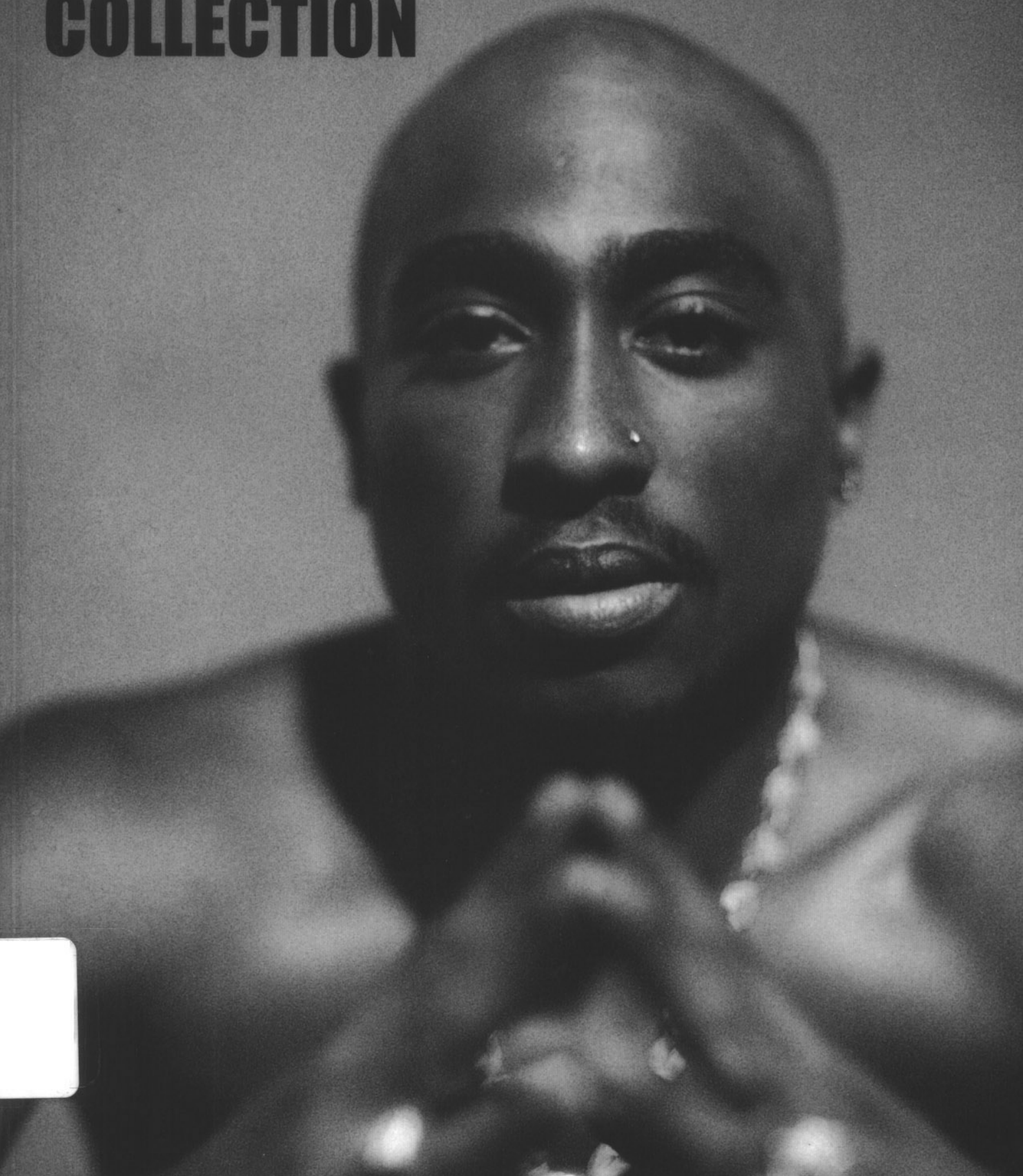


Piano/Vocal/Chords

**THE TUPAC SHAKUR  
COLLECTION**





**R U Still Down?**

**Brenda's Got A Baby**

**California Love**

**Changes**

**Dear Mama**

**Do For Love**

**How Do U Want It**

**I Ain't Mad At Cha**

**I Get Around**

**I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto**

**Me Against The World**

**Papa's Song**

**So Many Tears**

**To Live & Die In L.A.**

**2 Of Americaz Most Wanted**



**UNIVERSAL MUSIC  
PUBLISHING GROUP**



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# R U Still Down?

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR,  
JONATHAN BUCK and JOHNNY JACKSON

Moderately ♩ = 92



Spoken:  
*Ha-ha-ha-ha, Jon B,*



*bring it on, yeah. Let 'em feel where you're comin' from.*



*Let 'em feel where you're comin' from. Only the ladies, only the ladies.*

Chorus:



Girl, it's al - right, ba - by,  
*Are you still down for me now?*



'cause it's there in your eyes, yeah.  
*Are you still down for me now?*



I can see that you want me  
*Are you still down for me now?*



by the way that you smile.  
*Yeah, are you still down for me?*

Verse:



1. Left once a - gain \_\_\_\_\_ at home, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. See additional lyrics



an - oth - er night you're a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_



Ain't no fun in love if you're lov - in' a - lone. \_\_\_\_\_ How does it feel to be



use - less, \_\_\_\_\_ a - lone? \_\_\_\_\_ Tell it.



Can you re - call how close we used to be down?



Can you still re - mem - ber those feel - ings a - gain?\_\_\_ Seems like



ev - 'ry - time I see you there's a tear in your\_\_\_ eye. \_\_\_ Time  
What you callin' for?



to make some de - ci - sion or go dy - in' in - side.

*Rap:*  
1. Tell 'em all,

8 *Rap:*

Em7



Am9



call me a fool, but I'm stuck, it's a love thing.  
2. See additional lyrics

Plus I'm overheatin' from the rush, times have touch.



Get ya feelin' fireworks. We watch the sky. I'll make you smile, but you'd rather have what makes you cry. Say good-



bye and I'll leave now with my heart on my sleeve, memories down. What I found is you

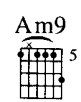


1.

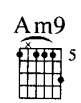
still care. You had feeling and they still there.

Baby girl, keep it real. Are you still down?

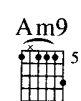
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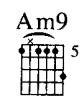
committed, so I hit it and it's properly done. Girl, it's al - right,



ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ 'cause it's there in your eyes, \_\_\_\_\_  
Come on, come on, are you still down for me now?



yeah. \_\_\_\_\_ I can see that you want \_\_\_\_\_  
It's in your eyes, I can see it in your eyes.



me \_\_\_\_\_ by the way that you smile. \_\_\_\_\_  
Don't ya want me? Don't ya want me?



1. | 2.

*Come on, come on, are you still down for me?*



*Baby, are you still down, are you down for me?      Baby, are you still down, are you down for me?*



*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

*Baby, are you still down, are you down for me?      Baby, are you still down, are you down for me?*

*Verse 2:*  
 Remember that evening?  
 (Yeah, baby, are you still down?)  
 I know that you were too scared to go all the way.  
 (Please?)  
 But you did it to please me.  
 Crying, it was raining when you gave it to me.  
 The more I see you the more I feel inside.  
 And I know one day you'll make it back to where you can fly.  
 (Watch the time go.)  
 Don't cry.  
 (Whatcha cryin' for?)  
 Tomorrow is better days.  
 Let me dry your eyes, think you're burnin' away.  
 (To Rap:)

*Rap 2:*  
 Only once in a lifetime, touch my soul.  
 Go slow, Baby Boo, don't rush the flow.  
 Got me all weak, baby, but I'm strong apart.  
 With more bounce to the ounce with the longest parts.  
 Get me mined like fine wine measured in time.  
 Maybe the other brothers loved you, but the pleasure was mine.  
 Mama taught me how to love a woman, Papa was sprung.  
 We committed, so I hit it and it's properly done.  
 (To Chorus:)

# Brenda's Got A Baby

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR  
and DEON EVANS

Moderate funk ♩ = 84

Gm Eb F

*mf*  
(with pedal)

D7sus N.C. Gm

Bren-da's

F/A F/G

got a ba - by.

Gm F/A F/G

Bren-da's got a ba - by.

Verse:



*Rap:*  
1. I hear that Brenda's got a baby, but Brenda's barely got a brain.  
2.3. See additional lyrics



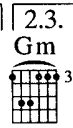
A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name. That's not her problem, that's up to Brenda's family.



Well, let me show ya how it affects our whole community. Now, Brenda never really knew her moms and her dad was a



junky, went in debt to his arms, it's sad. 'Cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know. Just 'cause you're in the



1. ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow. 2. But check came in, they got first dibs. 1. Now,

Bridge:

Brenda's belly's gettin' bigger, but no one seems to  
2. See additional lyrics

notice any change in her figure. She's twelve years

F



old and she's havin' a baby, in love with the mo-  
lester, who sexed and crazy. And yet and all she

E<sup>b</sup>



thinks that he'll be with her forever and dreams of a  
world with the two of them are together, whatever. He

F



1.

D.S.

left her and she had the baby solo. She had it on the  
bathroom floor and didn't know so. 3. She didn't know

2.

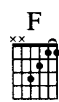
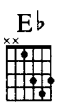


slain, and Brenda's her name. She's got a baby. Ba - by.

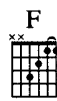
Ending



Don't\_ you know\_ she's got a, don't\_ you know\_ she's got a,



don't\_ you know\_ she's got a ba - by.



Don't\_ you know\_ she's got a, don't\_ you know\_ she's got a,

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

Eb

Gm

don't you know she's got a baby by.

*Verse 2:*

*But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation.  
 Do whatever it takes ta resist the temptation.  
 Brenda got herself a boyfriend.  
 Her boyfriend was her cousin. Now let's watch the joy end.  
 She tried to hide her pregnancy from her family,  
 Who really didn't care to see or give a damn if she  
 Went out and had a church of kids.  
 As long as when the check came in, they got first dibs.  
 (To Bridge:)*

*Verse 3:*

*She didn't know what ta throw away and what to keep.  
 She wrapped the baby up and threw him in the trash heap.  
 I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries.  
 She didn't realize how much tha little baby had her eyes.  
 Now tha baby's in the trash heap, ballin'.  
 Momma can't help her, but it hurts ta hear her calling.  
 Brenda wants to run away. Momma say,  
 "You makin' me lose pay, the social worker's here everyday."  
 (To Bridge:)*

*Bridge 2:*

*Now Brenda's gotta make her own way.  
 Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay.  
 No money, no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job.  
 She tried to sell crack, but end up getting robbed.  
 So now, what's next? There ain't nothin' left to sell,  
 So she sees sex as a way of leavin' hell.  
 It's payin' the rent, so she really can't complain.  
 Prostitute found slain, and Brenda's her name.  
 She's got a baby.  
 (To Ending:)*

# California Love

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, ANDRE YOUNG,  
 ROGER TROUTMAN, LARRY TROUTMAN, MIKEL HOOKS,  
 RONNIE HUDSON, NORMAN DURHAM and WOODY CUNNINGHAM

Moderately  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 N.C.



