

# Changes

2pac

Come on come on  
I see no changes wake up in the morning and I ask myself  
is life worth living should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black  
my stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch  
Cops give a damn about a negro  
pull the trigger kill a nigga he's a hero  
Give crack to the kids who the hell cares  
one less ugly mouth on the welfare  
First ship 'em dope & let 'em deal the brothers  
give 'em guns step back watch 'em kill each other  
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said  
2 shots in the dark now Huey's dead  
I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere  
unless we share with each other  
We gotta start makin' changes  
learn to see me as a brother instead of 2 distant strangers  
and that's how it's supposed to be  
How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me?  
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids  
but things changed, and that's the way it is

Come on come on  
That's just the way it is  
Things'll never be the same  
That's just the way it is  
aww yeah

I see no changes all I see is racist faces  
misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under I wonder what it takes to make this  
one better place, let's erase the wasted  
Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right  
'cause both black and white is smokin' crack tonight  
and only time we chill is when we kill each other  
it takes skill to be real, time to heal each other  
And although it seems heaven sent  
We ain't ready, to see a black President, uhh  
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact  
the penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks  
But some things will never change  
try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game  
Now tell me what's a mother to do  
bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you  
You gotta operate the easy way  
"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way  
sellin' crack to the kid. " I gotta get paid,"  
Well hey, well that's the way it is

We gotta make a change...  
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes.  
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live  
and let's change the way we treat each other.  
You see the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do  
what we gotta do, to survive.

And still I see no changes can't a brother get a little peace

It's war on the streets & the war in the Middle East  
Instead of war on poverty they got a war on drugs  
so the police can bother me  
And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do  
But now I'm back with the blacks givin' it back to you  
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up,  
crack you up and pimp smack you up  
You gotta learn to hold ya own  
they get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone  
But tell the cops they can't touch this  
I don't trust this when they try to rush I bust this  
That's the sound of my tool you say it ain't cool  
my mama didn't raise no fool  
And as long as I stay black I gotta stay strapped  
& I never get to lay back  
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs  
some buck that I roughed up way back  
comin' back after all these years