

WC & the Maad Circle

"Ain't a Damn Thing Changed"

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Intro: WC

Yeah, ain't nothing changed, know what I'm saying?
Still the same old same old, W.C. still in effect
Yo, break it down Jinx

Verse One: WC

Damn, suckers got me picking up my pen again
Swinging on my jock like Tarzan
Looking for a change, hoping my head swell
Thinking I'm rich cause I made a little video
Shaking my hand, yeah right, now I'm a cool brother
But as soon as I step off, you're calling me a sucker
Mad, because I bust a Benz on Lorenzos
Hanging on the boulevard fronting on the flow show
You know it's funny when you start making money
Every Tom, Dick, and Harry want to be your buddy
The same ones that dissed ya, now it's a list of
First to riff, now they all on your dick, yo
I'm looking at you laughing, popping your lip
Ripping my zipper onstage, can pay the bail with a limp
Y'all don't want to give it up to me now that I'm getting
pumped
Run around like Calamine, the same old Dub
Do I know where I come from, who's my friends?
Who's responsible for this little spot that I'm in?
Yo, I see them all playing in my car when I drive by
Telling all my homies "Yo, he ain't that fly"
The beat just cause I made a record the record
So please don't make me better than the next man,
erase that gameplan
Cause I'm still down to bust a cap then backslap
Those who pop rap at the mouth like Ex-Lax
And those who wanna test me, step right up, bro
My number's the same, oh by the way, it's in the ghetto
I'm sorry that I can't flaunt the fortune and fame
But when it comes to the Dub (Ain't a damn thing
changed)

Verse Two: Coolio

Ain't a damn thing changed, sucker, how could ya figure?
Coolio and Crazy Toons will never sell out, nigga
Sporting khakis and T-shirts, beanies and Starter caps
And land funky raps on the dop tracks
Should I dance on it for a couple of dollars?
Or sell away my soul to put a rope on my collar?
I was taken from the missed of the lost and missing
Rapping on dark road on my way to prison
Stuck me in the studio, put me on the radio
Told me to perpetrate like I was a hero
I ain't with that, Toons got my back
Do I have to use a gat to show you where I'm at?
Or pose with a forty ounce and fake like a killer
With a long black Cack like a small-time dope dealer
Diamonds on my finger and women at my feet
A house that I don't own and no respect on the street
Might be detained, cause I ain't trying
Let me explain, when it comes to Coolio (Ain't a damn thing changed)

Verse Three: WC

Whoever said living in the spotlight is simple as one,
two, three
Ha, they must have been sipping on a ?Twizzeline?
Cause man I ain't used to this unusual behavior
Who wants a friendly neighbor?
Girls way back that told me to go to hell
Is sitting backstage, want to go to the motel
MC's that pretending that they was down from the
giddy up
Trying to call you by your first name and stuff
Yo, and all these fake promoters stepping to the Circle
Remember how you treated us 12 months ago?
Yo, you didn't know bro, now you want a show
Toons tell 'em what's up (Give it up sucker duck)
Yeah, remember that the capital W told ya
Suckers don't fade me, popping hogging my jock
I keep to myself and I step with the pep
The lyrics of death, tell me how it sounds, G (Cool)
Waord, since I have to prove that I'm the same
And still remain dropping dogs in this rap game
To make it all simple and plain
Well let me put it like this: (Ain't a damn thing changed)

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