Cal - i - for - nia love.\_\_\_\_

*mf*




Chorus:



Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. Cal - i - for - nia\_\_\_\_ knows how to par -

ty. In the cit - y of L.

A., in the cit - y of good ol'

Watts, in the cit - y the cit - y of

Comp - ton, we keep it rock - in' We keep it

Verse:



rock - in' Rap:  
1. Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west, a  
2. See additional lyrics



G5 F5 G5 F5

state that's untouchable, like Elliot Ness. The track hits your ear drum like a slug to the chest. Pack a

G5 F5 G5 F5

vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex. We in that sunshine state with a bomb ass hemp beat. The

G5 F5 G5 F5

state where ya never find a dance floor empty. And pimps be on a mission for them greens. Lean,

G5 F5 G5 F5

mean money-makin' machines, servin' fiends. I been in the game for ten years makin' rap tunes,

G5 F5 G5 F5

ever since honies was wearin' Sassoon. Now it's ninety-five and they clock me and watch me. Dia-

G5 F5 G5 F5

monds shinin', lookin' like I robbed Liberace. It's all good, from Diego to tha Bay. Your

G5 F5 G5 F5

city is tha bomb, if your city makin' pay. Throw up a finger if ya feel the same way.

G5 Gm7

Dre puttin' it down for Califor-ni-a. Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. In the cit - y of L.



A., in the cit - y of good ol'



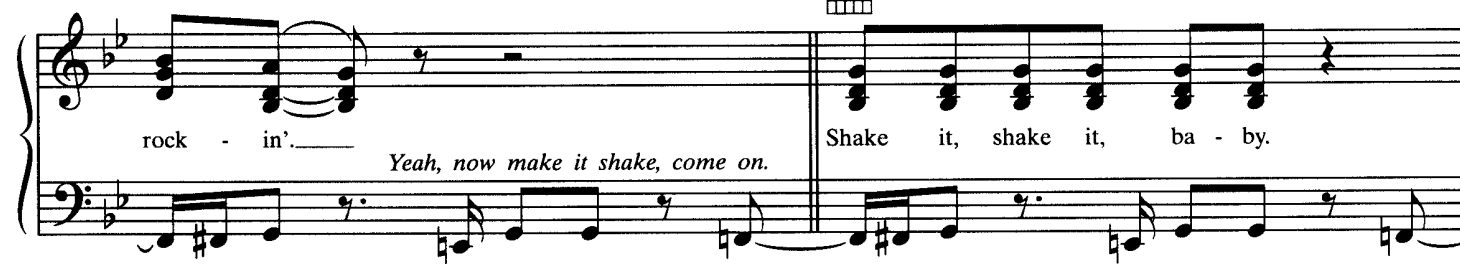
Watts, in the cit - y, the cit - y of



Comp - ton, we keep it rock - in'. We keep it

Bridge:

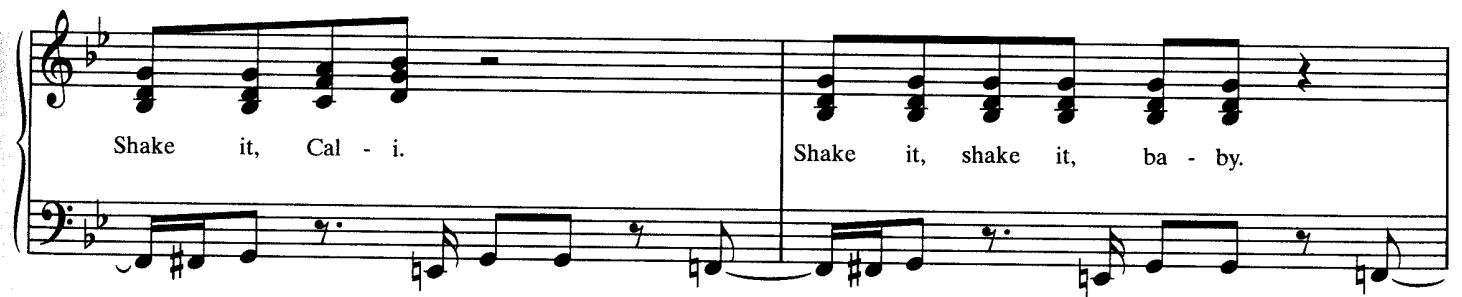
Gm



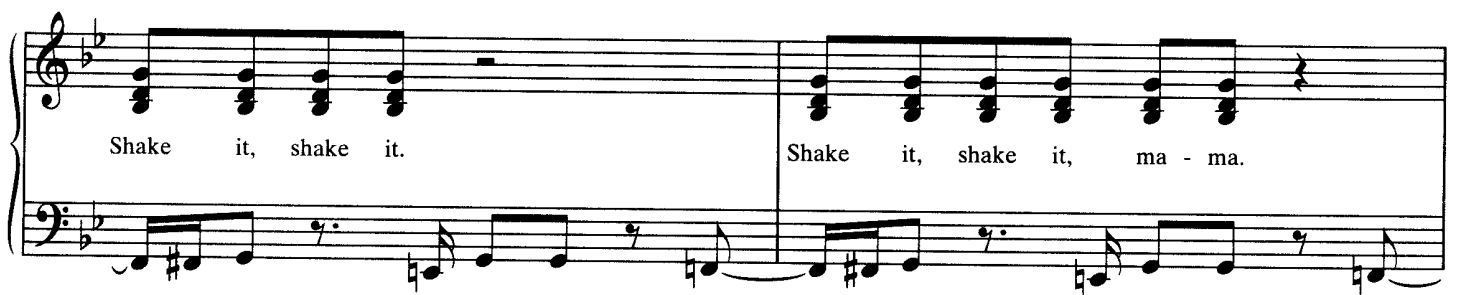
rock - in'. Yeah, now make it shake, come on. Shake it, shake it, ba - by.



Shake it, shake it, shake it, ba - by. Shake it, shake it, ma - ma.



Shake it, Cal - i. Shake it, shake it, ba - by.



Shake it, shake it. Shake it, shake it, ma - ma.

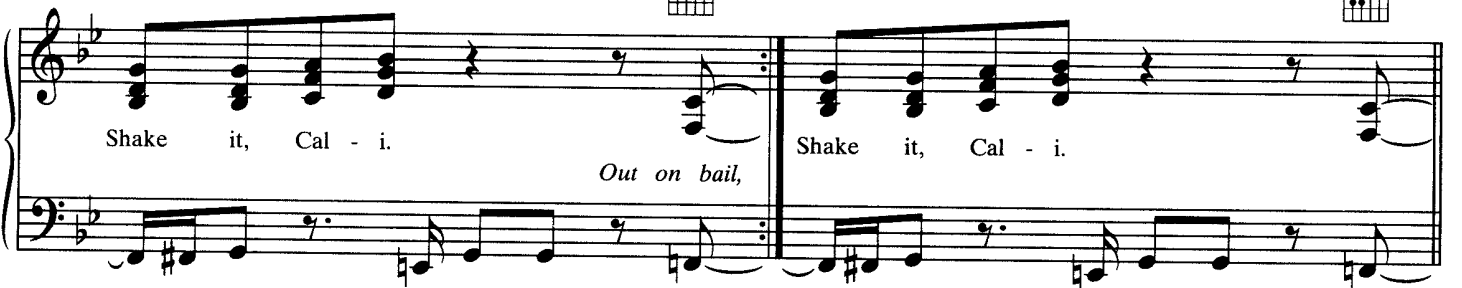
1.

F5



2.

F5



Shake it, Cal - i. Out on bail, Shake it, Cal - i.

*Ending Rap Section:*

G5



F5



G5



F5



See additional lyrics

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*
*Verse 2:*

*Out on bail, fresh outta jail, California dreamin'.*  
*Soon as I stepped on the scene, I'm hearin' hootchies screamin'.*  
*Fiendin' for money and alcohol,*  
*The life of a West Side playa where cowards die, and it's all a ball.*  
*Only in Cali, where we riot, not rally to live and die in L.A.*  
*We wearin' Chucks, not Ballies. (That's right.)*  
*Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits and ride is what we do.*  
*Flossin' but have caution, we collide with other crews.*  
*Famous 'cause we program world-wide.*  
*Let 'em recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans.*  
*Bumpin' and grindin' like a slow jam, it's West Side.*  
*So you know the row won't bow down to no man.*  
*Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre.*  
*Let me serenade the streets of L.A.*  
*From Oakland to Sacktown, the Bay Area and back down.*  
*Cali is where they put they Mack down.*  
*Give me love.*  
*(To Chorus:)*

*Ending Rap Section:*

*Uh, yeah, uh, Long Beach in tha house, uh, yeah.*  
*Oaktown, Oakland definitely in tha house, ha-ha-ha-ha.*  
*Frisco, Frisco.*  
*Hey, you know L.A. up in this.*  
*Pasadena, where you at?*  
*Yeah, Ingelwood, Ingelwood always up to no good.*  
*Even Hollywood tryin' to get a piece, baby.*  
*Sacramento, Sacramento, where ya at? Yeah.*  
*Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up.*  
*I can't see ya.*  
*California love.*

# Changes

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, BRUCE HORNSBY  
and DEON EVANS

Freely



*mf*



*Sua*-----

Moderately ♩ = 112

Verse:






N.C.


Rap:  
1. Come on, come on. I see no changes, I wake up in the morning and I ask my-  
2.3. See additional lyrics






self, is life worth living, should I blast my- self? I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm

C  Am  Em 





black. My stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch. Cops give a damn about a ne-

Dsus  C2  G  D 



gro, pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a he-ro. Give the crack to the kids, who the hell cares?

C  Am  Em 

One less hungry mouth on the welfare. First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers.

