

## Grouch

# "Nothing's Changing"

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[The Grouch]

Yes, YES! Alright, keep it going now, keep it moving  
You got a nice pace (that's right)

Chorus: The Grouch (repeat 2X)

Some things never, change, rear-range  
me a, strange on another plane  
Constant, motion coastin no gears  
Show no fear float

[The Grouch]

My power never came in surges (nope)  
I deal with my urges daily  
You say he's different, I'm gifted in my own right  
Shone bright since a baby  
My ability to seperate the yes and no's from the maybe-  
so's  
Therefore I see reality  
One way or another I'ma shape that, give or take a  
calorie  
until my salary is truly touched  
Fiends for my cuts like I fiend for the guts  
when I'm up never limp  
Forever pimp my lyrics that's "en truta"  
Set that line in stone cause I got it from Medusa  
It hit home, cause that's all I do (crack)  
Man that's all I have, and that's all I knew  
Since ninety-five I used to stand up on the Ave  
building, an underground shielding  
Yielding to no-one  
Wielding my mind skills like a shogun sword it was so  
fun  
More was needed, I was heated off the speed of  
movement  
Improvements were made  
I grew with the days time stayed prime  
and kept my raised mind rising  
Kept my raised mind rising

Chorus

[The Grouch]

It's kinda like rolling; it started gradual  
I pick that pace up - move so casual  
There's a formula - I don't know it though  
Karma's in there somewhere - I let it happen  
Rapping sometimes forced, too off course choppy  
Sloppier than Joe, I'm a Legend you jalopy  
Side-busting copies wanna dirty up my name  
But you couldn't hurt me only building up my fame  
And though that's not my aim I take it all for what it's  
worth

Doin what I know why I was put upon this Earth  
Continous strenous macking, architectural stacking  
Backing my folks til the end there's growth  
like the fungus, making my thoughts humungous  
Wisdom be among us unavoidable, undestroyable  
(can't break it)  
As employable skills multiply  
I try, I try.. and

Chorus

Chorus 1/2 (spoken softly, almost whispered)

[The Grouch]

Float.. float.. float..  
Listen to my raps..  
My raps..  
Right here..

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