

2Pac "Po' Nigga Blues"

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Scott Storch

Hey, why'd you slang crack?
I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin' rent

Crazy, I gotta look at what you gave me
You claimin' I'ma criminal when you the one that made
me
They got me trapped in this slavery
Now I'm lost in this holocaust headin for my grave, G
I told Sam, he could fuck the war
And got a busted jaw for sayin', "Fuck the law"
And if you wonder why I'm mad, check the record
What's a nigga gotta do to get respected?

Sometimes I think I'm getting tested
And if I don't say, "Yes" a nigga quick to get arrested
That's the reason I stay zestin'
I keep a vest on my chest incase the cops is getting
restless
Walkin' 'round ready to light shit up
And since my life is fucked, some say I'm slightly nuts
Buck, buck is the sound as I move up
Other niggas pay attention when a fool bust

They make a nigga be a killer
I used to be a dealer but they wanted to see who's
realer
Now them same motherfuckas wanna murder me
And I wonder if the Lord ever heard of me
I need loot, so I'm doin' what I do
And don't say shit until you've walked in my shoes
There's no other destiny to choose
I had nothing left to lose, so I'm singin' the po nigga
blues

Why'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to
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'Cause I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin' rent

Pappa need brand new shoes, but what the fuck can a
nigga do
My little boy gotta eat too
So why must I sock a fella? Just live large like Rocafella
And did you ever stop to think? I'm old enough to go to
war
But I ain't old enough to drink
Cops wanna hit me with the book, and you're hooked
on my
'I don't give a fuck look

Makin' rules, I'ma break 'em, no matter how much you
make 'em
You show me bacon, I'ma take 'em
So don't you ever tempt me, I'm a fool for mine, nigga
And my pockets stay empty
To my brother in the barrio
You're livin' worse then the niggas in ghetto so
I give a fuck about your language or complexion
You got love for the niggas in my section

You got problems with the punk police
Don't run from the chumps, get the pump from me
We ain't free, I'll be damned if I played a chip
For a blond haired, blue eyed Caucasian bitch
Down with my home boy, rich
Fuck a snitch and groupie ass bitch
And a nigga with a cellular phone
Leave his baby at home so he can go out and bone
And you wonder why we blazin' niggas
'Cause you punks havin' babies can't raise the niggas
And they damned to be fuck ups too
Drink 40s of brew, singin' the nigga blues

Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
Now I'm headin' for the motherfuckin' pen

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Yeah
Oo yeah
Oo yeah
Aye, no

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