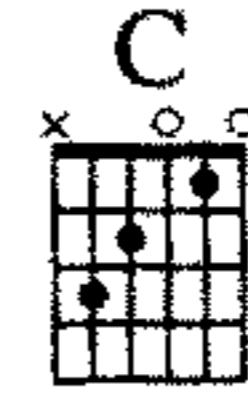
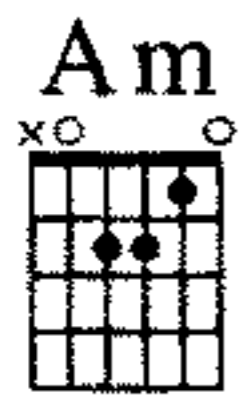


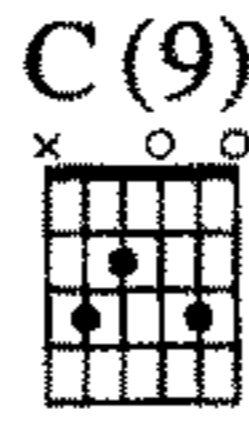
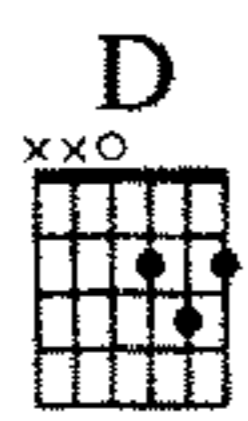
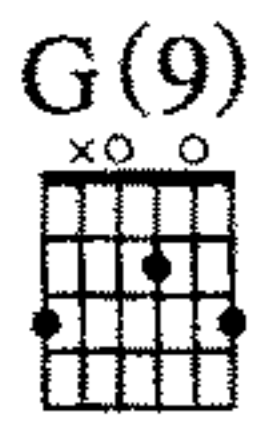
Changes

Written by
TUPAC SHAKUR, BRUCE HORNSBY
and DEON EVANS

Freely



mf



Sua-----

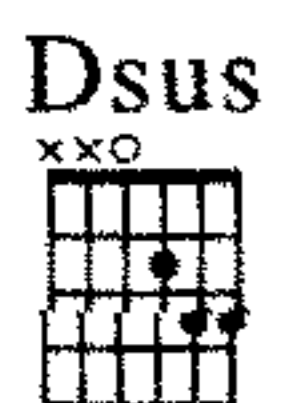
Moderately ♩ = 112

Verse:

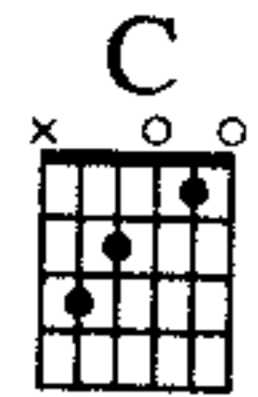

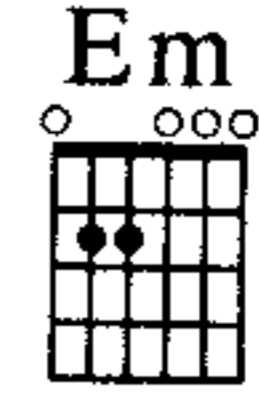


N.C.

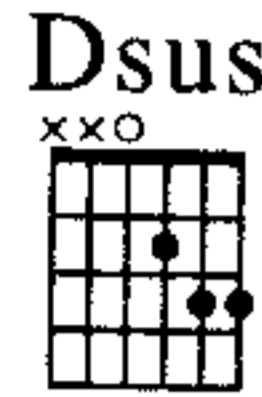
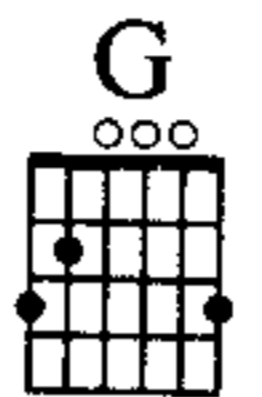
Rap:
1. Come on, come on. I see no changes, I wake up in the morning and I ask my-
2.3. See additional lyrics



