

## **C-Murder F/ Mercedes "Things Gon' Change"**

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[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

First off, fuck the snitch and that Unit he claim  
Fuck Dre partial, and Eminem  
Plus the world heard it before, they tired of them  
And they waitin' for that thug shit from Rule again  
And "Proff" can bomb proff your hummer then  
Put a vest on yourself and your chill-dren  
You should be scared of death of them murderin'  
Niggaz who like to put lil' holes thorough kids'  
In case y'all ain't heard about my savages  
They'll kidnap yo kids throw em' over a bridge  
Got em' reminiscing to N-O-T-O-R-I-O  
U-S, you just, lay down slow  
I blaze out in the six while letting the fifth go  
I think "BIG" as if I was wanted on "Death Row"  
We the world famous, Murder Inc. we infamous  
Fo' making bangers and, and bangin hammers shit

[Chrous- Ja Rule And Black Child]

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] I ain't gonna lie when the heat wave high  
everbody gotta die

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] You better believe it, we stoppin' niggaz from  
breathin, poppin niggaz then leavin'

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] One way or another, we gangsta's from the  
gutta, we shot ya then cut cha'

[Ja] Thing's Gon' Change

[Black] Ja, you ain't never lie when the heat wave high  
everybody gotta die

[Verse 2: Black Child]

As I sit back relax, cuttin' crack loadin' gats  
I think about these sexy rappers that I wanna clap  
I'll probably go to jail fo' sending "50" to hell  
If I lay banks down yayo going down  
Fatal' will help him write his raps in brown  
Black Child is Black now, Rule is crack sells  
"IG" nigga the boss of all bosses  
making money off music, murder, and torture

Who got what it cost for a coffin  
Nigga you a dead man walking, this is extortion  
We organized crime everybody's crying  
While all of ya'll dying when the ian's stary flyin'  
Down the public, wanna polly about peace  
Well fuck peace cause this nigga half police  
And Black child is half man half beast  
And I'm a give all ya'll niggaz a half a clip a piece

[Chrous]

[Verse 3: Young Merc]

It's time to address the public  
niggaz is frontin like when we see them we ain't  
dumpin'  
Shot's tryin lay something down, homie it's nothin'  
When you dealin' with real gangstas  
that a pop and erase ya, my dog's ain't playin man  
Whenever we see you we leaving you there  
And ain't no aftermath when our shot's flare  
Nigga we get it poppin' bang like crip's and blood's  
And ain't shit change  
I still keep a bandana and pack gun's nigga

[Verse 4: D.O. Cannons]

You better watch you mouth, fo' I rip yo face off  
And everybody you with gonna jet the fuck off  
You's ain't gansta, you sweet as ducksauce  
D' plays no games, pop the fuck off  
O' you want war, everybody gonna get clipped the fuck  
off  
everybody know you block is buzzed off  
We got big ball's, pay off ten fo' walk with the fifth ball  
Bangin on Crenshaw

[Chrous X2]

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