

Shevi

"Neva Gon Change"

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[Hook]

Still gon be the saa-aame

We ain't never gonna chaa-aange - 2x

Like a star I'ma shine, take the world when I rhyme

Run these streets when I grind, every verse every line -

2x

[Trae]

Its Trae the young thug, thugged out phenomenon

No matter what a nigga say, I remain to be reassured

My skills, break any mic on sight, about to take on flight

Giving em what they like, and telling these chickens my life

When they be living shife, see me and Doug ain't changed

It'd remain to be the same, even without the fame

Without the change, without the name

I still cock it up, and send it to your brain

3-65, I gotta be watching my back

Making a squash his hat, when I be breaking it back

And break hats off track, keeping em hooked like crack

Leaving em mad at the fact, that we ahead of the pack

Even the most or the rest, even if they test

I'ma get it reckless, until they feel my stress

No less, than a real nigga with pain

Taking two to the brain, for saying my name in vein

[Dougie D]

Running around in my mind, I think back

To the situations I think, of all contact

Many motherfuckers wanna be around a nigga

They ain't nothing, but cause of the simple fact I hear a track

I'm built for the rest, throwed in the game

Never gon change, always gon be the same

Me and my nigga Trae on a mission, for a bigger position

Running and chilling, hearing that they gon getting

So how they feel bout that, one for all, and all for one

We live by that, stack our change like Nina we knew that

Haters wanna run, when we breaking eight heads
And leave em flat, we gotta give it to em raw
We'll ruin they face and change, and they thoughts
Been down too long, so a nigga can not fall
Ain't no choice, but for us to ball
So y'all hatas, and all y'all can fall

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

H-A-T-E, do what you do
Just remember, death becomes you
You a god damn fool, fucking around with a nigga
That be packing a clutch and busting, like
?I'll lose it?, with the pistol, aimed at you
Y'all gon learn, oh yes the heat burn
Tossing the glock, and making many niggas disperse
All the shit you were bumping, you might eat those
words
Slapping hoes, like its ?rare pointers?
Come around these parts, upset fathers breaking
mom's hearts
When they see they sons, on the back of a milk carton
You ain't ready for drama, well then don't you start
Back back like Lil O, and that boy H.A.W.K.
These the words to live by, coming straight from the
Maab
24/7, I gotta be up on my job
Keeping my eyes open, for haters at large

[Trae]

I won't stop, I ain't tripping at motherfuckers fraud
It'll be best to keep your distance, walking the
boulevard
Guerilla Maab, will make a nigga mind
It'll only take one time, for a nigga to get a flat line
That'll be one time too many, when you fucking with us
And glocks we bust, relentlessly we gon mash
Like a team that's armed, I'm bout to drop bombs
With a verbal attack, going off like Vietnam
Gonna make a nigga know, when I'm flipping my
tongue
Leaving em stung, nigga we done been in this shit for
years
We ain't got no peers, straight dominating fears
And now we raw underdaws, coming up out the rear
3D to the 2, we ain't giving it up, fucking em up
Cause we lyrically inclined, I stay on the grind all the
time
Till I'm laying it down, and ain't no bitch nigga fin to
stop our shine

[Hook - 2x]

Like a star I'ma shine, take the world when I rhyme
Run these streets when I grind, every verse every line -
2x

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