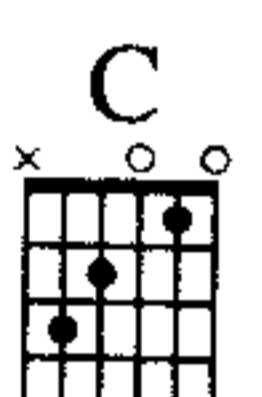

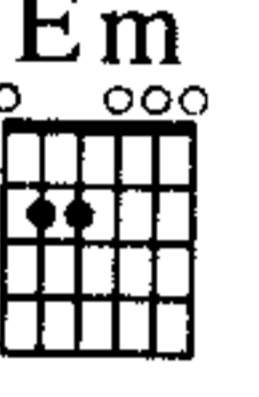
self, is life worth living, should I blast my- self? I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm

C  Am  Em 

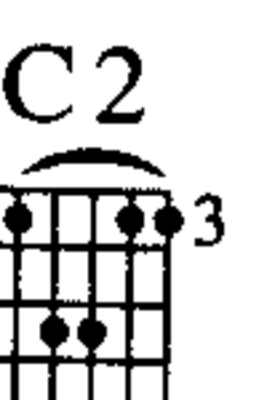
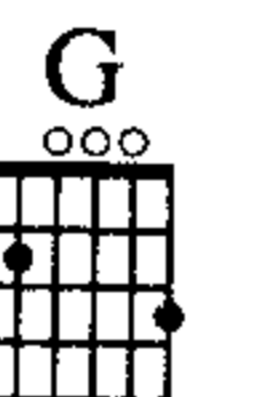
black. My stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch. Cops give a damn about a ne-

Dsus  C2  G  D 

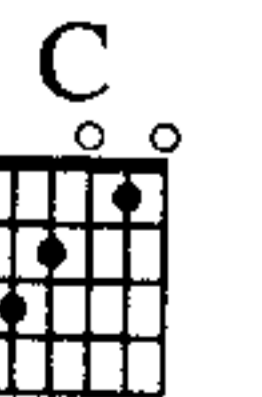
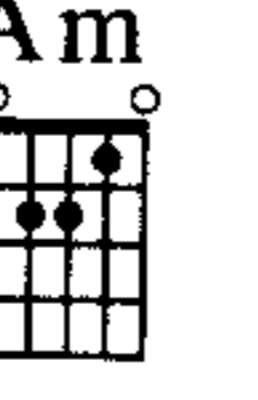
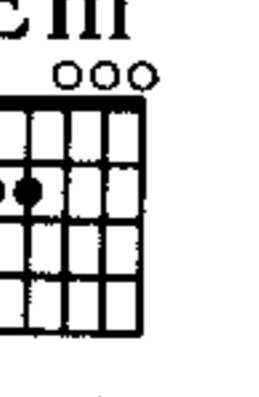
gro, pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a he-ro. Give the crack to the kids, who the hell cares?

C  Am  Em 

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

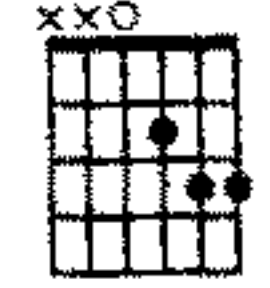
Dsus  C2  G  D 

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

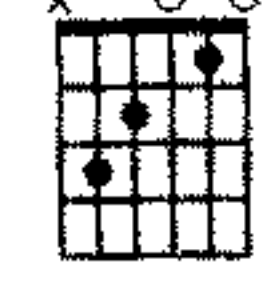


D



go nowhere unless we share with each other. We gotta start makin' changes. Learn to

C



Am

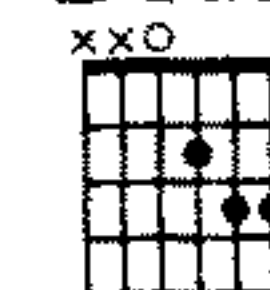


Em

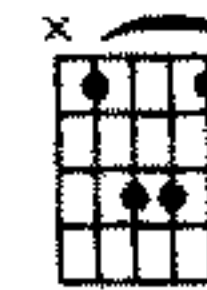


see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers. And that's how it's supposed to be. How can the

Dsus



C2



G



D

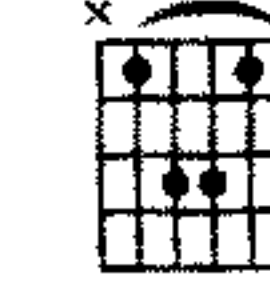


Devil take a brother if he's close to me? I'd love to go back to when we played as kids, but

