

# Keep Ya Head Up

2pac

Little somethin' for my godson Elijah and a little girl named Corinne

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots  
I give a holler to my sisters on welfare  
Tupac cares, if don't nobody else care  
And uh, I know they like to beat ya down a lot  
When you come around the block brothas clown a lot  
But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up  
Forgive but don't forget, girl keep your head up  
And when he tells you you ain't nuttin' don't believe him  
And if he can't learn to love you you should leave him  
Cause sista you don't need him  
And I ain't tryin' to gas ya up, I just call em how I see em  
You know it makes me unhappy (what's that)  
When brothas make babies, and leave a young mother to be a pappy  
And since we all came from a woman  
Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman  
I wonder why we take from our women  
Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?  
I think it's time to kill for our women  
Time to heal our women, be real to our women  
And if we don't we'll have a race of babies  
That will hate the ladies, that make the babies  
And since a man can't make one  
He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one  
So will the real men get up  
I know you're fed up ladies, but keep your head up

Keep ya head up, ooh child things are gonna get easier  
Ooh child things are gonna get brighter

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Aiyyo, I remember Marvin Gaye, used to sing ta me  
He had me feelin' like black was tha thing to be  
And suddenly tha ghetto didn't seem so tough  
And though we had it rough, we always had enough  
I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules  
Ran with the local crew, and had a smoke or two  
And I realize momma really paid the price  
She nearly gave her life, to raise me right  
And all I had ta give her was my pipe dream  
Of how I'd rock the mic, and make it to tha bright screen  
I'm tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
It's hard to be legit and still pay tha rent  
And in the end it seems I'm headin' for tha pen  
I try and find my friends, but they're blowin in the wind  
Last night my buddy lost his whole family  
It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity  
It seems tha rain'll never let up  
I try to keep my head up, and still keep from gettin wet up  
You know it's funny when it rains it pours  
They got money for wars, but can't feed the poor  
Say there ain't no hope for the youth and the truth is  
It ain't no hope for tha future

And then they wonder why we crazy  
I blame my mother, for turning my brother into a crack baby  
We ain't meant to survive, cause it's a setup  
And even though you're fed up  
Huh, ya got to keep your head up

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And uh  
To all the ladies havin' babies on they own  
I know it's kinda rough and you're feelin' all alone  
Daddy's long gone and he left you by ya lonesome  
Thank the Lord for my kids, even if nobody else want em  
Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure  
And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more  
Cause ain't nothin' worse than when your son  
Wants to kno' why his daddy don't love him no mo'  
You can't complain you was dealt this  
Hell of a hand without a man, feelin' helpless  
Because there's too many things for you to deal with  
Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless  
While tears, is rollin' down your cheeks  
Ya steady hopin' things don't all down this week  
Cause if it did, you couldn't take it, and don't blame me  
I was given this world I didn't make it  
And now my son's gettin' older and older and cold  
From havin' the world on his shoulders  
While the rich kids is drivin' Benz  
I'm still tryin' to hold on to my survivin' friends  
And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up, but  
Please, you got to keep your head up