

## Chris Howland

### "The World is Changing"

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[Singer] oohhhh

[Voice] Tell 'em where you come in, tell that fake nigga  
where you come in

[Singer] oohhhh

[Voice] Yall bitch niggaz is jealous, I see a whole bunch  
of suckers

[Verse One]

Won't you niggaz, take a look at a real thug  
and see why, ya bitches get suspicious and peal slugs,  
at me

Til the day I die, high motherfucker tryin'  
to think of somethin', other then dyin'

What the fuck could you do me, but laugh and diss

Stay in your place, while a real playa mash to this

I know it's heaven for G's, M-11 to squeeze

Bout an ounce, and body counts, to drop pass seven  
degrees

I'm a neva go home, blastin' on you bitch made  
jealous ass niggaz, switchin' up like a switch blade

Life is what you make it, I'm make it in dope

My dog died in jail cell, shakin' from rope

It's only one way out the game, and I suggest you stay  
from escapade, profess you chest and laid

Put ya guns down, shoot for revolution, and mash

In other words, keep your shit cocked shootin' for cash

[Chorus - singer]

Life ain't what, it used to be

Things ain't the way they used to be, the world is  
changin'

Will I live or will I die? Will I ever see the light?

The world is changin'

[Verse Two]

My next kin to crew, is a selected few

if you don't fuck wit me, they won't bust at you

I been from Cali, Sac the Bay Area and back

in this world thats all black, more critical wit the mack

I rush 'em all, kick it to they bitches and fuck 'em all

Evil eye ya squad, they all soft, I stuck em 'all

yall niggaz gon' despise on me, makin' thugs out you  
suckas  
come and ride for me, dyin' is the hardest part of livin'  
ya life  
talkin' slick, after tellin' me that bitch was ya wife  
so your fiancée, probably goin' wild for me  
I write a letter to my un-born child  
and tell my baby girl to smile for me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Bumpin', jumpin' from jeerz, wit these thugs that hide  
ten's  
on they hips six-shooters, inside a buggy-I Benz  
approach hard, slidin' speed roads, from the coast  
guard  
better warn you, befo I put somethin' on you  
and it your folks hard, that Henny mix  
rappers fire quick like twenty blix, any click beefin'  
cuz, they don't city wit, loves goin' get cha  
Hussein been it, affendin' ya little dogs  
puttin' thugs on a stretcher, so suffer  
look at her wiggle, and don't touch her  
must cha make suicidal threats, to cuff her  
you ain't a playa(nigga), while you ridin' a bitch  
and ain't a ridah, now you's a sucka and ya pride is  
clinched  
once she go thug, so always be thugged  
remember that son, all I want is action  
won't hesitate to clap one, the east and the west  
got me packed and stressed, but through the pain  
all I'm tryin' to, is gain happiness  
why don't you niggaz, take a look at a real thug  
and see, why these suckas tryin' ball on me, me god  
{\*echoes\*}

[Chorus]

Makaveli the Don, Killa Khadafi rest in peace  
Makaveli the Don {\*echoes\*}

[Singer]

Will I live or will I die? Will I ever see the light  
The world is changin', ooohhhhh

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