

It Ain't Easy (Prod. Tony Pizarro)

2Pac

I take a shot of Henessey now I'm strong enough to face the madness
Nickel bag full of sess weed laced with hash
Phone calls from my niggas 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
Arguments with my Boo is true
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you
But everywhere it's the same thing, that's the game
I'll be damned if a thing 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 slowing down, time to stop for gas
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass,
It ain't easy, that's my motto
Drinking 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 stressing like I'm hopeless, I can't cope
Me and the homies smoking roaches, cause we broke
Late night hanging out til the sunrise getting high
Watching the cops roll by
It ain't easy, that's right
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free
It ain't easy, being me
Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free
I can't sleep niggas plotting on to kill me while I'm dreaming
Wake up sweaty and screaming, cause I can hear them suckers scheming
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizing
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died
I wonder why this the way it is, even now
Looking out for these killer kids, cause they wild
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representing
Doing twenty to life in San Quentin
Getting calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nothing nice
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous with ya 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, licking shots
 Til I see my niggas free on the block
 But no it ain't easy,
 Til I see my niggas free, on the block, oh
 It ain't easyIt ain't easy, being me
 Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free
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 Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay free
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 Will I see the penitentiary, or will I stay freeLately been reminiscing
 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 having dreams
 Of hearing screams at my concerts, me all my childhood peers
 Through the years trying to stack a little green
 I was only seventeen, when I started serving fiends
 And I wish there was another way to stack a dollar
 So my apoli', cause these hard times make me wanna holler
 Will I live to see tomorrow, am I falling off?
 I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all
 Ain't nobody down with me I'm thugging, I can't go home
 'Cause muh-fuckers think I'm bugging, 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
 Getting battered and bruised by the you know who
 And these fakes get to shaking when they face me
 Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me
 Sitting in this, living hell, listening to niggas yell
 Trying to torture em to tell, I'm getting mail
 But ain't nobody saying much, the same old nuts
 Is making bucks while these sluts is getting fucked
 They violated my probation, and it seems
 I'll be going on a long vacation, meanwhile
 It ain't easy
 No it ain't easyIt ain't easy, being me
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Songwriters

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