

## Cruachan

### "Life Ain't The Same"

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Hook:

Life just ain't the same  
(Life ain't the same)  
Life just ain't the same  
(Coming up in the new game)  
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Life just ain't the same  
(Coming up in the new game)

Verse 1: WildStyle

I know I gotta make my life right  
Cause this shit ain't just nothing nice  
Niggas in the hood wanna take my life  
Wid a knife so I strap up every night  
This game ain't no joke  
I pray to God I don't get smoked  
Never trust no hoe woulda known that  
Bitch would set me up she gotta go uh,  
Thinking back in the days when I played  
But now I see that life is real,  
I got a shorty to make my name live  
If I get killed, but I ain't no bitch  
That nigga that try ta get me gon'  
Have a hard time, let's see when I pop  
That damn nine, paralyze yo ass from head ta spine  
I live a life of crime,  
Niggas like me keep mommas crying  
I think I'ma lose my damn mind  
If I do some damn time  
Gotta watch my back and pack a gat  
That's how the game goes  
Times change how they bang  
Life just ain't the same no more

Hook

## Verse 2: Kilo

Sittin, wid a shorty,  
They box, but they shoot not  
Talking that shit you wanna gangbang  
Well we gon' show ya how  
Try ta kill me  
I'ma try ta kill you  
Vic, what you think you slick  
Ain't no love forever hate  
Demonstrate, bring yo clique  
Tell them folks in the hood  
Ya coming up making cash flow, GOOFY!  
How the fuck you claim ta be a pimp  
You punk ass hoe,  
I'ma come from the back and rock ya knot  
Take yo pack and run yo spot  
If you strapped show me what you got  
Being a chief gon' get you shot  
Betta get on it niggas I creep wid  
So you got ta be fast  
It ain't the same, shit done changed  
That's yo ass if you don't blast,  
And you fucked up trying ta go to war  
Now it's on every night and day  
This is serious, ta game any joker  
Less it's gun play, bi-otch!!

## Hook

## Verse 3: Never

Creeping ain't no sleeping  
Life ain't the same in the game  
Nowadays it's hectic, had to make up my mind  
Found myself drifting in the wrong direction  
Back up in the old days,  
Niggas used to fist up on the block  
Capping ain't no thing to me  
When you wanna get rough  
Nigga pull that glock, but I kept on focus  
Everytime I start to think bullets scatter  
Have a man caught up in the system's  
Making us brothers ratter tatter  
And I really don't give a fuck  
My attitude is in the indo  
It ain't gon' never be no old days  
In the ghetto no more  
So you betta get a grip on reality  
And triz-out, I make a wiz-a  
Coming up in the new day's a damn shame

Nigga might think that it's still the same  
But the shit done made an ugly change  
Coming up in this fucking game  
Tryin' ta make it in the new days man

Hook

Verse 4: Coldhard

You know from what I can see  
Life just ain't the same now  
I don't give a fuck no more  
And I ain't afraid ta die  
I'ma be all I can be  
Fuck who try ta top me  
Down wid tha gangbangalistic shit  
From the eighties to the nineties  
Nowadays we gotta wreck shit  
Niggas coming up wid they clique stick  
Gangbang about a bitch  
Jealous cause a nigga slick  
What the hell is this shit?  
Youse supposed to be legit  
Talking all that pimp shit  
Nothing but a sweet vic  
I bet I ain't gon' be the one  
Kissing up to no nigga's ass  
Just because they say he bad  
Get his bitch bump then he sad  
Crying like a baby  
Life ain't like it was punk  
Betta get on top of yours  
Fo you fuck around and get gunned,  
Punk.

Hook

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