Dsus  C2  G  D 

Give 'em guns, step back, watch 'em kill each other. It's time to fight back, that's what Huey

C  Am  Em 

said. Two shots in the head. Now Huey's dead. I got love for my brother but we can never

Dsus



C2



G



D



go nowhere unless we share with each other.

We gotta start makin' changes. Learn to

C



Am



Em



see me as a brother instead of two distant

strangers. And that's how it's supposed to be. How can the

Dsus



C2



G



D



Devil take a brother if he's close to me?

I'd love to go back to when we played as kids, but

Chorus:

C2



To Coda

G



Fmaj7



C



things change. That's the way it is.

Come on, come on.

That's just the way it is.

G



Fmaj7



C



Things - 'll nev - er be the same.



G Fmaj7 C

That's just the way it is,

G Fmaj7 C G Fmaj7 C

ah, yeah.

G Fmaj7 C

That's just the way it is.

G Fmaj7 C

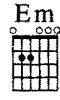
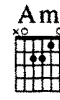
Things - 'll nev - er be the same.

G Fmaj7 C

That's just the way it is, ah, yeah.

1.

2.



2. I see no

We gotta make a

change.



It's time for us as a people to start makin' some

changes. Let's change the way we



eat, let's change the way we live

and let's change the way we treat each other.

D.S.  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$  al Coda



You see, the old way wasn't working, so

it's on us to do what we gotta do

to survive.

3. And still I see no

$\text{\textcircled{C}}$  Coda



That's... just the way it is.

Things - 'll nev - er be the same.

That's just the way it is,

ah, yeah.

*Verse 2:*

*I see no changes, all I see is racist faces.  
 Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races.  
 We under, I wonder what it takes to make this  
 One better place, let's erase the wasted.  
 Take the evil out the people, they'll be acting right,  
 'Cause both black and white is smokin' crack tonight.  
 And only time will chill is when we kill each other.  
 It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other.  
 And although it seems Heaven sent,  
 We ain't ready to see a black president, uh.  
 It ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
 The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks.  
 But some things will never change.  
 Try to show another way, but you stayin' in the dope game.  
 Now tell me, what's a mother to do?  
 Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you.  
 You gotta operate the easy way.  
 "I made a G today", but you made it in a sleazy way,  
 Sellin' crack to the kid. "I gotta get paid."  
 Well hey, that's the way it is.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Verse 3:*

*And still I see no changes.  
 Can't a brother get a little peace.  
 It's war on the streets and the war in the Middle East.  
 Instead of war on poverty, they got a war on drugs  
 So the police can bother me.  
 And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do.  
 But now I'm back with the blacks givin' it back to you.  
 Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up,  
 Crack you up and pimp slap you up.  
 You gotta learn to hold ya own.  
 They get jealous when they see ya with a mobile phone.  
 But tell the cops they can't touch this.  
 I don't trust this, when they try to rush, I bust this.  
 That's the sound of my tool, you say it ain't cool.  
 My mama didn't raise no fool.  
 And as long as I stay black, I gotta stay strapped  
 And I never get to lay back.  
 'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs,  
 Some buck that I roughed up way back,  
 Comin' back after all these years.  
 Rat-a-tat-tat-tat. That's the way it is, uh.  
 (To Chorus:)*

# Do For Love

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR,  
BOBBY CALDWELL, KENNETH KARLIN,  
CARSTEN SCHACK and ALFONS KETTNER

Funk shuffle ♩ = 96 (♩ =  $\overset{-3}{\underset{-}{\text{J}}}$ )

E♭maj7



D7(#5)



Gm7



Gm7/C



*mf*

E♭maj7



D7(#5)



*Spoken:*  
*Turn it up loud.*

Gm7



Gm7/C



E♭maj7



*Ha-ha-ha:*

D7(#5)



Gm7



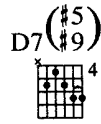
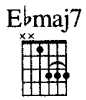
Gm7/C



*aha-ha-ha, hey, man.*

*You a little*

*sucker for*



love, right?      Word up.      Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.



Verse:  
N.C.

Rap:  
1. I shoulda seen you were      trouble right from the start.      Taught me so many lessons.  
2.3. See additional lyrics

How not to mess with broken hearts.      So many questions.      When this began we was the

perfect match, perhaps.      We had some problems but we      workin' at it. And now,

the arguments are gettin' loud,      I wanna say.      But I can't help from walkin'

out just a little way. Just take my hand and under- stand, if you could see.

Ebmaj7

I never planned to be a man, it just wasn't me. But now I'm searchin' for com-

D7 (#5) (9)

Gm7

Gm7/C

mitment, in other arms. I want to shelter you from harm Don't be alarmed.

Ebmaj7

D7 (#5) (9)

Gm7

Gm7/C

Your attitude was the causes, you got me stressin'. Soon as I open up the

Ebmaj7

D7 (#5) (9)

door with your jealous questions. Like, where can I be, you're killin' me with your

Gm7



Gm7/C



Ebmaj7



jealousy. Now my am- bition's to be free. I can't breathe, 'cause soon as I leave,

D7(#5)



Gm7



Gm7/C



it' like a trap, I hear you callin' me to come back. I'm a sucka for love. What you won't do,--

Chorus:

Ebmaj7



D7(#5)



Gm7



do\_\_\_ for love.---

C13



Ebmaj7



D7(#5)



Sucka for love. You\_\_\_ tried ev - 'ry - thing,-- but you don't\_\_\_ give\_\_\_

Gm7



C9



Ebmaj7



up.--- What you Sucka for love. won't do,--

D7<sup>(#5)</sup> Gm7 C13

do — for love. — You — tried ev -

E♭maj7 D7<sup>(#5)</sup>

'ry - thing, — but you don't — give —

Gm7 C9 1.2. D.S. 3. Repeat ad lib. and fade

up. — 2. Just when I thought I broke a — 3. Now he left you with — What you won't do,

Verse 2:

Just when I thought I broke away and I'm feelin' happy,  
 You try to trap me, say you pregnant and guess who the daddy.  
 Don't wanna fall for it, but in this case, what could I do?  
 So now I'm back to makin' promises to you, tryin' to keep it true.  
 What if I'm wrong? A trick to keep me on and on.  
 Tryin' to be strong and in the process, keep you goin'.  
 I'm 'bout to lose my composure, I'm gettin' close  
 To packin' up and leavin' notes and gettin' ghost.  
 Tell me who knows a peaceful place where I can go  
 To clear my head. I'm feelin' low, losin' control.  
 My heart is sayin', "Leave." Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
 When we conspire to deceive. And now you gettin'  
 Calls at the house, guess you chatin'.  
 That's all I need to hear 'cause I'm leavin'. I'm out the do'.  
 Never no more will you see me. This is the end,  
 'Cause now I know you've been cheatin'.  
 I'm a sucka for love.  
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Now he left you with scars, tears on your pillow and you still stay.  
 As you sit and pray, hoping the beatings'll go away.  
 It wasn't always a hit and run relationship.  
 It used to be love, happiness and companionship.  
 Remember when I treated you good?  
 I moved you up to the hills, out the ills of the ghetto hood.  
 Me and you a happy home, when it was on.  
 I had a love to call my own.  
 I shoulda seen you was trouble, but I was lost, trapped in your eyes.  
 Preoccupied with gettin' tossed, no need to lie.  
 You had a man and I knew it. You told me,  
 "Don't worry 'bout it, we can do it now." I'm under pressure.  
 Make a decision 'cause I'm waitin'. When I'm alone,  
 I'm on the phone havin' secret conversations, huh.  
 I wanna take your misery, replace it with happiness.  
 But I need your faith in me. I'm a sucka for love.  
 (To Chorus:)



# How Do U Want It

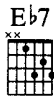
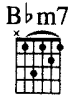
Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, QUINCY JONES,  
LEON WARE, STANLEY RICHARDSON, BRUCE FISHER  
and JOHNNY JACKSON

Moderate funk ♩ = 92

Chorus:

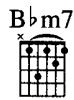
The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It consists of four systems of music, each with a guitar chord chart above the vocal line and a piano accompaniment below. The guitar chords are: Bbm7 (x2 0 2 3 3 0), Eb7 (x0 2 3 3 3 0), Bbm7 (x2 0 2 3 3 0), and Eb7 (x0 2 3 3 3 0). The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics are: (want it.) How do you want it? How does it feel? Com-in' up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real. How do you want it? How do you feel? Com-in' up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real. (Rap:) 1. Love the way you

Verse:



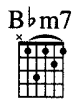
activate your hips and push your ass out. Got a nig-ga  
2.3. See additional lyrics

wantin' it so bad I'm about to pass out. Wanna dig



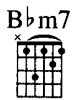
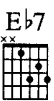
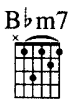
you and I can't even lie about it. Baby, just al-

leviate your clothes, time to fly about it. Catch you at a



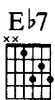
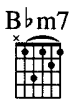
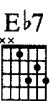
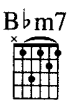
club. Oh shit, you got me fiendin'. Body talkin' shit to

me, but I can't comprehend the meaning. Now if you want to



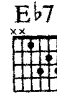
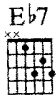
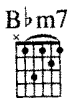
roll with me, then here's your chance. Doin' eighty on the

freeway. Police catch me if you can. Forgive me I'm a

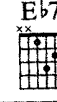
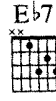
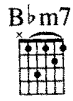


rider, still I'm just a simple man. All I want is

money. Fuck the fame, I'm a simple man. Mister Inter-

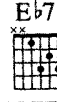
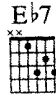
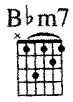


*national, playa with a passport. Just like A-laddin bitch, get anything you ask for. It's either him or*

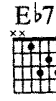


*me. Champagne, Hennessy, a favorite of my homies when we floss on our enemies. Witness as we*

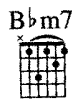
To Coda ⊕



*creep to a low speed, peep what a hoe need. Puff some mo' weed. Funk, ya don't need.*



*Approachin' hoochies with a passion, been a long day. But I've been driven by attraction in a strong way.*



N.C.

*Your body is bangin', baby. I love it when you flaunt it. Time to give it to Daddy, nigga. Now tell me how you*

2.

B♭m7

E♭7

B♭m7

E♭7

*D.C. al Coda*

Now everybody talkin' 'bout us. I could give a fuck. I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss. Nigga, tell me how you want it.

⊕ Coda

B♭m7

E♭7

B♭m7

E♭7

How do you want it? How does it feel? Com-in'

B♭m7

E♭7

B♭m7

E♭7

up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real.

