

# Tupac Shakur

## "Po Nigga Blues (Scott Storch Remix)"

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**(feat. Ron Isley)**

*[Girl]*

Scott Storch(??)

*[Hook (Tupac)]*

Why'd you sland crack? I had to  
Why'd you sland crack? Cuz I had to  
Why'd you sland crack? Cuz I had to  
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin bills

*[Verse 1 (Tupac)]*

Crazy, I gotta look at what you gave me, claimin I'ma  
criminal when you the one that made me  
They got me trapped in this slavery  
now I'm lost in the 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  
Whats 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, because 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 whos realer  
Now them same mother fuckas 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,  
Theres no other destiny to choose, I had nothing left to  
lose, so I'm singin the po nigga blues

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 2 (Tupac)]*

Coppin these 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 aint old enough to drink  
Cops wanna hit me with the book, and you hooked on  
my "I don't give a fuck" look  
Makin rules, I'ma break em, no matter how much you  
make em, show me bakin, I'ma take em  
So don't you ever temp me, I'm a fool for mine nigga,  
and my pockets stay big(??)  
To my brother in the barrio, you 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 aint free, I'll be damned if I played a chip for a  
blonde 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(huh)  
And you wonder why we blazin niggas, cuz you punks  
haven babies cant raise the niggas  
And they damned to be fuck ups too, drink 40s of  
brew, singin the nigga blues

*[Hook]*

Why'd you sland crack? Cuz I had too  
Why'd you sland crack? Cuz I had too  
Why'd you sland crack? Cuz I had too  
And now I'm headin for the mother fuck in PEN

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