

Xzibit F/ Hurricane Gee, J-Ro "Ain't Nothing Changed"

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[VERSE 1: JT The Bigga Figga]

We play hardball, runnin these streets in different routes

Make the paper count, stuffed in the couch, we got clout

All I talk about is cheddar-chasin, we in the Jets

In a parking lot in a bubble goose rockin a vest

So we mean-muggin, whole trunk full of goodies

Burner gloves, Timbos, Levis and the hoodies

I'm in and out of B-210, juice & gin

Crack the window when you smokin them bidi's, pass the Hen

Overdrive in the passenger side, my niggas ride

For the westside, 415, ????

By the look in his eyes, you never been around the block though

Bustin off rounds or crack dealin to keep it hot tough

Dancin with the shift, get skirtin, illegal motion

Stoppin for the cops and it's curtains, so keep coastin

When they dust for prints ain't no punks in this

And if they ever bring the drama get the pumps for this

[CHORUS: Cosmo]

We ain't got shit to lose but much to gain

We young thugs who done felt much pain

Drug dealers who touched caine

Stuck in the game like 'fuck fame'

Makin weak cats tuck they chains

Ain't nothin changed

[VERSE 2: Killa Tay]

I serve a punk quick like Serena and Venus

Foul language, broken English, but my style's the cleanest

I was born on the East but I reside on the West

Officially Supernatural, so I ride to the death

Express my plans to my fans, put my spirit in lyrics

Eternal threats after a mic check, let the whole world hear it

They call me Mister Mafioso, the one and only

Runnin a mob, gettin the job done, no love for the

phoneys
I'm representin WCM to the fullest, my nigga
Pullin strings like a trigger, posted up with the stigma
I lay my hat somewhere in ???? protectin my family
My homies ain't understandin me cause they live in a
fantasy
I got deep ties and I'll keep wise, respect from the West
to the Eastside
These gees ride just to put it down in my British Knights
and my Levis
But now we all O.G., livin casual, ready to travel
Ain't no equal to this God Mob crew, who wanna battle?

[CHORUS: Cosmo]

[VERSE 3: Cosmo]

We livin in the last days where gats spray
Hittin cats from blocks away
Crooked cops tryin to stop the pay
They think we rockin lley
Tryin to monitor the ways that we operate
Cause we won't cooperate
We stay large, we break jawbones and get our ball on
On the block hustlin dope till it's all gone
I'm almost all grown, I got a .380 Beretta and it's all
chrome
I know I'm all wrong for all the thug livin and drug
dealin
I put my ears to the streets but all I'm hearin is these
slugs peelin
When they come killin ain't no words fo'
All you seein is beanies, black pistols and herb smoke
Dirty money wrapped in rubberbands
Young killas dyin over scrilla, I heard he went out over
a hundred grand
Penitentiary cells blocks
Is full of young thugs who ain't got no choice but to sell
rocks
I know my future was planned for me to succeed
I'd die to see my homie G-Spot and mama live free
A lotta suckers wanna get me, plottin on seein me
Dead, got they glocks aimed for my kidneys

[CHORUS: Cosmo]

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