B♭m7

E♭7

B♭m7

E♭7

How do you want it? How do you feel? Com-in'

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

Bbm7      Eb7      Bbm7      Eb7

up as a nig-ga in the cash game, liv-in' in the fast lane. I'm for real.

*Verse 2:*

*Tell me, is it cool to fuck?  
 Did you think I come to talk, am I a fool, or what?  
 Positions on the floor, it's like erotic, ironic,  
 'Cause I'm somewhat psychotic.  
 I'm hittin' switches on bitches like I been fixed with hydraulics.  
 Up and down like a roller coaster, I'm up inside ya.  
 I ain't quittin' till the show is over, 'cause I'm a rider.  
 In and out just like a robbery, I'll probably be a freak  
 And let you get on top of me, get her rockin' these  
 Nights full of Alize, a livin' legend.  
 You ain't heard about these niggaz play these Cali days.  
 Delores Tucker, youse a mother fucker.  
 Instead of tryin' to hep a nigga, you destroy a brother  
 Worse than the others. Bill Clinton, Mr. Bob Dole,  
 You're too old to understand the way the game is told.  
 You're lame, so I gotta hit you with the hot facts.  
 Want some on lease? I'm makin' millions, niggaz, top that.  
 They wanna censor me, they'd rather see me in a cell,  
 Livin' in hell. Only a few of us will live to tell.  
 Now everybody talkin' 'bout us. I could give a fuck.  
 I'd be the first one to bomb and cuss.  
 Nigga, tell me how you want it.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Verse 3:*

*Raised as a youth, tell the truth, I got the scoop  
 On how to get a bulletproof, because I jumped from the roof  
 Before I was a teenager. Mobile phone, SkyPager,  
 Game rules, I'm livin' major. My adversaries  
 Is lookin' worried, they paranoid of gettin' buried.  
 One of us gon' see the cemetary.  
 My only hope to survive if I wish to stay alive,  
 Gettin' high, see the demons in my eyes before I die.  
 I wanna live my life and ball, make a couple million.  
 And then I'm chillin', fade 'em all.  
 These taxes got me crossed up and people tryin' to sue me.  
 Media is my business and they actin' like they know me.  
 Ha, ha, ha, but I'm a mash out, peel out.  
 I'm with it quick, I'se quick to whip that fuckin' steel out.  
 Yeah, nigga, it's some new shit, so better get up on it.  
 When ya see me, tell a nigga how you want it.  
 How do you want it?  
 (To Coda:)*

# I Ain't Mad At Cha

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR,  
ETTERLENE JORDAN, DELMAR "DAZ" ARNAUD  
and DANNY BOY STEWARD

Freely

*mf* Spoken: Change? Shit, I guess change is good for any of us. Whatever it

G7(#5) Cm9

*mf* take for any of y'all niggaz 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.

Bbm7 Abmaj7 G7

Moderate funk ♩ = 84  
N.C.

Yeah, all the homies that I ain't talked to in a while,

C7/E Fm9

N.C.

I'ma send this one out for y'all, knahmean? 'Cause I ain't mad at cha.

Bb Eb sus Eb Dm11 G7(#5)

N.C. C7/E Fm9

Heard y'all tearin' up shit out there, kickin' up dust, givin' a mother fuck.

N.C. Bb Eb sus Eb Dm11 G7(#5)

He-he-he-he-he-he, yeah, niggaz 'cause I ain't mad at cha. Rap: 1. Now we was

Verse:

Cm9 Fm9

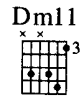
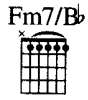
once two niggaz of the same kind. Quick to holler at a hootchie with the same line. You was  
2.3. See additional lyrics

Fm7/Bb Bb7 Ebsus Eb Dm7 G7(#5)

just a little smaller but you still roll.. Got stretched to Y. A. and hit the hood swoll. 'Member when you

Cm9 Fm9

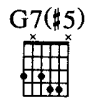
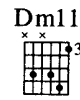
had a jheri curl, didn't quite learn. On the block, witcha Glock, trippin' off sherm. Collect



calls to the till, sayin' how you 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. It 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.



Congratulations on the weddin'. I hope your wife knows she got a playa for life, and that's no bulls\*\*tin'.



N.C. C7/E Fm9

*I know we grew apart. You probably don't remember, I used to fiend for your sister, but never went up in her.*

N.C. B♭ E♭sus E♭ Dm11 G7(#5)

*And I can see us after school, we'd bomb on the first mother fucker with the wrong shit on. Now the*

N.C. C7/E Fm9

*whole shit's changed, and we don't even kick it. Got a big money scheme and you ain't even with it.*

N.C. B♭ E♭sus E♭ Dm11 G7(#5)

*Knew in my heart you was the same mother fucker, bad. Go toe to toe when it's time for a roll. You got a brother's back.*

Cm9 Fm9

*And I can't even trip, 'cause I'm just laughin' at cha. You tryin' hard to maintain, then go ahead. 'Cause I ain't*

Fm7/B $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 7
E $\flat$ sus
E $\flat$ 
Dm7
G7(#5)
Chorus: Cm9
Fm9

*mad at cha.*      *Hmm, I ain't mad at cha.*      *I ain't mad at*

Fm7/B $\flat$ 
B $\flat$ 
E $\flat$

*cha.*      *I ain't mad at*

1.2.
D.S.  $\text{X}$ 
3.
Repeat ad lib. and fade

Dm7
G7(#5)
Dm7
G7(#5)

*cha.*      *2. We used to*      *cha.*

**Verse 2:**

*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 guns blow.  
 And even though we separated, you said that you'd wait.  
 Don't give nobody coochie while I be locked upstate.  
 I kiss my momma 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 momma, 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.  
 (To Chorus:)*

**Verse 3:**

*Well, guess who's movin' up, this nigger's ballin' now.  
 Bitches to be callin' to get it, hookers keep fallin' down.  
 He went from nuttin' to lots, ten carats to rock.  
 Went from a nobody nigger 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 nigger 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 niggaz in my younger days.  
 So many changed on me, so many tried to plot.  
 That I keep a Glock beside me head, when will it stop?  
 Till 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 niggaz just don't know, but I ain't mad at cha.  
 (To Chorus:)*

# I Get Around

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, GREGORY JACOBS,  
RONALD BROOKS, SHIRLEY MURDOCK,  
ROGER TROUTMAN and LARRY TROUTMAN

Moderately ♩ = 96 (♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

N.C. Dm9 N.C.

*mf* Spoken:  
Ah, yeah.

Am11 Eb9 Dm9 N.C.

(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_) I get a - round. Still

Am11 Eb9 Dm9 Bb13


(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_)  
playin' with the Underground when we come around.

Am11 Eb9 Dm9 Bb13 Am11 Eb9

(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_) Stronger than ever. (I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_)


*Rap:*  
1. Back to gettin'

Verse:


  
 Dm9                      Bb13                      Am9                      Eb9


wrecked, all respect to those that break they  
2.3. See additional lyrics

neck to keep they hoes in check. 'Cause oh, they


  
 Dm9                      Bb13                      Am9                      Eb9


sweat a brother majorly. And I don't know why your

girl keeps pagin' me. To tell me that she


  
 Dm9                      Bb13                      Am9                      Eb9

needs me, cries when she leaves me and every time she

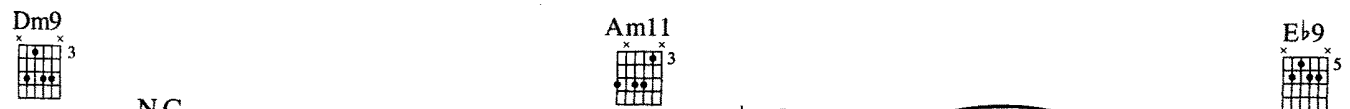
sees me, she squeezes me. Lady, take it


  
 Dm9                      Bb13                      Am9                      Eb9

easy. Hate to sound sleazy, but tease me.

I don't want it if it's that easy. Hey, yo,

To Coda I  $\oplus$   
To Coda II  $\oplus\oplus$



  
 Dm9                      Am11                      Eb9

N.C.

bust it. Baby got a problem sayin' bye-bye. Just another

(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ ) hazard of a fly guy. You ask


50 Dm9



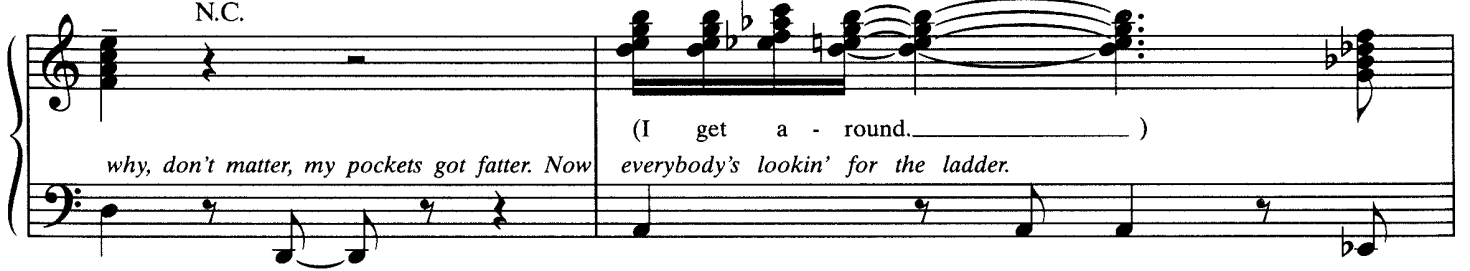
Am11



Eb9



N.C.



(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 why, don't matter, my pockets got fatter. Now everybody's lookin' for the ladder.

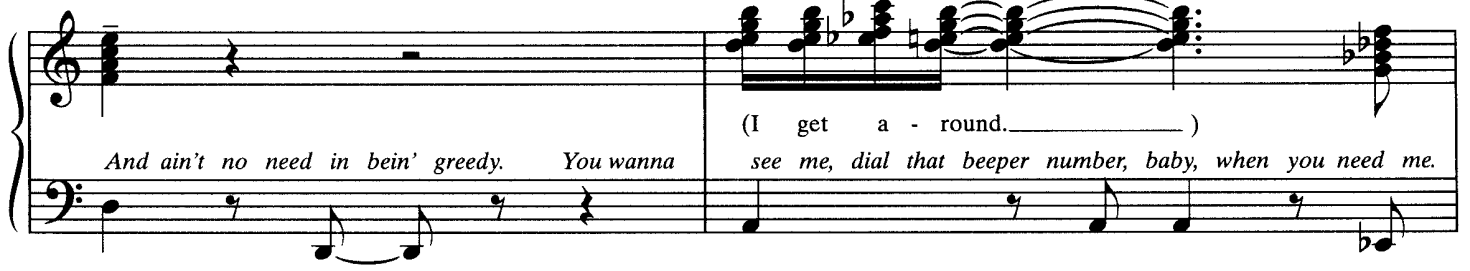
Dm9



Am11



Eb9

(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 And ain't no need in bein' greedy. You wanna see me, dial that beeper number, baby, when you need me.

