

Billy Cook f/ Trae

"That Shit Gone Change"

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[Intro]

I'm fighting, back the tears
You, ought to be here

[Hook]

For all of the years, I've struggled in the game
And so many hooks and songs, are now the same
We had our voice and a name, that's hurt without the
face
That shit's gon change, that shit's gon change

[Billy Cook]

Now if you take me off them hooks, then what the hood
got
It's like Fat Pat without the body rock, body rock
Like "Superstar", without P-A-T
"Platinum in Da Ghetto", without Lil' Keke
"It's All Real", with 8 Ball and MJG
R&B legend in the streets you see, yeah that's me
The most known unknown artist, you'll ever run across
Harbor started in this game, but now they do when I
floss
I'm the game that they trying to get, soldier that they
looking fo'
A ghetto legacy, and I'm coming to settle the sco'
Mmmm, a ghetto legacy and I'm coming to settle the
sco'
Yeeeah, BMG got my back and my front but you don't
hear me though
Yeeeah, no mo' paying dues dues made me a ghetto
hero

[Hook]

[Trae]

I still represent the hood, and niggaz act like they don't
know me
But I swear to keep it gangsta, while these niggaz turn
fony
I'm the under dog, never be a part of that intersection
I'm here to make 'em see it clearly, touching 'em with

aggression

I guess that they forgot, about the lyrics I provided
With the pain inside the ghetto, where poverty got
divided

From the other side, homie I'm the one you need to
know

And if you wanna know the truth, then I'm the one you
need to flow

For all the years, I've been inside the game I kept it
street

Whether mixtape or a album, I was running over beats
Whether group or solo homie, I'ma get my name known
Underestimated, so I gotta get my face shown

I'm the next in line, ten seconds away from me shining
bright

And if I get the shot, they know that I'ma handle mine
right

On the cool, me and Billy holding for the last left
Plus it's understood, that we gon push it till the last
breath

[Hook]

[Billy Cook]

This shit's gon change, and it starts right here
I'm talking about the disrespect, year after year
Album after album, label after label

Feature after feature, grind ear to ear
As if it's your year, as if it's your time
But the gallery of lies, you see it all clear

That I was here before you, and I'll be here when you
die

I'm talking about my music, to R&B it's so live
Wake up wake up, listen some the game needs me
Like a flu shot, and a virus in this industry

What you gon do, rapping forty-two
Looking to 62, till your face turns blue

I sing full time, and I rap part time
I do it cause I love it, it's the way that I survive
Billy Cook Superstar, true legend in this game

You hoe ass niggaz, you ain't gotta say my name

[Hook - 2X]

(*Billy Cook*)

Hey, a true legend in this game
You hoe ass niggaz, ain't gotta say my name
Heeeey, ooooh yeeeeeah

(you already know what it is, this your boy Yung Chill
A Looney Tunes production oh boy, Billy Cook ha-ha)

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