

## 2 Pac

# "2Pac + Outlawz F/ Big Syke---Letter To The President"

Visit "[2Pac + Outlawz F/ Big Syke---Letter To The President](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uhh.. dear Mr. President  
Whas happenin?  
I'm writin you because, shit is still real fucked up in my  
neighborhood  
Pretty much the same way, right around the time when  
you got elected  
Ain't nothin changed  
All the promises you made, before you got elected..  
.. they ain't came true  
[2Pac]  
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood  
Send mo' troops, dear Mr. President  
(Me and my homies is wonderin what's goin on.. holla!)  
Tell me what to do, these niggaz actin up in the hood  
Send mo' troops..  
Why should I lie, when I can dramatize?  
Niggaz fell victim to my lyrics, now traumatized  
Simply by spittin I've been blessed given riches,  
enemies suspicious  
cause I'm seldom in the company of bitches  
Plus the concepts I depict, so visual, that you can kiss  
each and every trick or bitch, inside the shit I kick  
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain  
Casualties in mass amounts, brothers keep countin  
Fuck the friendships, I ride alone  
Destination Death Row, finally found a home  
Plus all my homies wanna die, call it euthanasia  
Dear Lord, look how sick this ghetto made us, sincerely  
yours I'm a thug, the product of a broken home  
Everybody's doped up, nigga what you smokin on?  
Figure if we high they can train us  
but then America fucked up and blamed up  
I guess it's cause we black that we targets  
My only fear is God, I spit that hard shit  
In case you don't know, I let my pump go  
Get ?ride for? Mutulu like I ride for Geronimo  
Down to die, for everything I represent  
Meant every word, in my letter to the President  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
(What should I do?)

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
[E.D.I. Amin]  
Oh youse a ball in the White House, I hope you  
comfortable  
cause yo I spend my nights out, with the lights out  
under the safety of darkness, amongst the crazed and  
the heartless  
and young soul bros, ready to rode a starship  
Launch it, leave a nigga flat for scratch, the Godless  
I gotta get chips, but you can't understand that  
Wanna ban rap? Stand back, before you get hurt  
It's the only thing makin pay besides smoke and work  
On a mission listen more chips my goal and position  
First on my decision I realized the same nigga  
Trippin to drastic measures tryin to get stacks of  
cheddar  
Muh'fuckers hate cops, wait it ain't gettin better  
But you keep, tellin us, that it is  
while your motherfuckin troops keep killin our kids, dig  
Don't be surprised if you see us  
Dumpin with nuttin but artillery to free us, motherfucker  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
[Kastro]  
Strapped and angry, with no hope and heartbroke  
Fightin first my trained brain until it's not so  
It's hostile, niggaz lick shots to watch the glocks glow  
Cadres of coppers patrol us like we some animals  
And it ain't no peace, my peace a piece on my streets  
to people beefin and things, squeakin on they beefs for  
weeks  
Mr. President, it's evident, nobody really care  
for a struggle out the gutter, twenty-two with gray hair  
I was raised to raise hell, frail and my heart stale  
So I'ma bring hell to earth until my heart fail  
But y'all play fair, give me and mine, I'll share  
Til y'all show us you care, it's gon' be mayhem out here  
Me and these 223's'll freeze the biggest with ease  
I'm still a nigga you fear, bring the beast to his knees  
and I've been born to represent, for that I've been  
heaven sent  
And I meant, every word, in my letter, to the President  
Shit is still fucked up y'all  
And y'all wonder when it's gon' get better  
and it ain't gon' get better  
[2Pac]  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up..  
Heavenly Father may I holla at you briefly  
I wanna meet the President, but will he meet me?  
He's scared to look inside the eyes of a Thug Nigga  
We tired of bein scapegoats for this capitalistic drug  
dealin  
How hypocritical is Liberty?  
That blind bitch ain't never did shit for me  
My history, full of casket and scars  
My own black nation at war, whole family behind bars  
And they wonder why we scarred, thirteen lookin hard  
Sister had a baby as an adolescent, where was God?  
Somewhere in the middle of my mind  
is a nigga on the tightrope, screamin let him die  
Can't lie I'm a thug, drownin in my own blood  
Lookin for the reason that my momma's strung out on  
drugs  
Down to die, for everything I represent  
Meant every word, in my letter to the President  
[Big Syke]  
Blacks is broke, think it's a joke that we livin low?  
Y'all sniffin blow and postin what they hittin fo'?  
Tell the secretary it's necessary we get paid  
Look what you made, little kids gettin sprayed  
Day after day, and night after night  
Battles and wars to the daylight  
We might change and rearrange if you do somethin  
Til then we gonna keep it comin, Mr. President  
Hehe  
And I meant every word in my letter to the President  
[2Pac]  
Word motherfuckin life  
Fuck this nigga think?  
Cuttin taxes, takin off welfare  
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin?  
Motherfuckers crazier than a motherfuckin ??  
Nigga this Thug Life, Westside Outlaw Immortalz nigga  
We fin' to hustle til we come up  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These niggaz actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. Clinton, shit  
It's gettin harder and harder for a motherfucker  
to make a dollar in these here streets  
I mean shit, I hear you screamin peace

But we can't find peace  
til my little niggaz on these streets get a piece  
I know you feel me cause you too near me not to hear  
me  
So why don't you help a nigga out?  
Sayin you cuttin welfare  
That got us niggaz on the street, thinkin who in the hell  
care?  
Shit, y'all want us to put down our glocks and our rocks  
but y'all ain't ready to give us no motherfuckin dollars  
What happened to our 40 acres and a mule fool?  
We ain't stupid  
Think you got us lookin to lose  
Tryin to turn all us young niggaz into troops  
You want us to fight your war  
What the fuck I'm fightin for?  
Shit, I ain't got no love here  
I ain't had a check all year  
Taxin, all the blacks and  
police beatin me in the streets  
Fuck peace

Visit [2 Pac](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.