

## Spider Loc "Things Change"

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Nigga things change, dem stay the same  
Now watch me come up, I hustle, I hustle even harder  
I put that work into win, no problem

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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

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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 out to impress him

[Incomprehensible] in 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

Engaged in a 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

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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

You're 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

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