

I Ain't Mad At Cha

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Freely

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

G7(#5) Cm9

*Bb*m7 A**b** maj7 G7

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.

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.

B**b** E**b** sus E**b** 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, 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

Eb sus

Eb

Dm7

G7(#5)

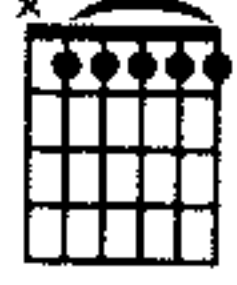
just a little smaller but you still roll. Got stretched to Y. A. and hit the hood swoll. 'Member when you

Cm9

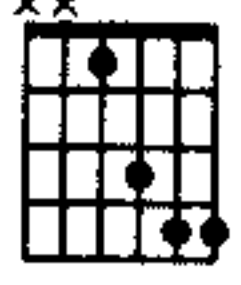
Fm9

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

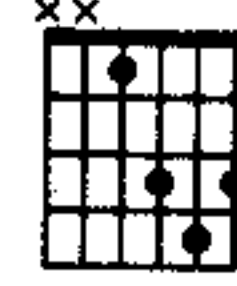
Fm7/Bb



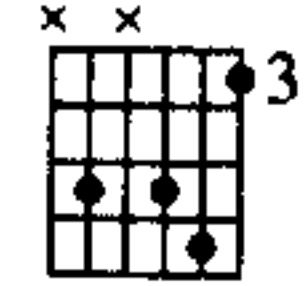
Ebsus



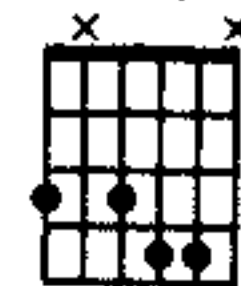
Eb



Dm11

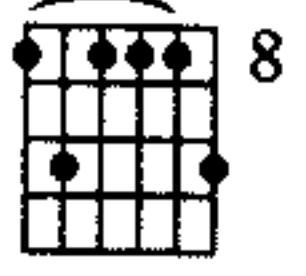


G7(#5)

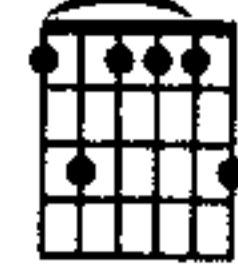


calls to the till, sayin' how you changed. Oh, you a Muslim now. No more dope game. Heard you

Cm9

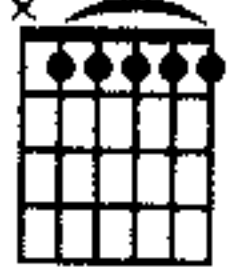


Fm9

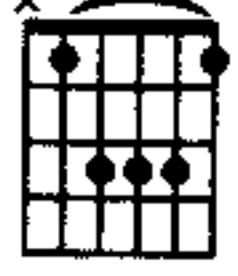


might be comin' home, just got bail. Wanna go to the Mosque, don't wanna chase tail. It seems I

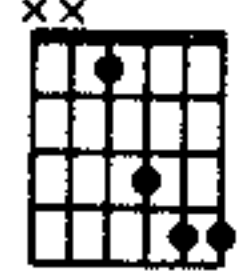
Fm7/Bb



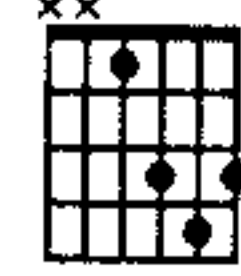
Bb



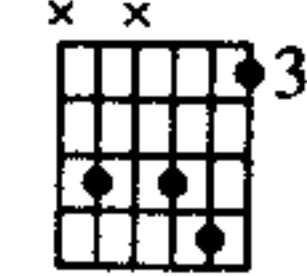
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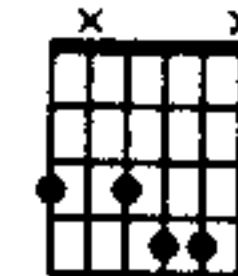
Eb



Dm11

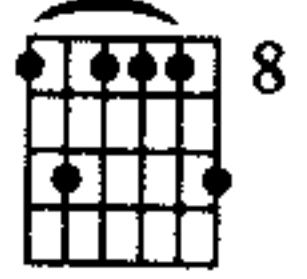


G7(#5)



lost my little homie, he's a changed man. Hit the pen and now no sinnin' is the game plan. When I

Cm9



Fm9

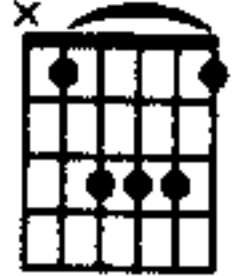


talk about money, all you see is the struggle. When I tell you I'm livin' large, you tell me it's trouble.

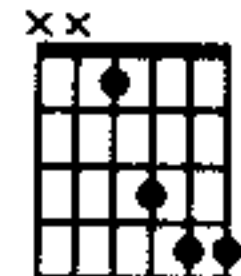
Fm7/Bb



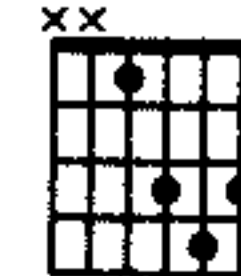
Bb



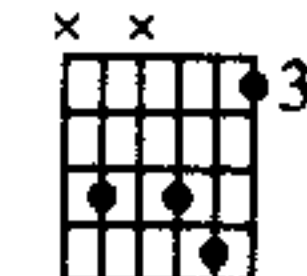
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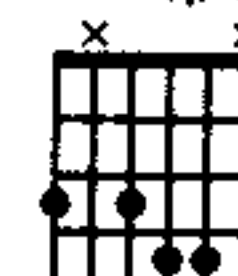
Eb



Dm11



G7(#5)



*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. Bb Eb sus Eb 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. Bb Eb sus Eb 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. ♩
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 nigga'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 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 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:)