

A Taste Of Honey

"Po Nigga Blues"

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* Ron Isley harmonizes throughout but sings no real lyrics

(Scott, Storch) Hey!

[Chorus: 2Pac]

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

[2Pac]

Crazy, I gotta work with what'chu gave me
You claimin I'm a criminal and 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 gettin tested
And if I don't say yes a nigga's quick to get arrested
That's the reason I stay testin
I keep a vest on my chest in case the cops are gettin restless
Walkin around, ready to light shit up
But since my life is fucked, some say I'm slightly nuts
Buck buck is the sound as I move up
Other niggaz pay attention when a fool bust, huh
They make a nigga be a killer; I used to be a dealer
but they wanted to see who's realer
Now them same motherfuckers wanna murder me
And I wonder if the Lord ever heard of me, huh
I need loot, so I'm doin what I do
And don't say shit until you walked in my shoes
There was no other destiny to choose
I had nuttin left to lose, so I'm singin nigga blues

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

Poppa 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 to live large like Rockefeller?

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, huh

And you're hooked on my "I Don't Give a Fuck" look

Make your rules, I'ma break 'em

No matter how much you make 'em, you show me bacon I'm take 'em

So don't you ever tempt me

I'm a fool for mine nigga and my pockets stay empty

To my brothers in the barrio

You're livin worse than the niggaz in the ghetto so

I give a fuck about your language or complexion

You got love from the niggaz 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 play the trick

for a blonde-haired, blue-eyed, caucasian bitch

Down with my homeboy Rich, huh

Fuck a snitch and a groupie-ass bitch

And the nigga with a cellular phone, leave his baby at home

so he can go out and bone, huh

And you wonder why we blazin niggaz

Cause you punks havin babies can't raise the niggaz

And they down to be fuck-ups too

Drinkin forties of brew, huh, singin nigga blues

[New Chorus - repeat 3X]

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

[Ron Isley ad libs to fade]

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