

Blaze ya Dead Homie "Mama, I Ain't Changed"

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if money means murder mama
murder is tha plan
let it goooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

("blaze ya dead homie")
ever since i remember mama
i could neva please u
i could neva walk tha path u wanted me 2
and i refused 2 listen everytime and
watch u scream at the top of ya lungs until u cry
even though i hated it
i think back now 2 myself i neva changed it
i would steal your bike
and i would steal your watch
i'd even steal the lawnchairs from your bitch ass porch
and thuggin was my main hobby
i bought a 3 8 0 just in case sumbody robbed me
mama mad now cuz i got heat
pocket full of money new shoes on my feet
i even put 500 hundred on that rent
but my mama's stubborn ass flush that shit down the
toilet
(no drug money in this household)
that was 500 hundred dollars
damn mama u cold

Chorus
all the winds and tha tides have change
Crime will pay
and pave the way
lets be real mama i ain't change
if money means murder mama
murder is tha plan
let it goooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!(i ain't
change)
theres a dollar 4 every second inside the day
crime will pave the way
lets be real moma, i aint changed
if money means murda mama
murder is the plan
let it goooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!(i ain't

change)

("blaze ya dead homie")

as i moved up in tha dope game
mama neva changed
i would flip 2 bricks a week just 2 maintain
she would say that she gon call the Po me
told every1 in my neighborhood that she don't know
me
damn mama you ain't right
did u tell em how i'm servin up the baseheads every
night
and every mornin sleepin til the pm
and hit up the mall to get fresh 4 da weekend
that was my american dream
mo' chedda, mo heads, bakin sodas, and triple beams
Hoes and Clothes, good weed to toke
and artillery to swiss cheese and leave some gun
smoke
you dont want none, better be ready
the lights are on top so when im rockin steady
She would cry everytime I leave the house,
and I wonder why she drunk passed out on the couch

chorus(not complete)

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("Anybody Killa")

I know I aint changin, lifes to short
All i wanna do is thug, and pay my way outta court
ima always be trippin on the block, sippin a 40 by the
weed spot
back yard BBQ when its hot
the whole hood get lippy when they get tipsy
i remember moms street fighting like she was back in
her 20s
i wouldnt change my life for shit

and fuck anybody sayin that i need to quit
you ever drove past an enemy and seen him just
chillin?
threw the car in park, and beat him down till he had no
feelin
its a little rough out here
when you all alone standin on your own things get so
clear
kinda makes you wanna sit back and think for a second
figure out really whos life your wreckin
as for me tho, im lookin ahead
and i aint changein so expect more blood to be shed

chorus(not complete)
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