

## **Too \$hort F/ Baby D % Illegal "Thangs Change"**

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15db

[Jamal]

Simpty is for them simp ass niggaz  
Talkin lot, til I spray dumpin ??? niggaz  
Whenever talkin shit, I straight rip 'em  
And niggaz know I come equip when I whip them

[Short Dawg]

You say how can I make these dirty raps  
Number one albums, back to back  
If it was 1950, do you think I sell, no  
They probably throw me straight to jail  
I tell you life just ain't what it used to be  
Between you and me, exclusively  
Everybody's changed, were losing our minds  
The government won't help, cause they refuse to find  
A solution to the problems of the inner streets  
Its a shame what our kids are beginning to be  
Pregnant teenagers, young gun slangers  
There ain't no love, there ain't nothin but anger  
We don't go to church and can't pray in school  
Listen real close to what I'm sayin fool  
I know kids who went to school together  
Now they all grown up, tryin to kill each other  
Shootouts on the playground is where it goes down  
But back in the day, we rode the merry-go-round  
And some little kid might shoot me tonight  
And I always used to wonder what the future be like  
Curse words on the tv and radio  
You wanna see sex, turn it on HBO  
Late at night, you see women freak women  
Sex sale, that's why I keep pimpin  
I grew up in the 70s', somethin like Crooklyn  
But I was in Cali not Brooklyn  
I could tell the whole world was going crazy  
But it really didn't happen til the 80s'  
With freebasin and smokin crack  
A lotta people learned not to joke with that  
Streets flooded, with homeless folks  
Whole families, lives gone up in smoke  
We're all related to a crackhead

Sometimes I wake up in the mornin and wanna go back  
to bed  
Layin these thinkin bout things  
About the way life change  
How women used to like to wear decent clothes  
Now they curse like men and dress like hoes  
You supposed to be a virgin til you marry  
But teenage girls find it normal to carry a baby  
Babies havin babies  
Rappers like me always disrespectin ladies  
Wonder why its like that, well so do I  
But I just turn my back and then I go get high  
Cause I get paid real good to talk bad about a bitch  
And you bought it, so don't be mad I got rich  
Ask your grandparents, is life the same  
Man thangs change

#### Chorus

There used to be a time when old folks were respected  
Kids talkin back was never accepted  
Get spanked and your mouth got washed out with soap  
But kids nowadays will curse out old folks  
Then you tell me I need to be a role model  
And get these babies off the 40ounce bottles  
But I'm not the one who made alcohol legal  
Liquor stores on every corner that's why we go  
Buy 40ounces and go get drunk  
Don't respect our kids, like no good punks  
And then they grow up to be hardcore criminals  
Shoot 'em up, slang dope always pimpin hoes  
I know its those that don't believe what I'm sayin on the  
mic right  
So Baby D won't you tell them what its like

#### [Baby D]

Its kinda hard comin up as a youngster  
Gotta deal with the roof that I'm under  
Even though my moms got it hard  
My daddy passed away, now I'm stuck without a father  
But times have changed bro  
I never ever seen Santa Claus comin through the ghetto  
But you know what i always see  
I always see the white man robbin the black man back  
G  
And I don't even get in trouble for it  
And I don't see nothin forward  
Always tryin to beat the black man to death  
Punk police wanna hide behind your badge  
Always tryin arrest somebody  
All we gotta do is beat him with the billyclub

Here I come, I comin with my gun  
I'm shootin in the head police now what

[Short Dawg]

I tell you life is too short for it to be like that  
We gotta be leaders, can't follow the pack  
With all them fiends in the streets smokin crack  
What you give life is what it gives you back  
Cause money in the ghetto ain't nothin new  
But when you get the money gotta know what to do  
Buy you a business or buy you a house  
Just so the police can't wipe you out  
I heard it in the streets, they say you the man  
So try to help your brothers and lend a helpin hand  
Now what we gone do

[Mr. Malik]

We came to stack some bodies, killin everybody like  
John Gotti  
I said we came to stack some bodies, killin everybody  
like John Gotti  
Now run up and get gun up the slack black  
I'm hittin blackjack in the casino when I mack slap  
What you wanna play like Al Pacino with this  
Type of style with the lyricist this funk of hits  
and the biscuits I drop  
Motherfuckers know I come down and show me ??  
I don't really care  
From the front or the rear  
Word to your mother I'm bout to smother and smear  
Its that master all I intelligent  
Chain that I swing from the others is irrelevant  
For you motherfucker step up to the m-i-c  
I'm down with Shorty, Ant Banks and Mally G  
Its Malik and I freak it's obsolete  
My technique motherfucker know I flow over beats  
Like water, slaughter dick in yo daughter  
And my nuts up in her jaws when she suckin on my  
balls  
Yiggy y'all niggaz best to ask somebody  
Cause I'm shootin motherfuckers down with the shotty  
Its the motherfuckin master blaster  
Its, its the motherfuckin ghetto bastard

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