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50 Cent "Things Change"

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[50 Cent (Chorus)] Nigga, things change They don't stay the same Now watch me come up I hustle, i hustle even harder I put that work in to win, no problem

Nigga, things change They don't stay the same Now watch me come up I hustle, i hustle even harder I put that work in to win, no problem

[Spider Loc (Verse)]

All money aint good money, this i know But i still love hood money, it gets my dough And as a youngster, that nigga went through so much church

That still turned out f***ed up, i did so much dirt Told to bang the neighbourhood, i put in so much work Did a whole lot of time, caused mom so much hurt On everythang, that boy wasn't done on purpose Who knew that all my darkness was really gon' surface I was stuck on that bullsh** jus runnin' the streets Without some type of beef, the week wasn't complete Its like a nigga felt better after dumpin this heat On feet, just to see the body slumped in the seat Its like a whole 'nother rush to me, bussin' was sweet Now im smarter, im all about something to eat Im on the road spend 30 days a month in the suite But im still gon' hustle and cheat, Lets Go Now!

[50 Cent (Chorus)] Nigga, things change They don't stay the same Now watch me come up I hustle, i hustle even harder I put that work in to win, no problem

Nigga, things change They don't stay the same Now watch me come up

I hustle, i hustle even harder I put that work in to win, no problem

[Lloyd Banks(Verse)]

Yeah, uh..

Now walkin down the block without your weapon Its a first class ticket to a lesson (uh huh) I first cast tickets to perfection, me and Ben got a connection (yeah)

That's why i bring the Benz out to impress him (yeah) Caught in my zone, all alone, homes rattlin' my bones Cuz he yappin' off his lips and if i hit him i be wrong Cuz he aint never gon' be sh**, i done work so hard But i will make you a corn of the cob, you be performin for God

Either that or rob you on your boulevard Bet you never thought for a second niggaz would pull your cards

I don't know about y'all star, cuz my nigga gone H.P tatted on me so his memory lives on Engagin in drama without your llama There'll be funeral arrangements for your momma I learnd that when i was in pajamas watchin Micheal

and Madonna

Now i got the appetite of a piranna, nigga

[50 Cent (Chorus)]

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[Spider Loc (Verse)] Haha.. Haha When nobody knows all the walls you go through You can't even talk to those that supposedly know you Some of the levels that these people'll go to, for crumbs Damn tell me, is this what that dough do? That's when you find yourself talkin to Pro Two There's not to many people who ever can walk in Loc shoes Its good as hell that my heart contains I explain, so many different parts of pain Im clean, but still some marks remain From the past, when that crushed weed sparks to brang

The cash made some people start to change I feel hate when i pulled up and parked the range Ya damn right i got rich, but my heart the same And practice makes perfect with the harder aim You aint really got the heart to bang You aint start to hang, till you find out I cought the chain..

[50 Cent (Chorus)] Nigga, things change They don't stay the same Now watch me come up I hustle, i hustle even harder I put that work in to win, no problem

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YO THERE Y'ALL GO...

DIS A FUKIN HOT TUNE I don't CARE WTF DA HATERZ/GAYME DIKRYDERZ SAY..

50 KILLIN IT WID DIS SOUNDTRAK.... 6 HOT TUNES SO FAR.. ALL FYA I don't know officer Talk about me You already know Window shopper Hustler's ambition Things change

Yeah fa shaw!

Don't Need No Help is phukkin bangin! G G G G G G G uNIT!! Pac & Biggie 4life, we miss u Ovi is gay, heh heh heh

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