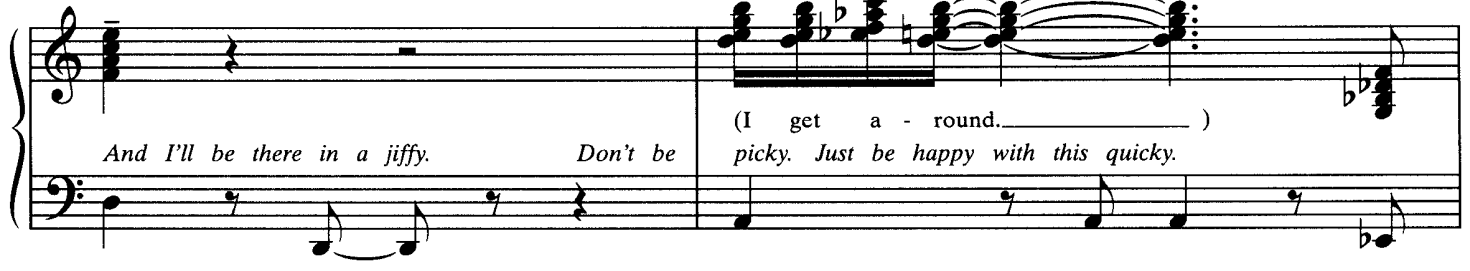
Dm9



Am11




Eb9





(I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 And I'll be there in a jiffy. Don't be picky. Just be happy with this quicky.

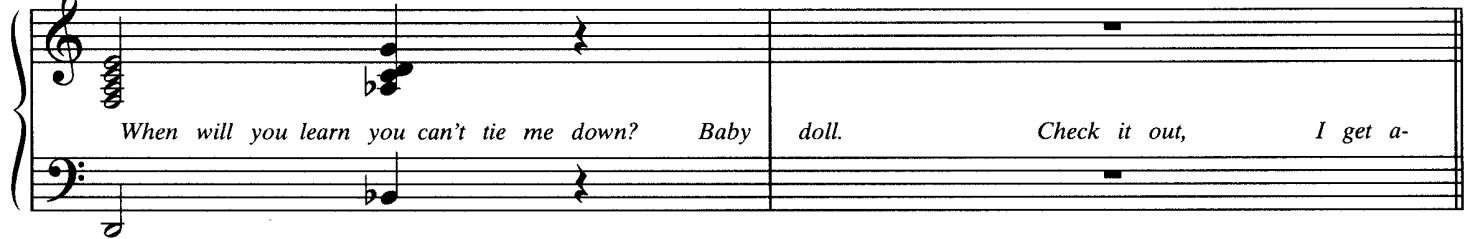
Dm9



Bb13




N.C.




When will you learn you can't tie me down? Baby doll. Check it out, I get a-

Chorus:


Dm9




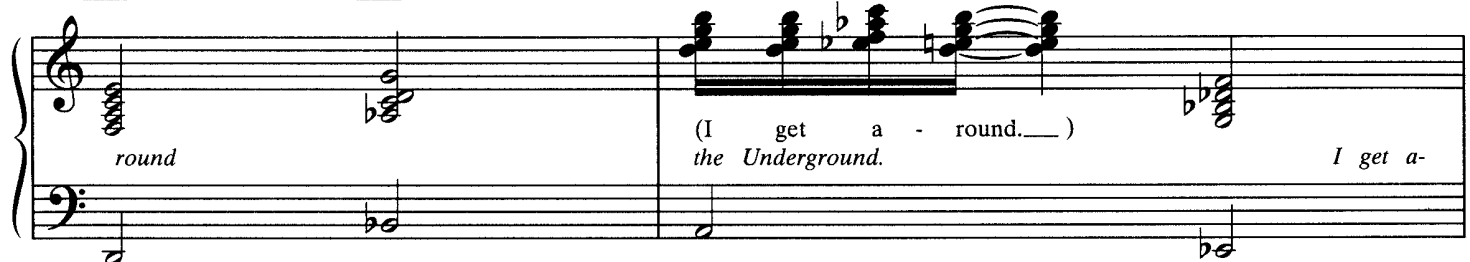
Bb13



Am11



Eb9

round (I get a - round. \_\_\_\_\_ )  
 the Underground. I get a-

round the *(I get a - round. )* Underground. Just don't stop for hoes, in check. I get a-

round. Still down with the Underground. *(I get a - round. )* Hey girl, I get a-

*D.S. al Coda I*

round, yeah. Hey, yo, *(I get a - round. )* Shock, let them hoes know. 2. Now you can

⊕ *Coda I*  
*Bridge:*

N.C.

*What's up, bro', how ya doin'? (All right.) Well, I been hangin', sangin', tryin' do my thing. You heard that I was bangin' your*

*home girl you went to school with. That's cool, but did she tell you 'bout her sister and your cousin. Thought it wasn't. See,*

Dm9

Bb13

Am11

Eb9

weekends was made for Michelob. (I get a - round.\_\_\_\_) But it's a Monday, my day, so just let me hit it, yo. And

Dm9

Bb13

Am9

Eb9

don't mistake my statement for a clown. We can keep it on the down low, long as you know that I get around.

Dm9

Bb13

Am11

Eb9

(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_)

Dm9

Bb13

Am11

Eb9

(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_) Don't stop for hoes. I get a-

Dm9

Bb13

Am11

Eb9

round. (I get a - round.\_\_\_\_)

Dm9
Bb13
Am11
Eb9
D.S.  $\text{\textcircled{R}}$  al Coda II

(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_\_)  
 Why I ain't call you, please.. 3. Finger-

**Coda II**

Dm9
Bb13
Am11
Eb9

(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_\_)  
 know me, you just met me, you won't let me. Well, if I couldn't have it, silly rabbit, why you sweat me?

Dm9
Bb13
Am11
Eb9

(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_\_)  
 It's a lot a real G's doin' time, 'Cause a groupie bit the truth and told a lie.





Dm9
Bb13
Am11
Eb9

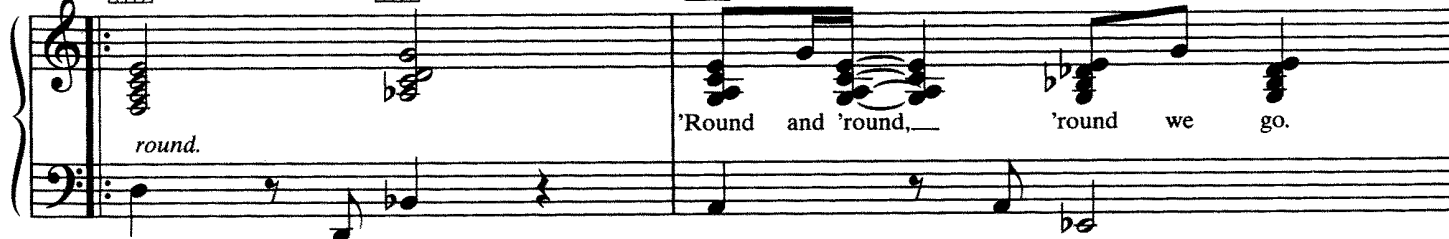
(I get a - round.\_\_\_\_\_)  
 You picked the wrong guy, baby, if you're too fly. You need to hit the door, search for a new guy.

Dm9
Bb13
Am9

'Cause I only got one night in town. Break out or be clowned. Baby doll, are you down? I get a-







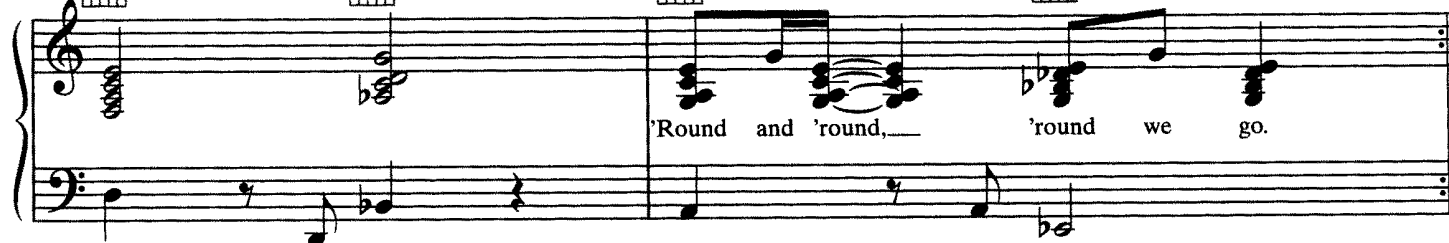
Dm9  3  
 B♭13   
 Am9  5  
 E♭9  5



round. 'Round and 'round, 'round we go.

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

Dm9  3  
 B♭13   
 Am9  5  
 E♭9  5



'Round and 'round, 'round we go.

*Verse 2:*

Now you can tell from my everyday fits, I ain't rich.  
 So cease and desist with them tricks.  
 I'm just another black man caught up in the mix.  
 Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents.  
 Just 'cause I'm a freak, don't mean that we could hit the sheets.  
 Baby, I can see that you don't recognize me.  
 I'm Shock G, the one who put the satin on your panties.  
 Never knew a hooker who could share me.  
 I get around.  
 (To Bridge:)

*Verse 3:*

Fingertips on the hips as I tip, gotta get a tight grip.  
 Don't slip, loose lips sank ships.  
 It's a trip, I love it when she licks her lips, see me jockin'.  
 Put a little twist in her hips, 'cause I'm watchin'.  
 Conversations on the phone till the break of dawn.  
 Now we all alone, why the lights on?  
 Turn 'em off, time to set it off, get you wet and soft.  
 Somethin's on your mind, let it off.  
 (To Coda II)

# I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, LARRY GOODMAN,  
DERRICK McDOWELL, ROGER TROUTMAN  
and LARRY TROUTMAN

Moderately ♩ = 108



*mf*

*Spoken:*  
*I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.*



*I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.*



*I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.*



*I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.*  
*Rap: 1. I was*

*Verse:*

Em A D

raised the little young nigga doin' bad shit. Talk much shit 'cause I never had shit.

