

Master P "If I Could Change"

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Fast livin' got me trapped in this street game
Before I die I hope I have a chance to make a change
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I'm at the time in my life when a nigga ready to change
I'll be dead or in jail if I don't shake this thang
Feel like I'm trapped in a prison, slowly waiting to die
It's getting harder for my people, yet we don't know
why

They cuttin' sistas off welfare, these kids can't eat
And it's the children like [Incomprehensible] turned out
by the street
I couldn't see it while I was outside slangin' my rocks
Servin' death to my people, commit in the ultimate evil

Robbin' and killin' my own kind, Lord forgive me
Blinded by this life of crime, God somebody hear me
Since the death of my momma, my life is filled with
drama
Lost both of my kids, punished for what dirt that I did

I can't bring 'em back, so I get high to forget
All the mistakes that I made, that time won't let me
erase
I keep my head up high but I'm stuck in this game
Steady checkin' myself, God help me to change

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If I could change, I'd bring my momma back from the grave

I ain't got too much trouble cause we livin' in the last days

Crime pays, doing broads can get you AIDS

Gotta wear a strap these days

All the time I stay high, trying to fight my stress

Jealous fool of the world trying to put me to rest

Last night I had a talk with my momma

Then I cried, asking God if she'd serve a purpose before she dies

You can see it in my eyes, a brotha want to slow down

I ain't mad at ya daddy 'cause you didn't come around

I'm knowing that the times is hard but you can make it

You see the opportunity, you take it

But what about my little baby, I got a mouth to feed

But I still want to hang on the streets and smoke weed with the O.G.'s

My homies rest in peace in the game

I don't think you'll ever know the pain, I want to change

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Lord know, picture me ballin'

Trapped in this ghetto with my young G's callin'

Henacee and weed when they bury P

A quarter key, 6 G's, when they carry me

Fall on my knees to no nigga

Trapped in this hood, raised by chrome trigga

Never had a pops, a nigga learned to slang cream

Should have been a chemist, the way I work a triple beam

Life, is like a page, I want to turn

I want to make a change but Lord you let my brotha burn

I done seen a nigga lose his life over zurcubian stones

Every night, my auntie bring a nigga home

Momma worrying 'cause the rent late
3 strikes, my cousin's doing time upstate
I sent him Camel with no filters
I'm in the ghetto slangin' stones with straight killas, uh

I know kids that pack gats 'cause they 'bout it, 'bout it
I'm from the murder capital of the world and we rowdy,
rowdy
Is there a heaven for a gangsta, Lord put me to sleep
'Cause your best friend turn into your enemy

Crooked cops is dirty in this shaded game
Go on take me out the ghetto
I want to make a change

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