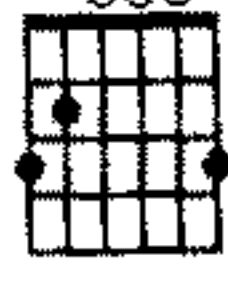
Chorus:

To Coda ⊕

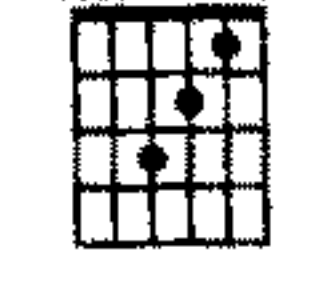
C2



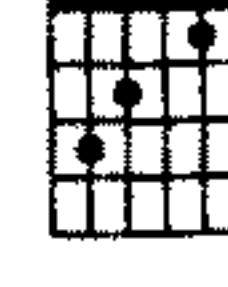
G



Fmaj7

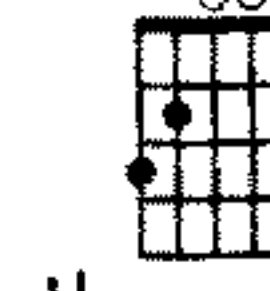


C

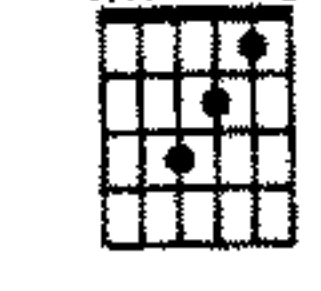


things change. That's the way it is. Come on, come on. That's just the way it is.

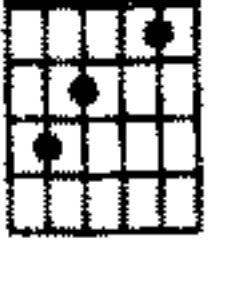
G



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

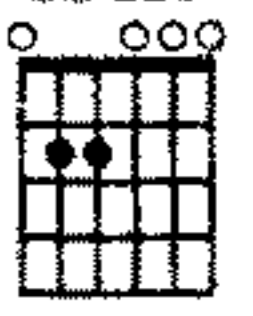
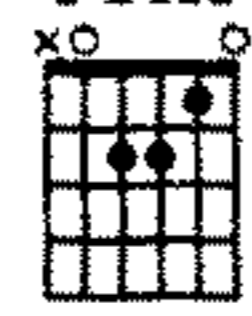
That's just the way it is, ah, yeah.

1.

2.

Am

Em



I see no

We gotta make a

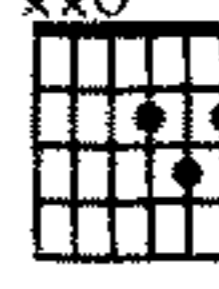
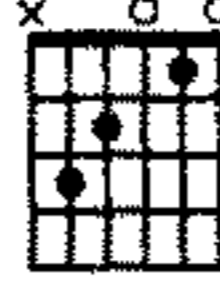
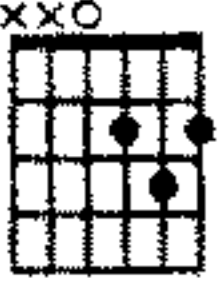
change.

D

C

Gsus

D



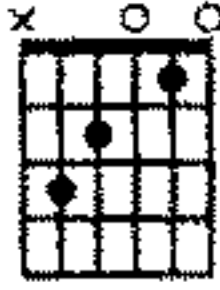
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some

changes. Let's change the way we

C

Am

Em



eat, let's change the way we live

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

D.S. al Coda

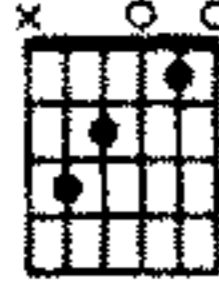
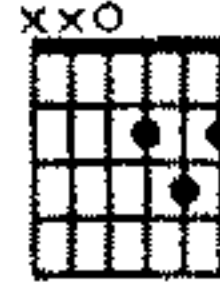
D

C

Gsus

D

C



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

Coda

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,

G Fmaj7 C

ah, yeah.

1. 2.

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-tat. That's the way it is, uh.
 (To Chorus:)