

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 & even worse I'm blackMy 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 the crack to the kids who the hell caresOne less hungry mouth under 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 said2 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' changesLearn 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 kidsBut things changed, and that's the way it is[Chorus: x2]
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 yeahI 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 wastedTake 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 otherAnd 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 blacksBut 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 youYou 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[Chorus]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 slap 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
And 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
Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat that's the way it is uhh [Repeat Chorus]

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