

Po Nigga Blues (feat. Ronald Isley)

2Pac

Scott StorchHey, why'd you slang crack?
I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin' rentCrazy, I gotta look at what you gave me
You claimin' I'ma criminal when you the one that made me
They got me trapped in this slavery
Now I'm lost in this holocaust headin for my grave, G
I told Sam, he could fuck the war
And got a busted jaw for sayin', "Fuck the law"
And if you wonder why I'm mad, check the record
What's a nigga gotta do to get respected?Sometimes I think I'm getting tested
And if I don't say, "Yes" a nigga quick to get arrested
That's the reason I stay zestin'
I keep a vest on my chest incase the cops is getting restless
Walkin' 'round ready to light shit up
And since my life is fucked, some say I'm slightly nuts
Buck, buck is the sound as I move up
Other niggas pay attention when a fool bustThey make a nigga be a killer
I used to be a dealer but they wanted to see who's realer
Now them same motherfuckas wanna murder me
And I wonder if the Lord ever heard of me
I need loot, so I'm doin' what I do
And don't say shit until you've walked in my shoes
There's no other destiny to choose
I had nothing left to lose, so I'm singin' the po nigga bluesWhy'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
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Why'd you slang crack?
'Cause I had to
A nigga gotta pay the fuckin' rentPappa need brand new shoes, but what the fuck can a nigga do
My little boy gotta eat too
So why must I sock a fella? Just live large like Rocafella
And did you ever stop to think? I'm old enough to go to war
But I ain't old enough to drink
Cops wanna hit me with the book, and you're hooked on my

'I don't give a fuck lookMakin' rules, I'ma break 'em, no matter how much you make 'em

You show me bacon, I'ma take 'em

So don't you ever tempt me, I'm a fool for mine, nigga

And my pockets stay empty

To my brother in the barrio

You're livin' worse then the niggas in ghetto so

I give a fuck about your language or complexion

You got love for the niggas in my sectionYou got problems with the punk police

Don't run from the chumps, get the pump from me

We ain't free, I'll be damned if I played a chip

For a blond haired, blue eyed Caucasian bitch

Down with my home boy, rich

Fuck a snitch and groupie ass bitch

And a nigga with a cellular phone

Leave his baby at home so he can go out and bone

And you wonder why we blazin' niggas

'Cause you punks havin' babies can't raise the niggas

And they damned to be fuck ups too

Drink 40s of brew, singin' the nigga bluesWhy'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Why'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Why'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Now I'm headin' for the motherfuckin' penWhy'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

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Now I'm headin' for the motherfuckin' penWhy'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Why'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Why'd you slang crack?

'Cause I had to

Now I'm headin' for the motherfuckin' penYeah

Oo yeah

Oo yeah

Aye, no

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