

# I Ain't Mad At Cha

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 boy Yeah, 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 cha  
Now 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 roller  
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 cha We 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 cha  
 I ain't, mad, at cha (I ain't mad at cha)  
 I ain't, mad, at cha (A true down ass bitch, and 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 carrots 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 cha  
 I 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 mha (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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