

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