

## 2Pac "I Ain't Mad At'Cha (LP Version)"

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Change, shit, I guess change is good for any of us  
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggaz to get up out the  
hood

Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha  
Got nuttin' but love for ya, do your thing boy

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while  
I'ma send this one out for y'all, knahmean?  
'Cause I ain't mad at cha  
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there

Kickin' up dust  
I ain't givin' a motherfucker, hehehe  
Yeah, niggaz mad at cha  
'Cause I ain't mad at cha

Now we was once two niggaz of the same kind  
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line  
You was just a little smaller but you still roller  
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll

Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn  
On the block, witcha glock, trippin' off sherm  
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed  
Oh you a Muslim now, no more dope game

Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail  
Wanna go to the mosque, don't wanna chase tail  
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man  
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan

When I talk about money all you see is the struggle  
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble  
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know  
She got a playa for life and that's no bullshitin'

I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember  
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her  
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb  
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on

Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it

Got a big money scheme, and you ain't even with it  
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same  
motherfucker bad  
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's  
back

And I can't even trip 'cause I'm just laughin' at cha  
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go head  
'Cause I ain't mad at cha  
(Hmm, I ain't mad at cha)

I ain't, mad, at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad, at cha

We used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin'  
dozens  
Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin', that we wasn't  
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs  
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminsce on all the times we  
shared

Besides bumpin' and grindin' wasn't nothin' on our  
mind  
In time we learned to live a life of crime  
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know  
I caught a felony lovin' the way the guns blow

And even though we separated, you said that you'd  
wait  
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state  
I kiss my Mama goodbye and wipe the tears from her  
lonely eyes  
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived

Don't shed a tear 'cause mama I ain't happy here  
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years  
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they  
backs  
In my cell, thinkin', "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"

As soon as I touch down  
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked  
down  
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha  
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad, at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad, at cha  
(A true down ass bitch and I ain't mad at cha)

Well guess who's movin' up, this nigga's ballin' now  
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down  
He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carots to rock  
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block

He's mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key  
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury  
See, first you was our nigga but you made it so the  
choice is made  
Now we gotta slay you why you faded in the younger  
days

So full of pain while the weapons blaze  
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the  
better days  
'Cause crime pays, and in time, you'll find a rhyme'll  
blaze  
You'll feel the fire from the niggaz in my younger days

So many changed on me, so many tried to plot  
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?  
'Til God return me to my essence  
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a  
convalescent

So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down  
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?  
They got so much to say but I'm just laughin' at cha  
You niggaz just don't know but I ain't mad at cha

I ain't, mad at cha  
(And I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't mad at cha  
(Hell, nah, I ain't mad at cha)

I ain't, mad at cha  
(And I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha  
(I ain't mad at cha)  
I ain't, mad at cha, no  
I ain't mad at cha

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