

## 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