

Cuban Link F/ Fat Joe

"Things Gon' Change"

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[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

First off, fuck the snitch and that Unit he claim
Fuck Dre partial, and Eminem
Plus the world heard it before, they tired of them
And they waitin' for that thug shit from Rule again
And "Proff" can bomb proff your hummer then
Put a vest on yourself and your chill-dren
You should be scared of death of them murderin'
Niggaz who like to put lil' holes thorough kids'
In case y'all ain't heard about my savages
They'll kidnap yo kids throw em' over a bridge
Got em' reminiscing to N-O-T-O-R-I-O
U-S, you just, lay down slow
I blaze out in the six while letting the fifth go
I think "BIG" as if I was wanted on "Death Row"
We the world famous, Murder Inc. we infamous
Fo' making bangers and, and bangin hammers shit

[Chrous- Ja Rule And Black Child]

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] I ain't gonna lie when the heat wave high
everbody gotta die

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] You better believe it, we stoppin' niggaz from
breathin, poppin niggaz then leavin'

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] One way or another, we gangsta's from the
gutta, we shot ya then cut cha'

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] Ja, you ain't never lie when the heat wave high
everybody gotta die

[Verse 2: Black Child]

As I sit back relax, cuttin' crack loadin' gats
I think about these sexy rappers that I wanna clap
I'll probably go to jail fo' sending "50" to hell
If I lay banks down yayo going down
Fatal' will help him write his raps in brown
Black Child is Black now, Rule is crack sells
"IG" nigga the boss of all bosses
making money off music, murder, and torture

Who got what it cost for a coffin
Nigga you a dead man walking, this is extortion
We organized crime everybody's crying
While all of ya'll dying when the ian's stary flyin'
Down the public, wanna polly about peace
Well fuck peace cause this nigga half police
And Black child is half man half beast
And I'm a give all ya'll niggaz a half a clip a piece

[Chrous]

[Verse 3: Young Merc]

It's time to address the public
niggaz is frontin like when we see them we ain't
dumpin'
Shot's tryin lay something down, homie it's nothin'
When you dealin' with real gangstas
that a pop and erase ya, my dog's ain't playin man
Whenever we see you we leaving you there
And ain't no aftermath when our shot's flare
Nigga we get it poppin' bang like crip's and blood's
And ain't shit change
I still keep a bandana and pack gun's nigga

[Verse 4: D.O. Cannons]

You better watch you mouth, fo' I rip yo face off
And everybody you with gonna jet the fuck off
You's ain't gansta, you sweet as ducksauce
D' plays no games, pop the fuck off
O' you want war, everybody gonna get clipped the fuck
off
everybody know you block is buzzed off
We got big ball's, pay off ten fo' walk with the fifth ball
Bangin on Crenshaw

[Chrous X2]

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