

## 2 Pac

# "Letter To The President"

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Uhh.. dear Mr. President  
Whas happenin?  
I'm writin you because, s\*\*t is still real f\*\*ked 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 ni\*\*az 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 ni\*\*az actin up in the hood  
Send mo' troops..

Why should I lie, when I can dramatize?  
Ni\*\*az 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 bi\*\*hes  
Plus the concepts I depict, so visual, that you can kiss  
Each and every trick or bi\*\*h, inside the s\*\*t I kick  
My heaviest verse'll move a mountain  
Casualties in ma\*s amounts, brothers keep countin  
F\*\*k 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, ni\*\*a what you smokin on?  
Figure if we high they can train us  
But then America f\*\*ked up and blamed up  
I guess it's cause we black that we targets  
My only fear is God, I spit that hard s\*\*t  
In case you don't know, I let my pump go  
Get ?ride for M'Thulu? 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 ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
(What should I do?)

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Kastro]

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 ni\*\*a 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 ni\*\*a  
Trippin to drastic measures tryin to get stacks of  
cheddar

Muh'f\*\*kers hate cops, wait it ain't gettin better

But you keep, tellin us, that it is

While your motherf\*\*kin troops keep killin our kids, dig

Don't be surprised if you see us

Dumpin with nuttin but artillery to free us, motherf\*\*ker

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

[Edi Amin]

Strapped and angry, with no hope and heartbroke

Fightin first my trained brain until it's not so

It's hostile, ni\*\*az 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 ni\*\*a 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

S\*\*t is still f\*\*ked 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 ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These ni\*\*az 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 ni\*\*a  
We tired of bein scapegoats for this capitalistic drug  
dealin  
How hypocritical is Liberty?  
That blind bi\*\*h ain't never did s\*\*t 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 ni\*\*a 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 motherf\*\*kin life  
F\*\*k this ni\*\*a think?Cuttin taxes, takin off welfare  
We 'sposed to just sit here, go broke and die, starvin?  
Motherf\*\*kers crazier than a motherf\*\*kin ??  
Ni\*\*a this Thug Life, Westside Outlaw Immortalz ni\*\*a  
We fin' to hustle til we come up

Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do

These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops  
Dear Mr. President, tell me what to do  
These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

Dear Mr. Clinton, s\*\*t  
It's gettin harder and harder for a motherf\*\*ker  
To make a dollar in these here streets  
I mean s\*\*t, I hear you screamin peace  
But we can't find peace  
Til my little ni\*\*az 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 ni\*\*a out? Sayin you cuttin  
welfare  
That got us ni\*\*az on the street, thinkin who in the hell  
care?  
S\*\*t, y'all want us to put down our glocks and our rocks  
But y'all ain't ready to give us no motherf\*\*kin 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 ni\*\*az into troops  
You want us to fight your war  
What the f\*\*k I'm fightin for?  
S\*\*t, 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  
F\*\*k peace

These ni\*\*az actin up in the hood, send mo' troops

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