2. See additional lyrics

Em A D

I could remember bein' whupped in class. And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass. Was it

Em A D





my fault Papa didn't plan it out? Broke out, left me to be the man of the house. I couldn't

Em A D

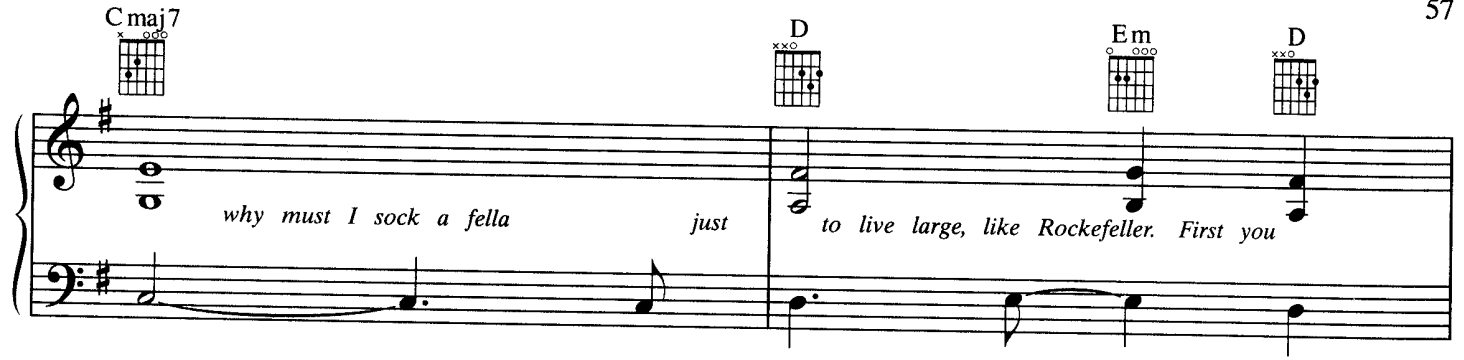
take it, had to make a profit. Down the block, got a Glock and a clock grip.

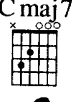



Cmaj7 D Em D

Makin' G's was my mission Move enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen. And

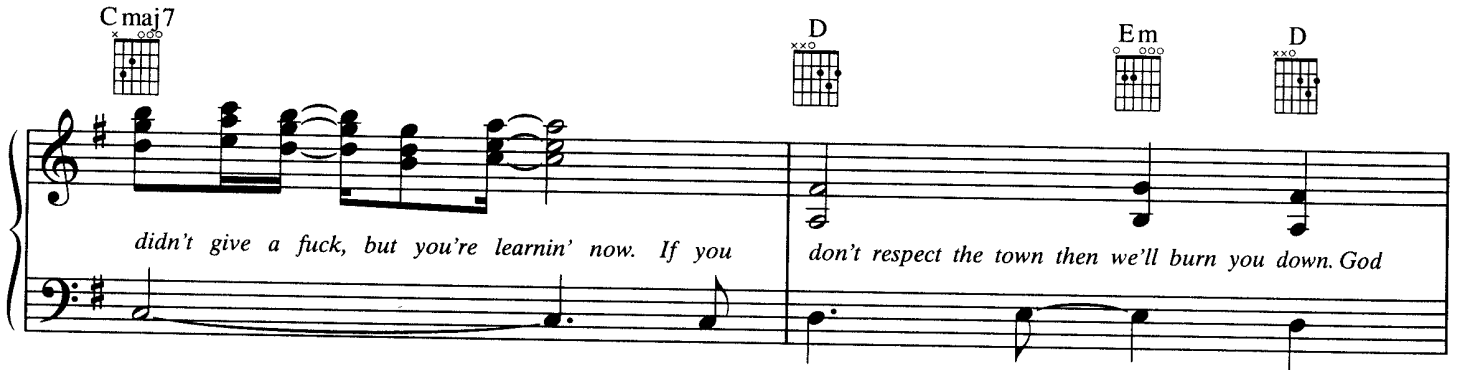
Cmaj7  D  Em  D 

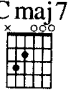

why must I sock a fella just to live large, like Rockefeller. First you




Cmaj7  D  Em  D 

didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now. If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down. God



Cmaj7  D  Em  D 

damn, it's a motherfuckin' riot. Black people only hate police, so don't try it.



Em  A  D 

If you're not from the town, then don't pass through. 'cause some O.G. fools might blast you.



Em  A  D 

It ain't right, but it's long overdue.. We can't have peace till the niggaz get a piece, too.



Em A D

*I want G's so you label me a criminal and if I die, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

Chorus:  
Cmaj7 D Em D

*See additional lyrics* *I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

Cmaj7 D Em D

*I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

Cmaj7 D Em D

*I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

Cmaj7 D Em D

*I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*  
*Here on Earth,*

1.2. D.S.

3.  *Repeat ad lib. and fade*



*I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

*Verse 2:*

*Here on Earth, tell me, what's black life worth?  
 A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts.  
 And even when you take the shit,  
 Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit.  
 Ask Rodney, LaTasha and many more.  
 It's been goin' on for years, there's plenty more.  
 When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"  
 When your troops stop shootin' niggaz down in the street.  
 Niggaz had enough time to make a difference.  
 Bear witness, own our own business.  
 Word to God, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet.  
 First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free.  
 So we loot, please don't shoot when you see me.  
 I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take it from me.  
 Now the tables have turned around.  
 You didn't listen until the niggaz burned it down.  
 And now Bush can't stop the hit,  
 Predicted the shit, in 2Pacalypse.  
 And for once, I was down with niggaz, felt good  
 In the hood, bein' around the niggaz, yeah.  
 And for the first time everybody let go.  
 And the streets is death row, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Verse 3:*

*I see no changes, all I see is racist faces,  
 Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races.  
 We under, I wonder what it take to make this  
 One better place, let's erase the wait state.  
 Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right.  
 'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight.  
 And only time we deal is when we kill each other.  
 It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other.  
 And though it seems heaven sent,  
 We ain't ready to have a black president, huh.  
 It ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
 The penitentiary's packed and it's filled with blacks.  
 I wake up in the morning and I ask myself,  
 "Is life worth living, should I blast myself?"  
 I'm tired of bein' poor, and even worsse, I'm black.  
 My stomach hurts so, I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch.  
 Cops give a damn about a negro.  
 Pull a trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero.  
 Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggaz.  
 I'd rather be a dead than a po' nigga.  
 Let the Lord judge the criminals.  
 If I die, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Chorus at ending:*

*Just think, if niggaz decide to retaliate  
 (Soldier in the house.)  
 I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

# Me Against The World

Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, YAFEU FULA,  
MALCOLM GREENIDGE, LEON WARE, MINNIE RIPERTON,  
RICHARD RUDOLPH, BURT BACHARACH, HAL DAVID,  
CARSTEN SCHACK and KENNETH KARLIN

Funk shuffle ♩ = 92 (♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup>)

B maj9

D+

D♭/E♭

E♭m7

E♭m7/A♭

A♭7sus

*Spoken:*  
It's just me against the *mf* world. Nuttin' to lose. Just me against the

B maj9

D+

D♭/E♭

E♭m7

E♭m7/A♭

A♭7sus

world, baby. I got nuttin' to lose. It's just me against the

B maj9

D+

D♭/E♭

E♭m7

E♭m7/A♭

A♭7sus

world. Stuck in the game. Me against the

B maj9

D+

D♭/E♭

E♭m7

E♭m7/A♭

A♭7sus

world, baby. *Rap:*  
1. Can you picture my proph-

Verse:

N.C.

ecy? Stress in the city, the cops is hot for me. The projects is full of bullets, the bodies is droppin'. There ain't no

2.3. See additional lyrics

stoppin' me, constantly movin' while makin' millions, wit- nessin' killings, leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings.

Carries to children, 'cause they're illin'. Addicted to kill- in' and the appeal from the cap peelin' without feelin'.

But will they last or be blasted? Hardheaded bastard Maybe he'll listen in his casket, the aftermath.

B maj 9



D+



D $\flat$ /E $\flat$



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



More bodies bein' buried. I'm losin' my homies in a hurry. They're relocating to the cemetery.



B maj9



D+



D $\flat$ /E $\flat$



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



Got me worried, stressin', my vision's blurred. The question is, will I live? No one in the world loves me. I'm

B maj9



D+



D $\flat$ /E $\flat$



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



To Coda ♯

headed for danger, don't trust no strangers. Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feelin' this anger. Don't wanna make ex-

B maj9



D+



D $\flat$ /E $\flat$



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



cuses 'cause this is how it is. What's the use unless we're shootin', no one notices the youth. It's just me against the

Chorus:

B maj9



D+



D $\flat$ /E $\flat$



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



world, baby. Female: Me a - gainst the world, It's me against the ooh, yeah,

B maj9



D+



E $\flat$ m7



E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$



A $\flat$ 7sus



world. ooh, ooh. It's just me against the

B maj9      D+      D $\flat$ /E $\flat$       E $\flat$ m7      E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$

world. Me a - gainst the world, 'Cause it's just me against the ooh, ooh,

B maj9      D+      D $\flat$ /E $\flat$       E $\flat$ m7      E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$       A $\flat$ 7sus

world, baby. hey, Me against the

B maj9      D+      E $\flat$ m7      E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$       A $\flat$ 7sus

world. ooh, yeah. I got nuttin' to lose. It's just me against the

B maj9      D+      E $\flat$ m7      E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$       A $\flat$ 7sus

world. I got noth - ing to lose. 2. Could somebody

E $\flat$ m7      E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$       A $\flat$ 7sus      B maj9      D+

lose. Me against the world.

