

# It Ain't Easy

## 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  
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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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