

# It Ain't Easy

2pac

Keepin it real

I take a shot of Henessee now I'm strong enough to face the madness  
Nickel bag full of sess weed laced with hash  
Phone calls from my niggaz on the, other side  
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry  
A damn shame, when will we ever change  
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain  
Arguements with my Boo is true  
I spend mo' time with my niggaz than I do with you  
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game  
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame  
I'll be hustling to make a mill-ion, lord knows  
Ain't no love for us ghetto children, so we cold  
Rag top slowin down, time to stop for gas  
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uhh  
It ain't easy, that's my motto  
Drinkin Tanqueray straight out the bottle  
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane  
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games  
And all the drama got me stressin like I'm hopeless, I can't cope  
Me and the homies smokin roaches, cause we broke  
Late night hangin out til the sunrise gettin high  
Watchin the cops roll by  
It ain't easy... that's right

Chorus: 2Pac

It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free  
(repeat 3X)

Verse Two: 2Pac

I can't sleep niggaz plottin on to kill me while I'm dreamin  
Wake up sweaty and screamin, cause I can hear them suckers schemin  
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin  
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died  
I wonder why this the way it is, even now  
Lookin out for these killer kids, cause they wild  
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin  
Doin twenty to life in San Quentin  
Gettin calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin nice  
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life  
And even thou you innocent you still a nigga, so they figure  
Rather have you behind bars than triggers  
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life, lickin shots  
Til I see my niggaz free on the block  
But no it ain't easy, hahahah  
Til I see my niggaz free, on the block, oh  
It ain't easy

Chorus 2.75

Verse Three: 2Pac

Lately been reminiscin

bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block  
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks  
It's the project kid without a conscience, I'm havin dreams  
of hearin screams at my concerts, me all my childhood peers  
through the years tryin to stack a little green  
I was only seventeen, when I started servin fiends  
And I wish there was another way to stack a dollar  
So my apoli', casue these hard times make me wanna holler  
Will I live to see tommorrow, am I fallin off?  
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all  
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin, I can't go home  
Cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin, so now I'm in  
this high powered cell at the county jail  
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail, what  
do I do in these county blues  
Gettin battered and bruised by the you know who  
And these fakes get to shakin when they face me  
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me  
Sittin in this, livin hell, listenin to niggaz yell  
Tryin to torture em to tell, I'm gettin mail  
But ain't nobody sayin much, the same old nuts  
is makin bucks while these sluts is gettin fucked  
They violated my probation, and it seems  
I'll be goin on a long vacation, meanwhile  
It ain't easy  
No it ain't easy

Chorus

Chorus