

Young Veins "Change"

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She was acting pretty
Thought she owned the city
Someone should have told her
Pretty ain't a job

Now she begs for money
But no one calls her honey
As she bothers shoppers
In the parking lot

Gets her karma with a catch
Forget superstition by wearing it backwards
She lives under ladders, and sleeps with black cats

Some people never change
They just stay the same way.

I swear this like a sailor
Love is not a favor
I find it's just a concept
That we live inside

If you can agree with
Me and Mr. Twain
In matters of opinion
Our rivals are insane.

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