*D.S. al Coda*

D $\flat$ /E $\flat$ E $\flat$ m7 Ebm7/A $\flat$  Ab7sus

B maj9

D+

D $\flat$ /E $\flat$ E $\flat$ m7 Ebm7/A $\flat$  Ab7sus

I got nuttin' to lose. It's just me against the world, baby. With all this extra

$\oplus$  Coda

B maj9

D+

D $\flat$ /E $\flat$  Ebm7 Ebm7/A $\flat$  Ab7sus

world. See additional lyrics Me a - gainst the world, Nuttin' to lose, it's just me against the ooh, yeah,

B maj9

D+

E $\flat$ m7

E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$

Ab7sus

world, baby.. ooh, ooh. Got me stuck in the game. It's just me against the

B maj9

D+

D $\flat$ /E $\flat$

E $\flat$ m7

E $\flat$ m7/A $\flat$

Ab7sus

world. Me a - gainst the world, With nuttin' to lose, it's just me against the ooh, ooh,

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 2:

Could somebody help me?  
 I'm out here all by myself.  
 See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy.  
 Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'.  
 Seein' Daddy's semen, full of crooked demons, already crazy  
 And screamin'. I guess them nightmares as a child  
 Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while.  
 Is there another route for a crooked outlaw?  
 Veteran, a villian, a young thug, who one day shall fall.  
 Everyday there's mo' death, and plus I'm doughless.  
 I'm seein' mo' reasons for me to proceed with thievin'.  
 Scheme on the scheming and leave they peeps grieving.  
 'Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up.  
 I'm about to act up, go load the Mac up, now watch me klacka.  
 Tried to make fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'.  
 And Evil's lurking, I can see him smirking.  
 When I got to go pervin', so what?  
 Go put some work in and make my mail, makin' sales.  
 Risking twenty-five with a 'L', but oh well.  
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

With all this extra stressin',  
 The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath,  
 When will I finally get to rest? Through this supression  
 They punish the people that's askin' questions.  
 And those that possess, steal from the ones without possessions.  
 The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons.  
 Don't settle for less, even the genius askses questions.  
 Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence.  
 The power is in the people and politics we address.  
 Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic.  
 And when you get stranded, and things don't go the way you planned it,  
 Dreamin' of riches, in a position to make a difference.  
 Politicians and hypocrites, they don' wanna listen.  
 If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change.  
 It wasn't nuttin' like the game, it' just me against the world.  
 (To Chorus:)

Rap at Coda:

Heh, ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, that's right.  
 I know it's hard sometimes, but uhh.  
 Remember one thing.  
 Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that.  
 So no matter how hard it get, stick your chest out.  
 Keep your head up and handle it.

# Papa'z Song

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, JOE SAMPLE,  
WILL JENNINGS and DEON EVANS

Funk shuffle ♩ = 86 (♩ = ♪<sup>3</sup>)

*mf* Spoken: Daddy's home. Hey, so? You say that like that means somethin' to me.

You've been gone a mighty long mother fuckin' time for you to be comin' home talkin' that "Daddy's home" shit., (Nigga..)

We been gettin' along fine just without you. Me, my brother and my mother.

So if you don't mind, you can step the fuck off, pops. Fuck you.

Verse:  
Fm



*Rap:*  
1. Had to play catch by myself, what a sorry sight. A pitiful plight, so I pray for a starry night. Please  
2.3.4. See additional lyrics

send me a pops before puberty. The things I wouldn't do to see a piece of family unity.

Mom's always workin', I barely see her. I'm startin' to get worried without a pops, I'll grow to be her. It's a

wonder they don't understand kids today. So when I pray, I pray I'll never grow to be that way.

And I hope that he answers me. I heard God don't like ugly. Well, take a look at my family.

A different father every weekend. Be- fore we get to meet him, they break up before the week ends.

I'm gettin' sick of all the friendships As soon as we kick it he done split and the whole s\*\*t ends quick.

How can I be a man if there's no role model? Strivin' to save my soul, I stay cold drinkin' a forty bottle. I'm so sorry. I'm so

Chorus:

sor - ry for all this time, I'm so sorry. for all this

time, for all this time. I'm so sorry. I'm so

sor - ry for all this time,\_\_\_ for all this time,\_\_\_ for all this I'm so sorry.

1.2.3. Fm7 D.S.  $\text{‰}$  | 4. Fm7 Repeat ad lib. and fade

time. (So sor - ry, ba-by.) time. (So sor - ry, ba-by.) I'm so

Verse 2:

Moms had to entertain many men.  
 Didn't wanna do it, but it's time to pay the rent again.  
 I'm gettin' a bit older and I'm startin' to be a bother.  
 Moms can't stand me 'cause I'm lookin' like my father.  
 Should I stay or run away? Tell me the answer.  
 Moms ignores me and avoids me like cancer.  
 Grow up rough and it's hard to understand stuff.  
 Moms was tough 'cause his poppa wasn't man enough.  
 Couldn't stand up to his own responsibilities.  
 Instead of takin' care of me, he'd rather live lavishly.  
 That's why I'll never be a father.  
 Unless you got the time, it's a crime, don't even bother.  
 That's when I started hatin' the phony smiles.  
 Said I was an only child.  
 Look at mama's lonely smile.  
 It's hard for a son to see his mother cry.  
 She only loves you but has to fuck with these other guys.  
 I'm so sorry.  
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Man child in the promised land couldn't afford many heroes.  
 Moms was the only one there, Pops was a no-show.  
 And oh, I guess ya didn't know that I would grow to be so strong.  
 Lookin' kinda pale, was it the ale. Oh, Pops was wrong.  
 Where was the money that you said you would send me.  
 Talked on the phone, you sounded so friendly.  
 Ask about school and my welfare.  
 But it's clear you ain't sincere. Hey, who the hell cares?  
 You think I'm blind but this time I see you comin', Jack.  
 You grabbed your coat, left us broke, now ain't no runnin' back.  
 Ask about my Moms like you loved her from the start.  
 Left her in the dark, she fell apart from a broken heart.  
 So don't even start with that "Wanna be your father" shit.  
 Don't even bother with your dollars, I don't need it.  
 I'll bury Moms like you left me all alone, G.  
 Now that I finally found you, Stay the fuck away from me.  
 I'm so sorry.  
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 4:

I never meant to leave but I was wanted.  
 Crossed too many people, every house I'd touch was haunted.  
 Had to watch the stangers, every brother was in danger.  
 If I was to keep you breathin', had to be out of range-a.  
 Had to move, one to lost my name and pick the number.  
 Made me watch my back, I had no happy home to run to.  
 Maybe it's my fault for bein' a father, livin' fast.  
 But livin' slow mean half the dough and you won't get no ass.  
 Hindsight shows me it was wrong all along.  
 I wanted to make some dough so you would grow to be so strong.  
 It took a little longer than I thought.  
 I slipped, got caught and sent to jail by the courts.  
 Now I'm doin' time and I wish you'd understand.  
 All I ever wanted was for you to be a man.  
 And grow to be the type you was meant to be.  
 Keep the war fightin' by the writings that you sent to me.  
 I'm so sorry.  
 (To Chorus:)



# So Many Tears

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, ERIC VANDELL BAKER,  
GREGORY JACOBS and STEVIE WONDER

Funk ♩ = 92



*mf*

*Spoken: I shall not fear no man*

Db6



C7



*but God, though I walk through the valley of death. I shed so many*

Fm



*tears. (If I should die before I wake.) Please God, walk with me. (Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven.)*

*simile*

Db6



C7



*Rap: 1. Back in elementary*

Verse:

Fm



room, I thrived on misery. Left me a- lone, I grew up amongst a dyin' breed. Inside my

2.3.4. See additional lyrics

D $\flat$ 6



C7



mind, couldn't find a place to rest until I got that thug life tatted on my chest. Tell me, can you feel

Fm



me? I'm not livin' in the past. You wanna last, be the first to blast. Remember Kato,

D $\flat$ 6



C7



no longer with us, he's deceased. Call on the si-rens, seen him murdered in the streets, Now rest in peace.

Fm



Is there a heaven for a G? Remember me. So many homies in the cemetery. Shed so many

Chorus:

Db6                      C7                      Fm

1.2.3.                      Db6                      C7                      D.S.

4.                      Db6                      C7 Repeat ad lib. and fade

**Verse 2:**

Now that I'm strugglin' in this business, by any means.  
 Label me greedy, gettin' green, but seldom seen.  
 And fuck the world, 'cause I'm cursed, I'm havin' visions  
 Of leavin' here in a hearse. God, can you feel me?  
 Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain.  
 Show me some happiness again, I'm goin' blind.  
 I spend my time in this cell, ain't livin' well.  
 I know my destiny is Hell, where did I fail?  
 My life is in denial and when I die,  
 Baptized in eternal fire, I'll shed so many tears.  
 (To Chorus:)

**Verse 3:**

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears.  
 I'm suicidal, so don't stand near me.  
 My every move is a calculated step to bring me closer  
 To embrace an early death. Now there's nothin' left.  
 There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest.  
 I'm barely standin', 'bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace.  
 And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it.  
 I had my mind full of demons tryin' to break free.  
 They planted seeds and they hatched, sparkin' the flame  
 Inside my brain, like a match, such a dirty game.  
 No memories, just a misery.  
 Paintin' a picture of my enemies killin' me in my sleep.  
 Will I survive till the mornin', to see the sun?  
 Please, Lord, forgive me for all my sins, 'cause here I come.  
 Lord, I suffered through the years, (God) and shed so many tears.  
 (To Chorus:)

**Verse 4:**

Lord knows, I tried, been a witness to a homicide.  
 Seen drivebys takin' lives, little kids die.  
 Wonder why as I walk by.  
 Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, gettin' high.  
 This ain't the life for me, I wanna change.  
 But ain't no future right for me, I'm stuck in the game.  
 I'm trapped inside a maze.  
 See this Tanqueray influenced me to gettin' crazy.  
 Disillusioned lately, I've been really wantin' babies,  
 So I could see a part of me that wasn't already shady.  
 Don't trust my lady, 'cause she's a part of this poison.  
 I'm hearin' noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more.  
 I'm fallin' to the floor, beggin' for the Lord to let me in.  
 To Heaven's door. Shed so many tears.  
 (Dear God, please let me in.)  
 (To Chorus:)

# To Live & Die In L.A.

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, QUINCY DELIGHT JONES III  
and VAL YOUNG

Moderate funk ♩ = 87

**Fmaj7** **Em7** **Am7**

*Spoken:*  
*mf* I love L.A.... No doubt,  
to live and die in L.A., California. What you

**Fmaj7** **Em7** **Am7**

say about Los Angeles, still the only place for  
me that never rains in the sun. And everybody got love.  
*Rap:* 1. To live and die in L.A.,

*Verse:*

**Fmaj7** **Em7** **Am7**

where every day we try to fatten our pockets. Us niggaz  
2.3. See additional lyrics  
hustle for the cash, so it's hard to knock it.

