

Baby D

"Thangs Change"

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Simple is for them simp ass niggaz
Talkin' lot, 'til I spray dumpin' [Incomprehensible]
niggaz
Whenever talkin' shit, I straight rip 'em
And niggaz know I come equip when I whip them

Thangs change, everything has changed

You say how can I make these dirty raps
Number one albums, back to back
If it was 1950, do you think I'd sell, no
They probably throw me straight to jail

I tell you life just ain't what it used to be
Between you and me, exclusively
Everybody's changed, were losing our minds
The government won't help 'cause they refuse to find

A solution to the problems of the inner streets
It's a shame what our kids are beginning to be
Pregnant teenagers, young gun slangers
There ain't no love, there ain't nothin' but anger

We don't go to church and can't pray in school
Listen real close to what I'm sayin' fool
I know kids who went to school together
Now they all grown up, tryin' to kill each other

Shootouts in the playground is where it goes down
But back in the days, we rode the merry go round
And some little kid might shoot me tonight
And I always used to wonder what the future be like

Curse words on the TV and radio
You wanna see sex, turn it on HBO
Late at night, you see women freak women
Sex sale, that's why I keep pimpin'

I grew up in the 70s', somethin' like Crooklyn
But I was in Cali not Brooklyn
I could tell the whole world was going crazy

But it really didn't happen 'til the 80s'

With free basin' and smokin' crack
A lotta people learned not to joke with that
Streets flooded, with homeless folks
Whole families, lives gone up in smoke

We're all related to a crack head
Sometimes I wake up in the mornin' and wanna go back
to bed
Layin' there thinkin' 'bout things
About the way life change

How women used to like to wear decent clothes
Now they curse like men and dress like hoe's
You supposed to be a virgin 'til you marry
But teenage girls find it normal to carry a baby

Babies havin' babies
Rappers like me always disrespectin' ladies
Wonder why it's like that, well so do I
But I just turn my back and then I go get high

'Cause I get paid real good to talk bad about a bitch
And you bought it, so don't be mad I got rich
Ask your grandparents, is life the same
Man thangs change

Everything changed, everything has changed
Thangs change

There used to be a time when old folks were respected
Kids talkin' back was never accepted
Get spanked and your mouth got washed out with soap
But kids nowadays will curse out old folks

Then you tell me I need to be a role model
And get these babies off the 40ounce bottles
But I'm not the one who made alcohol legal
Liquor stores on every corner that's why we go

Buy 40ounces and go get drunk
Don't support our kids, like no good punks
And then they grow up to be hardcore criminals
Shoot 'em up, slang dope always pimpin' hoe's

I know its those that don't believe
What I'm sayin' on the mic right
So baby, D won't you tell them what it's like

It's kinda hard comin' up as a youngster

I gotta deal with the roof that I'm under
Even though my moms got it hard
My daddy passed away, now I'm stuck without a father

But times have changed bro
I never ever seen Santa Claus comin' through the
ghetto
But you know what I always see
I always see the white man robbin' the black man back
G

And I don't even get in trouble for it
And I don't see nothin' forward
Always tryin' to beat the black man to death
Punk police tryna hide behind your badge

Always tryin' arrest somebody
All we gotta do is beat him with the Billy club
Here I come, I comin' with my gun
I'm shootin' in the head police now what

I tell you life is too short for it to be like that
We gotta be leaders, can't follow the pack
With all them fiends in the streets smokin' crack
What you give life is what it gives you back

'Cause money in the ghetto ain't nothin' new
But when you make the money gotta know what to do
Buy you a business or buy you a house
Just so the police can't wipe you out

I heard it in the streets, they say you the man
So try to help your brothers and lend a helpin' hand
Now what we gone do

We came to stack them bodies, killin' everybody like
John Gotti
I said we came to stack them bodies, killin' everybody
like John Gotti
Now run up and get gun up the slack black
I'm hittin' blackjack like the casino when I mack slap

What you wanna play like Al Pacino with this
Type of style with the lyricist this funk of hits
[Incomprehensible] and the biscuits I drop
Motherfuckers know I come down and show me
[Incomprehensible]

I don't really care, from the front or the rear
Word to your mother I'm bout to smother and smear
It's that master all I intelligent

Chain that I swing from the others is irrelevant

For you motherfucker just step up to the M I C
I'm down with Shorty, Ant Banks and Mally G
It's Malik and I freak it's obsolete
My technique motherfucker know I flow over beats

Like water, slaughter dick in yo daughter
And my nuts up in her jaws when she suckin' on my
balls
Yiggy y'all niggaz best to ask somebody
'Cause I'm shootin' motherfuckers down with the shotty

It's that motherfuckin' master blaster
It's, mister, mister, ghetto, ghetto bastard

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