

Lavilliers Bernard

"People Change"

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"I don't, I don't, I don't mind"

[Madam D]

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don', I don't mind

[60 Second Assassin]

I don't fuck with bitches, hos or scavs

I don't fuck with drugs, puff the 'erb, and I'm baaaaad

The game we play, I'm playin' for keeps

Cuz the only thing that comes is sleep, and a dream

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo

A young thorough-bred escape from jail

Plans to get money instead

Paid my dues, used my head

Lose the feds, it be these streets that made me bled

Wise enough 'til the game remain

rhymes the same, many dead for the love of fame

drugs in veins, and loyal

Heart of a king help me maintain

Sustain, gain credit

Build like a city of ants

Stay pretty with the four nick-ey

Move swiftly through the black jungle

muscle, every-day hustle

Cherish the wisdom of my team, knowledge avoid
trouble

And lord knows y'all, I paid the price

Sacrifice, gave advice, saved my life, I think it's twice

Move precise, remember momma cryin' the blues

Pop hustlin', we needed food, clothes, shoes, old news

Became extravagant to the ear

The same slang of the thang crystal-clear

You know why?

[Hook : Madam D]

People change, money exchange

It's not a game

Players in vain

Riches and fame

People change

[Hell Razah]

We grew up around coke-pushers
Dope fiends, lies and hookers
Locked in a jail where the cops put us
My grand-pops was a South-cooker
Turkey wings, cauli' greens
corn-bread, macaroni and cheese
On the corner dice games over liquor and weed
Thieves wait for you to win
so they can stick you and leave
Blue-bird got tricks in his sleeve
City under siege
Shots get fired first, then they'll yell "Freeze!"
In apartment 2G, my moms was a father to me
Watchin' Good Times on the black and white TV
Five of us comin' up, I was probably three
Prophecies, jail or death was a promise to me
Mama said "don't be lazy son, ain't nothing for free
Money coming nowadays, it don't grow on a tree"

[Hook]

[MC Eiht]

O.G.s taught me the game in hard times
Late-night on the block, with nickles and dimes
Travel in your own circle of friends
and try to stack more paper before you start to spend
The life I seen, the hood is so mean
Like a real bad dream tryin' to pick up CREAM
Mama cryin' at night, but in the day she smiles
While her son in the streets tryin' to avoid the trials
Miles away, tryin' to bring paper home
Thinkin' maybe it could change one day
This Sun of a Man and Man I had a Sun
So we can walk high without biting his tongue, g-yeah

[Outro : 60 Second Assassin *Madam D harmonising*
(Madam D)]

This is 60 Sec' Assassin, a.k.a Black Satin
Came up when times was hard
Where whoever made it in the hood, we'd take it
we would rob 'em tinted and go to his man
while tellin' him his man ain't shit
The weed game was in a smash
while we snort everything a brother had
Soon learned to make somethin' outta nothin'
I don't fuck with bitches, ho's or skags
I mean we had shit locked, within 20 different blocks
Not jus' talkin' 'bout silver plates

With no more to say, without feelin' the rest of my trade
it was my knowledge of myself that made me sane
I bet anyone who could show, kill or rob would take
what was his
I came up hard
(Oh child things are gonna get easier)

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