

Three 6 Mafia

"Money Didn't Change Me"

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The money I made didn't change me, nigga it changed you
I stayed the same through my wealth, but take a look at you
Back in the days I went to school wit ya, too cool wit ya
But seems like now I can't fool wit ya

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Back in the days I went to school wit ya, ya hear me
Like blood brothers I was cool wit ya, ya feel me
I remember times I carried tools wit ya, I clapped
But now a days I can't fool wit ya, I swear

You said, "I start to act funny", I can't see it
Since I made me some money, you believe it
It wasn't no problem when I gave it to you, I know
But since I quit I'm in the wrong to you, that's low

It ain't my fault that I kept chasin' my dreams
You claimed you couldn't see the woods
Because of too many trees, you dummy
And despite impossibilities, you know
I turned it all to possibilities, for sho'

But that ain't keepin' it real in yo mind, I see
I gotta feed yo family and mine, nigga please
I hate so bad that I can't keep pleasin', keep samplin'
I guess everything happens for a reason, shit happens

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I can't call you everyday, I got studio and shows
You always want some money but never wrote no flows
You think I gotta put you in all our videos
And every time I buy something you want some C notes

You think you outta quit your job and come and work
for me
So you can sit on your ass and get paid for free
So if you sit down and give this shit a little thought
You the one thats actin' funny so I cut your water off

Some people hate that Project Pat and Juicy J on the
spot
We pay cash for our cars then we pushed off the lot
Back in the day they use to say, "This rappin' shit was a
flop"
But we done made our Mil tickets now they jealous and
hot

Don't get mad, ghetto niggaz went from rags to riches
Straight outta North Side High now we stackin' and
pimpin'
I ain't forgot about the hood 'cause the hood is still in
me
I know it's all to the good, all together we win

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