

## **King T**

### **"Nuthin Has Changed"**

Visit "[Nuthin Has Changed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

f/ Kool G Rap, Tray D

[ King T ]

Cause a nigga been drinkin that muthafuckin XO

Haha!

"Nothing has changed" --> George Clinton

[ King T ]

I guess they really didn't care how famous he is

Cause every time I hit the mic I kick gangsta shit

Known to be the alcoholic funk, best believe it

The Rolex, low key, gotta see it

Took it from a nigga, barely had the finger on the trigger

Comptown Hub City slicker

Servin like a gee, what, the BG hit a stick?

Now he yellin "Westside Crip!"

Man, slap that fat bitch with the millimeter

Old sweet Nina, you don't wanna see her

God damn, let me tell these fools who I am

Every letter worth a hundred grand

King T's the best, man, I won't front or tell a lie

The best man you got gon' die

And all these young niggas talkin bout how they servin  
it tight

Well, this is Westside Compton fo' life

Biatch

"Nothing has changed

Even the bang remains the same

(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)

We still needs to funk

(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)

Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo-woo

Nothing has changed (nothing has changed)" -->  
George Clinton

[ Kool G Rap ]

Black mafioso, my mafia family's loco

Coochoo like Cocos, we leave hoes widows like Yoko

Fingers on puppet strings the logo

Blowin those with too much sinoco

Leavin em motionless like photos

We gets the dough, though

You know, condos in Alcapulco

Suites in ( ? )

We creep and flood the street with mountains of perico

Underworld costra nosa

Nothin but blood oathes and thugs and soldiers

Hearse chauffeurs and dirt blowers

Playin you close to touch you with the toasters

Fill you with slugs just like a thug's supposed to

In my arena you meet the Glock Seventeena

Nina the Screamer, the soul redeemer

Body steamer, head with lead cleaner

The sweet dreamer, niggas bust caps with fully gats

Put two in your hat and leave your ass flat takin a nap

And it's like that

The G Luciano/King T finale

That's how we be wildin with our Cali cats New York  
stylee

"Nothing has changed

Even the bang remains the same

(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)

We still needs to funk

(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)

Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo-woo

Nothing has changed (nothing has changed)"

[ Tray D ]

Word mane, my brain contain so much game it's  
pathetic

Got niggas eatin my shit up way before I said it

Recognizin ours in this to be respected

Accepted for the vicious style I step with

Punks'd rather exit than ever to flex with

The serial killer eatin niggas for breakfast

I jack the slipper for the chippers he flipped

Then I check the clip and flip it if his wish is to trip

Keep my enemies in misery, they can't get rid of me  
I been a gee from elementary to penitentiary  
They mention me in all speeches  
Cause I represent Long Beach to eastern far reaches  
The hard thesis, ain't nothin soft in the scripture  
I picture gettin richer with the risk that's adventure  
Cash and hoes and fashion clothes and blastin foes  
And mashin in assassin mode, it don't stop  
"Nothing has changed  
Even the bang remains the same  
(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)  
We still needs to funk  
(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)  
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo-woo  
Nothing has changed (nothing has changed)"  
"Or is the way that you picture me  
Colored by the way you've been treated in a situation  
that comes to mind"

Visit [King T](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.