

## Wu-Tang

### "Life Changes"

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Intro (Over Chorus):

[Smoking noises]

[Raekwon] Yeah. Yeah.

[Method Man] Ayo, how much for a fifth of vodka?

[Raekwon] Peace, one love.

[Inspectah Deck] Can't change the end.

[Method Man] Word? Well Lemme get that. Early, yeah  
yeah.

[Inspectah Deck] Sometimes, we all gotta go.

[Raekwon] Bring that bucket in here. Get some ice,  
man. Two more bottles of brew man.

Verse One [Method Man]:

Peace to the God, peace dog.

Pull out a little liquor,

Shame on a nigga, I heard the reapa' done came to  
get'cha.

So I done copped this fifth a, vodka, and in ya honor  
I grown this fetish for loose ladies and baby mommas.

Some say it's bad Karma, what you do,

Man it come back on ya

Music gotta support them crack corners

Now Imma swallow this whole bottle for Ol' Dirty

Damn it hurts me, I hate it when brothers go early.

Chorus x2:

I'll go through life pretending,  
that time will change the ending

Verse 2 [Raekwon]

Word to my son he gone remember you,

Rubbin' on a statue in his lab that resemble you and  
what it meant to Wu.

Us formin' like a family, you just blew,

You was the chess piece on the board that made us  
look true.

Watchin' ya pen swish, you loved fryin' kingfish,

You da pearl in the ocean, I'm up on the land pissed.

Now you movin' more prestigious. Me? Hittin' the

streets,  
I know it's real, guess I slept with the black Jesus.

Chorus x2

Verse 3 [The GZA]

I became weak when I heard that his body expired.  
It was hard for me to believe that my brother retired.  
Suddenly the clock stopped and the room started  
spinnin',  
How can he walk off the field durin' the first innin'?  
I cried like a baby on the way to his pace of death,  
Hate not bein' there the minutes before he left.  
Now I'm in the booth 10 feet from where he lay dead,  
I think about him on this song and what he might have  
said.

Chorus x2

Verse 4 [Masta Killa]

When I first heard the word I needed air to clear my  
head.  
I know you didn't say what I thought you said, my  
brother's dead, you crazy.

Another dirty prank to get the family cranked up,  
niggas shouldn't play like that.  
I know how you feel god, but it's real,  
and I still can't believe, and my heart still grieves the  
loss,  
Ason Unique loved wine and fine women,  
we singin' on tour ooo baby we like it raw.

Chorus x2

[Inspectah Deck] Can't Pretend. Someday it got to  
come to an end. But Imma keep right here dog. Real  
close to my heart

Verse 5 [Inspectah Deck]

I popped a bottle on your ?? dog, tried hard not to cry.  
I still can't hide the scars,  
And I still ask why to God,  
Alalyzin' ya form, as I stood ther beside ya moms.  
And I share the blame, cuz you was callin' for help kid  
Shoulda, coulda, woulda, had the time, I was selfish.  
I carry on your struggle, each day it really hurts me,  
I really miss you Russel, hope you forgive me Dirty.

Chorus x2

Verse 6 [U-God]

Yo. Yo, yo, yo

?? On the crash, and put my fist through.

Shout out to Dirty that the whole world missed yo.

Reach out and kissed you in your coffin, my heart  
races,

I drop tears and watch my nigga fall form greatness,

It's all wasted, flushed down the drain, and

Soon as the news hit me, I bust out with pain and,

Rivers I cried, my brother just dies,

Imma see you my nigga, on the other side

Chorus x2

Verse 6 [The RZA]

Ah, man, how do I say goodbye?

It's always the good ones that have to die.

It's hard to live without you, God.

I said no doubt you, when you said that the passion of  
Christ was all about you.

From the God-mobile, to ?? to Brownsville

Florida to Ohio, to Portlan to Park Hill.

You interrupt the Grammy's, said Wu for the kids,

Took four five shots when they rushed in your crib

?? Crack ya ribs, cops shot ya whip,

You been chased by the pigs on a four year bid

Crashed cars, still came out without a scar,

They try to keep your free spirit trapped in a jar, So  
you'll keep your mouth shut,

And won't tell the world who's who and what's what,  
and prolly go nuts.

How we treat them hoes? How we treat them hoes . . .

Chours x1

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