

Tu Pac

"i aint mad a cha"

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Little somethin for my godson Elijah and a little girl
named Corinne

Verse 1:

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots

I give a hollar to my sisters on welfare

Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care

And uhh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot

When you come around the block brothas clown a lot

But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up

Forgive but don't forget, girl keep ya head up

And when he tells you you aint nuttin', don't believe him

And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him

Cause sista you don't need him

And I ain't tryin to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em

You know it makes me unhappy (what's that)

When brotha's make babies, and leave a young mother
to be a pappy

And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a
woman

I wonder why we take from our women

Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?

I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That will hate the ladies, that make the babies

And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to
create one

So will the real men get up

I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Chorus

Eeewww child things are gonna get easier

Eeewww child thingh, I could make it safe and clean,

If only I was sure that your head on the door was a
dream,

I've waited hours for this,

Made myself so sick I wished I'd stayed

Asleep today,

Never thought this day would end,

Never thought tonight could ever be

So close to me,

Well if I had your faith, I could make it safe and clean

If only I was sure that your head on the door was a
dream

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