

## 2Pac

# "Po Nigga Blues (Scott Storch Remix)"

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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  
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

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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