

Wynonna Judd

"If I Could Change"

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Fast livin' got me trapped in this street game
Before i die i hope i have a chance to make a change
4x

I'm at the time in my life when a nigga ready to change
I'll be dead or in jail if I don't shake this thang
feel like I'm trapped in a prison, slowly waiting to die
it's getting harder for my people, yet we don't know
why
they cuttin sistas off welfare, these kids can't eat
and it's the children like ? turned out by the street
I couldn't see it while I was outside slangin my rocks
servin' death to my people, commitin the ultimate evil
robbin' and killin' my own kind, Lord forgive me
blinded by this life of crime, God somebody hear me
since the death of my momma, my life is filled with
drama
lost both of my kids, punished for what dirt that I did
I can't bring em back, so I get high to forget
all the mistakes that I made, that time won't let me
erase
I keep my head up high, but I'm stuck in this game
Steady checkin' myself, God help me to change

Chorus 4x

If I could change, I'd bring my momma back from the
grave
I ain't got too much trouble cause we livin' in the last
days
crime pays, doing broads can get you AIDS, gotta wear
a strap these days
All the time I stay high, trying to fight my stress
jealous fool of the world trying to put me to rest
last night i had a talk with my momma
then the cry, asking god if she'd serve a purpose
before she dies
you can see it in my eyes, a brotha wanta slow down
I ain't mad at ya daddy cause you didn't come around
I'm knowing that the times is hard, but you can make it
You see the opportunity, you take it

but what about my little baby, I got a mouth to feed
But i still wanta hang on the streets and smoke weed
with the O.G.'s
my homies rest in peace in the game
I don't think you'll ever know the pain
I wanta change

Chorus 4x

Lord know, picute me ballin
trapped in this ghetto with my young G's callin
Henacee and weed when they bury P
a quarter key, 6 G's, when they carry me
fall on my knees to no nigga
trapped in this hood, raised by chrome trigga
never had a pops, a nigga learned to slang cream
should have been a chemist, the way i work a triple
beam
life, is like a page, I wanta turn
I wanta make a change, but Lord you let my brotha
burn
I done seen a nigga lose his life over zurcubian stones
everynight, my auntie bring a nigga home
momma worrying cause the rent late
3 strikes, my cousin's doing time upstate
I sent him Camel with no filters
I'm in the ghetto slangin stones with staight killas,
ugghh
I know kids that pack gats cause they bout it, bout it
I'm from the murder capital of the world and we rowdy,
rowdy
is there a heaven for a gangsta, Lord put me to sleep
cause your best friend turn into your enemy
crooked cops is dirty in this shaded game
go on take me out the ghetto
I wanta make a change

Chorus fade out

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