

## **Spider Loc f/ 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks**

### **"Things Change"**

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[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]

Nigga things, change, dem 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]

All money ain't good money, this I know  
But I still love hood money, I gets my dough  
And as a youngster, a nigga went to so much church  
And still turned out fucked up, I did so much dirt  
Chose to bang the neighborhood, I put in so much work  
Did a whole lot of time, caused mom so much hurt  
On everythang, that boy wasn't gunned on purpose  
Who knew that all my darkness was really gon' surface  
I was stuck on that bullshit, just runnin the streets  
Without some type of beef the week wasn't complete  
It's like a nigga feel better after dumpin his heat  
On feet, just to see that body slumped in the seat  
Was like a whole nother rush to me, bustin was sweet  
Now I'm smarter, I'm all about somethin to eat  
I'm on the road, spend 30 days a month in a suite  
But I'm still gon' hustle and cheat - let's go

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, uhh, now walkin down the block without'cha  
weapon  
is a first class ticket to a lesson  
I thirst cash, kick it to perfection, me and Bang got a  
connection  
That's why I bring the Benz to impress him  
{?} my zone, all alone homes rattle in my bones  
Cause he yappin off his lips and if I hit him I'll be wrong  
Cause he ain't never gon' be shit, and I done worked so  
hard  
But I will make you a corn on the cob, you'll be  
performin for God  
Either that or rob you on your boulevard  
Bet you never thought for a second niggaz'd pull your  
card God

I'm on my job, scarred since my nigga gone  
HP tatted on me so his memory lives on  
Engagin in drama without your bomber'll  
be funeral arrangements for your momma  
I learned that when I was in pajamas watchin Michael  
and Madonna  
Now I got the appetite of a pirahna, nigga

[Chorus]

[Spider Loc]

What nobody knows, all the roads 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 Tools  
There's not too many that ever walked in the Loc shoes  
Or tell the tale that my heart contains  
I explain, so many different parts of pain  
I'm clean, but still some marks remain  
From the past, when that kush weed sparks the brain  
The cash made some people start to change  
I feel hate when I pulled up and parked the Range  
Your damn right I got rich, but my heart the same  
And practice makes perfect with the art of aim  
You ain't really got the heart to bang  
You ain't start to hang, 'til you found out I caught the  
chain

[Chorus]

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