**Fmaj7** **Em7** **Am7**

Everybody got they own thing, currency chasin'  
worldwide through the hard times, warrior faces.

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

Shed tears as we bury niggaz close to the heart. What was a friend now a ghost in the dark. Cold hearted about it.

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

Nigga got smoked by a fiend, tryin' to floss on him. Blind to a broken man's dream, a hard lesson.

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

Court cases keep me guessin', plea bargain ain't an option now, so I'm stressin', Cost me more to be

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

free than a life in the pen. Makin' money off of cuss words, writin' again. Learn how to think a-

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

head, so I fight with my pen. Late night down Sunset, likin' the scene. What's the worst they could

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

do to a nigga? Got me lost in hell, to live and die in L.A. on bail. My angels sing. To live and

Chorus:  
Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

die in L. A., it's the place to be. You've got to

Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

be there to know it, what ev - 'ry - bod - y wan - na see. To live and




Fmaj7 Em7 Am7

die in L. A., it's the place to be. You've got to

1.2.  
Fmaj7 Em7 Am7


be there to know it, what ev - 'ry - bod - y wan - na see.




Ending Rap:


3.   




y wan - na see. \_\_\_\_\_

See additional lyrics







  




  




To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_



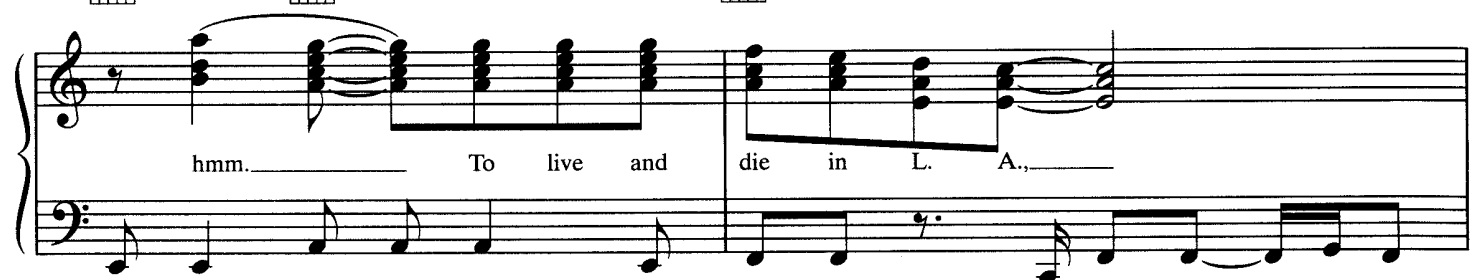
  

hmm. \_\_\_\_\_ To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_



hmm. \_\_\_\_\_ To live and die in L. A., \_\_\_\_\_



Repeat ad lib. and fade

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has three measures with guitar chords Em7, Am7, and Fmaj7. The second system has two measures with guitar chords Em7 and Am7. The piano accompaniment is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'hmm. To live and die in L. A., hmm. To live and'.

*Verse 2:*

*It's the City of Angels and constant danger.  
 South Central L.A can't get no stranger.  
 Full of drama like a soap opera, on the curb.  
 Watchin' the ghetto bird helicopters, I observe.  
 So many niggaz gettin' three strikes, tossed in jail.  
 I swear the pen right across from hell. I can't cry  
 'Cause it's on now, I'm just a nigga on his own.  
 Livin' life thug style, so I can't smile.  
 Writin' to my peoples when they ask for pictures,  
 Thinkin' Cali just fun and bitches, ha,ha,ha.  
 Better learn about the dress code, B's and C's.  
 All them other nigga copycats, these is G's.  
 I love Cali like I love women,  
 'Cause every nigga in L.A. got a little bit of thug in him.  
 We might fight amongst each other, but I promise you this.  
 We'll burn the bitch down, get us pissed.  
 To live and die in L.A. Let my O.G. sing.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Verse 3:*

*It wouldn't be L.A. without Mexicans?  
 Black love, brown pride and the sets again.  
 Pete Wilson tryin' to see us all broke, I'm on some bullshit.  
 Out for everything they owe, remember K-Day,  
 Weekends, Crenshaw, M.L.K.  
 Automatics rang free, niggaz lost they way.  
 Gang signs bein' showed, nigga love your hood.  
 But recognize and it's all good. Where the weed at?  
 Niggaz gettin' shermed out.  
 Snoop Dogg in this muhfucka permed out, M.O.B.  
 Big Suge in the Low-Low, bounce and turn.  
 Dogg Pound in the Lex, wit an ounce to burn.  
 Got them Watts niggaz with me, O.F.T.B.  
 They got some hash, took the stash, left the rest for me.  
 Neckbone, Tre, Head Ron, Bunchy, too.  
 Big Rock got knocked, but this one's for you.  
 I hit the studio and drop a jewel, hopin' it pay.  
 Gettin' high, watchin' time fly, to live and die in L.A.  
 Let my angels sing.  
 (To Chorus:)*

*Ending Rap:*

*This go out for 92.3 and 106.  
 All the radio stations that be bumpin' my shit.  
 Makin' my shit sells katruple, quitruple platinum, he, he.  
 This go out to all the magazines that support a nigga,  
 All the real mother fuckers,  
 All the stores, the mom and pop spots,  
 A&R people, all y'all mother fuckers.  
 L.A., California Love, part mother fucker, two.  
 Without gay ass Dre.*



# 2 Of Americaz Most Wanted

Written by  
TUPAC SHAKUR, DELMAR "DAZ" ARNAUD  
and SNOOP DOGGY DOG

Funk ♩ = 100 (♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup> ♩)

Spoken:  
Up out of there, ha-ha-ha-ha. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta par - ty. Pump that up, G.

Ah shit, you done fucked up, now. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta You done put two of

par - ty. America's most wanted in the same mother fuckin' place at the same mother fuckin' time. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta

par - ty. Ha-ha-ha-ha, y'all niggaz about to feel this. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta Break out the champagne glasses and

Gm Dm

par - ty.  
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a mother fuckin' gangsta party.

Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta

Gm Dm

par - ty.  
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a mother fuckin' gangsta party.

Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta  
Now give me fifty

*D.S. al Coda*

Gm Dm

*Coda*

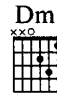
Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta  
My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted.

par - ty.  
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a

Gm Dm

Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta  
mother fuckin' gangsta party.

par - ty.  
Nuttin' but a gangsta party. It ain't nuttin' but a



*I'ma get smart and get defensive and shit. And put to- gether a million march, for some gangsta shit.*



*So now they got us laced two multimillion- aire mother fuckers catchin' cases. (Mmm) Bitches get*



*ready for the throwdown, the shit's about to go down. Me and Snoop about to clown. I'm losin' my re-*

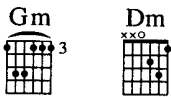


*ligion, I'm vicious on these stool pigeons. You might be deep in this game, but you got the rules missin'. Niggaz be*



*actin' like they savage, they out to get the cabbage. I got nuttin' but love for my niggaz livin' lavish. I got a*

Gm      Dm



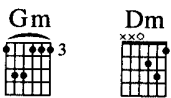
pit named P, she niggarino. I got a house out in the hills, right next to Chino. And I

Gm      Dm



think I got a black Beamer, but my dream is to own a fly casino, like Bugsy

Gm      Dm



To Coda ⊕


Siegel, and do it all legal. And get scooped up by the little homey in the Regal, mmm.

Gm      Dm

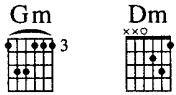


It feel good to you baby bubba. Ya see, this is for the G's and the keys, mother fucker.

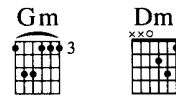
Gm      Dm



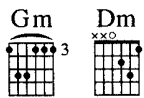
Now follow as we ride, mother fuck the rap, two of the best from the West Side



And I can make you famous. Niggaz been dyin' for years, so how could they blame us? I live in



fear of a felony. I never stopped bailin' these mother fuckin' G's.



If ya got it, better flaunt it, another Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta warrant, two of America's most wanted.

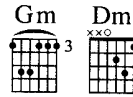
Chorus:



par - ty. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta



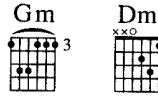
par - ty. Nuttin' but a gangsta party. Ain't nut-tin' but a gang - sta



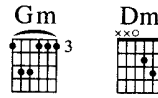
par - ty.  
the mother fuckin' condoms.

Ain't nut - tin' but a gang - sta  
Have one on us, aight?

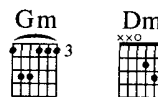
Verse:



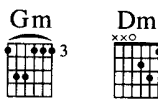
par - ty.  
Rap:  
1. Picture perfect, I paint a perfect picture. Bomb the hoochies with precision. My intention's to get richer with the  
2. See additional lyrics



S-N-double-O-P-Dogg my fuckin' homey. Youse a cold ass nigga on them hogs. Sho' nuff, I keep my



hand on my gun, cuz they got me on the run. Now I'm back in the courtroom, waitin' on the outcome.



Free Tupac, is all that's on a niggaz mind. But at the same time, it seems they tryin' to take mine. So

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

mother fuckin' gangsta party.      Ain't      nut - tin'      but      a      gang - sta

*Verse 2:**Now give me fifty feet.**Defeat is not my destiny, release me to the streets**And keep what ever's left of me.**Jealousy is misery, suffering is grief.**Better be prepared when you cowards fuck wit me.**I bust and flee, these niggaz must be crazy, what?**There ain't no mercy mother fuckers who can fade the thugs.**(Ha-ha-ha-ha, right.)**You thought it was, but it wasn't, now disappear.**Bow down in the presence of a boss player.**It's like, cuz blood, gangbangin',**Everybody in the party doin' dope, slangin'.**You got to have papers in this world.**You might get your first snatch before your eyes swerl.**Ya doin' your job, everyday.**And then you work so hard till ya hair turn gray.**Let me tell you about life, and 'bout the way it is.**You see we live by the gun, so we die by the gun's kids.**They tell me not to roll with my Glock,**So now I gotta throw it away.**Floatin' in the black Benz, tryin' to do a show a day.**They wonder how I live, with five shots.**Niggaz is hard to kill on my block.**Schemes for currency and doe related.**Affiliated with the hustlers, so we made it.**No answers to questions, I'm tryin' to get up on it.**My nigga Dogg with me, eternally the most wanted.**(To Coda)**Final Fade:**Bitch, where ya at?**Death row...*