on the streets and 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' 'em 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,
But mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the payback
Some buck that I roughed up way back comin'
back after all these years

Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat That's the way it is uhh

Some things will never change



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych