

## **B.I.G. Notorious**

### **"Things Done Changed"**

Visit "[Things Done Changed](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse One:

Remember back in the days, when niggaz had waves

Gazelle shades, and corn braids

Pitchin pennies, honies had the high top jellies

Shootin skelly, motherfuckers was all friendly

Loungin at the barbeques, drinkin brews

with the neighborhood crews, hangin on the avenues

Turn your pagers, to nineteen ninety three

Niggaz is gettin smoked G, believe me

Talk slick, you get your neck slit quick

Cause real street niggaz ain't havin that shit

Totin techs for rep, smokin blunts in the project

hallways, shootin dice all day

Wait for niggaz to step up on some fightin shit

We get hype and shit and start lifin shit

So step away with your fist fight ways

Motherfucker this ain't back in the days, but you don't  
hear me though

Verse Two:

No more cocoa leave-io, one two three

One two three, all of this to me, is a mystery

I hear you motherfuckers talk about it

But I stay seein bodies with the motherfuckin chalk  
around it

And I'm down with the shit too

For the stupid motherfuckers wanna try to use Kung-Fu

Instead of a Mac-10 he tried scrappin

Slugs in his back and, that's what the fuck happens  
when you sleep on the street

Little motherfuckers with heat, want ta leave a nigga  
six feet deep

And we comin to the wake

To make sure the cryin and commotion ain't a  
motherfuckin fake

Back in the days, our parents used to take care of us

Look at em now, they even fuckin scared of us

Callin the city for help because they can't maintain

Damn, shit done changed

Verse Three:

If I wasn't in the rap game

I'd probably have a key knee deep in the crack game

Because the streets is a short stop

Either you're slingin crack rock or you got a wicked  
jumpshot

Shit, it's hard being young from the slums

eatin five cent gums not knowin where your meals  
comin from

And now the shit's gettin crazier and major

Kids younger than me, they got the Sky grand Pagers

Goin outta town, blowin up

Six months later all the dead bodies showin up

It make me wanna grab the nine and the shottie

But I gotta go identify the body

Damn, what happened to the summertime cookouts?

Everytime I turn around a nigga gettin took out

Shit, my momma got cancer in her breast

Don't ask me why I'm motherfuckin stressed, things  
done changed

Visit [B.I.G. Notorious](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.