I Ain't Mad At Cha (feat. Danny Boy)

2Pac

Change, shit
I guess change is good for any of us
Whatever it take for any of y'all niggas to get up out the hood
Shit, I'm wit cha, I ain't mad at cha
Got nuttin but love for ya, do your thing boyYeah, all the homies that I ain't talk to in a while
I'ma send this one out for y'all, kna' mean?
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust
Givin' a motherfucker,
Yeah, niggas, mad at cha
'Cause I ain't mad at chaNow we was once two niggas of the same kind
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line
You was just a little smaller but you still rolled
Got stretched to Y.A. and hit the hood swoll
Member when you had a jheri curl didn't quite learn
On the block, witcha glock, trippin off sherm
Collect calls to the till, sayin' how ya changed
Oh you a Muslim now, no more dope game
Heard you might be comin' home, just got bail
Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail
I seems I lost my little homie he's a changed man
Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan
When I talk about money all you see is the struggle
When I tell you I'm livin' large you tell me it's trouble
Congratulation on the weddin', I hope your wife know
She got a playa for life, and that's no bullshittin'
I know we grew apart, you probably don't remember
I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her
And I can see us after school, we'd bomb!
On the first motherfucker with the wrong shit on
Now the whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it
Got a big money scheme, and you ain't even with it
Hmm, knew in my heart you was the same motherfucker bad
Go toe to toe when it's time for roll you got a brother's back
And I can't even trip, 'cause I'm just laughin' at cha
You tryin' hard to maintain, then go head
'Cause I ain't mad at cha
(Hmm) (I ain't mad at cha)I ain't, mad, at cha (I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at chaWe used to be like distant cousins, fightin', playin' dozens

Whole neighborhood buzzin', knowin', that we wasn't
Used to catch us on the roof or behind the stairs
I'm gettin' blitzed and I reminisce on all the times we shared
Besides bumpin' n grindin' wasn't nothin' on our mind
In time we learned to live a life of crime
Rewind us back, to a time was much too young to know
I caught a felony lovin the way the guns blow
And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait
Don't give nobody no coochie while I be locked up state
I kiss my Mama goodbye, and wipe the tears from her lonely eyes
Said I'll return but I gotta fight the fate's arrived
Don't shed a tear, 'cause Mama I ain't happy here
I'm through trial, no more smiles, for a couple years
They got me goin' mad, I'm knockin' busters on they backs
In my cell, thinkin, "Hell, I know one day I'll be back"
As soon as I touch down
I told my girl I'll be there, so prepare, to get fucked down
The homies wanna kick it, but I'm just laughin' at cha
'Cause youse a down ass bitch, and I ain't mad at chaI ain't, mad, at cha (I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad, at cha (A true down ass bitch, afund I ain't mad at cha)Well guess who's movin up, this nigga's ballin' now
Bitches be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down
He went from nothin' to lots, ten carots to rock
Went from a nobody nigga to the big, man on the block
He's Mister local celebrity, addicted to move a key
Most hated by enemy, escape in the luxury
See, first you was our nigga but you made it, so the choice is made
Now we gotta slay you why you faded, in the younger days
So full of pain while the weapons blaze
Gettin' so high off that bomb hopin' we make it, to the better days
'Cause crime pays, and in time,
You'll find a rhyme'll blaze you'll feel the fire from the niggas in my younger days
So many changed on me, so many tried to plot
That I keep a glock beside my head, when will it stop?
Til God return me to my essence
'Cause even as a adolescents, I refuse to be a convalescent
So many questions, and they ask me if I'm still down
I moved up out of the ghetto, so I ain't real now?
They got so much to say, but I'm just laughin' at cha
You niggas just don't know, but I ain't mad at chaI ain't, mad at cha (and I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't mad (hell nah I ain't mad at cha) at cha
I ain't, mad at cha (and I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha (I ain't mad at cha)
I ain't, mad at cha, no
I ain't mad at cha

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