

2 Pac "Nothin But Love"

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Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on
ya

Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners
I remember drinkin Hennesey, smokin weed
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be
Had a partner named Snoop, loved to clown a stank
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank
Shooting craps in the alley til they chased us off
Pour a little for my homies but don't waste it all
Oooohweee, who popped that coochie best?
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest
Having house parties in a crowded spot
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come
Lookin dumb, cause you waitin for your chance to
hump

Straight grindin, everybody havin fun
And it's cool til a fool pull a loaded gun
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over
He had to act a fool now the party's over
Gun shots rang like it's thunder
And everybody bum rushing and I'm rushing to get a
number
Says she got a man but she's lying
Why? I seen her talking to this other guy and..
He's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him
I ain't trippin I just hope he get em, I got nuttin but love

[chorus]

[singers] Ain't got nuttin but love for ya

[2Pac] I'm down for yours, nuttin but love

[repeat 4X]

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from
Cause uh, old man still drinkin, his breath still stinkin
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin
But I can't diss him he's my elder
He been livin here longer what that tell ya?
And little girls playin double dutch
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much
It's uhh, ponytails and barrettes
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to

set
And little boys playin stick ball, quick y'all
Get out the street before they hit y'all
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss
And wonder how we came to this
I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free
I can't take what she offers me
And this is how the world could be
This is how the world should be
Feels good to be back on the streets
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

[chorus]

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me
I saw our brothers getting rich slangin crack to folks
And the square's getting big for these sack of dope
Started thinking bout a plan to get paid myself
So I made myself, raised myself
Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"
I got my game about women from a prostitute
And way back used to rap on the block for loot
I tryed to make my way legit, haha
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent
And uhh, it was funny how I copped out
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out
My family on welfare
I'm steady thinking, since don't nobody else care
I'm out here on my own
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone
I'm feelin like a waste, tears rollin down my face
Cause my life is filled with hate
Until I looked around me
I saw nothing but family, straight up down for me
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

[chorus repeats for a while w/o 2Pac]

Oaktown -- [singers] ain't got nuttin but love for ya
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya [repeats to fade]

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