

## Too \$hort "Thangs Change"

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Simple is for them simp ass niggaz  
Talkin' lot, 'til I spray dumpin' [Incomprehensible]  
niggaz  
Whenever talkin' shit, I straight rip 'em  
And niggaz know I come equip when I whip them

Thangs change, everything has changed

You say how can I make these dirty raps  
Number one albums, back to back  
If it was 1950, do you think I'd sell, no  
They probably throw me straight to jail

I tell you life just ain't what it used to be  
Between you and me, exclusively  
Everybody's changed, were losing our minds  
The government won't help 'cause they refuse to find

A solution to the problems of the inner streets  
It's a shame what our kids are beginning to be  
Pregnant teenagers, young gun slangers  
There ain't no love, there ain't nothin' but anger

We don't go to church and can't pray in school  
Listen real close to what I'm sayin' fool  
I know kids who went to school together  
Now they all grown up, tryin' to kill each other

Shootouts in the playground is where it goes down  
But back in the days, we rode the merry go round  
And some little kid might shoot me tonight  
And I always used to wonder what the future be like

Curse words on the TV and radio  
You wanna see sex, turn it on HBO  
Late at night, you see women freak women  
Sex sale, that's why I keep pimpin'

I grew up in the 70s', somethin' like Crooklyn  
But I was in Cali not Brooklyn  
I could tell the whole world was going crazy  
But it really didn't happen 'til the 80s'

With free basin' and smokin' crack  
A lotta people learned not to joke with that  
Streets flooded, with homeless folks  
Whole families, lives gone up in smoke

We're all related to a crack head  
Sometimes I wake up in the mornin' and wanna go back  
to bed  
Layin' there thinkin' 'bout things  
About the way life change

How women used to like to wear decent clothes  
Now they curse like men and dress like hoe's  
You supposed to be a virgin 'til you marry  
But teenage girls find it normal to carry a baby

Babies havin' babies  
Rappers like me always disrespectin' ladies  
Wonder why it's like that, well so do I  
But I just turn my back and then I go get high

'Cause I get paid real good to talk bad about a bitch  
And you bought it, so don't be mad I got rich  
Ask your grandparents, is life the same  
Man thangs change

Everything changed, everything has changed  
Thangs change

There used to be a time when old folks were respected  
Kids talkin' back was never accepted  
Get spanked and your mouth got washed out with soap  
But kids nowadays will curse out old folks

Then you tell me I need to be a role model  
And get these babies off the 40ounce bottles  
But I'm not the one who made alcohol legal  
Liquor stores on every corner that's why we go

Buy 40ounces and go get drunk  
Don't support our kids, like no good punks  
And then they grow up to be hardcore criminals  
Shoot 'em up, slang dope always pimpin' hoe's

I know its those that don't believe  
What I'm sayin' on the mic right  
So baby, D won't you tell them what it's like

It's kinda hard comin' up as a youngster  
I gotta deal with the roof that I'm under

Even though my moms got it hard  
My daddy passed away, now I'm stuck without a father

But times have changed bro  
I never ever seen Santa Claus comin' through the  
ghetto  
But you know what I always see  
I always see the white man robbin' the black man back  
G

And I don't even get in trouble for it  
And I don't see nothin' forward  
Always tryin' to beat the black man to death  
Punk police tryna hide behind your badge

Always tryin' arrest somebody  
All we gotta do is beat him with the Billy club  
Here I come, I comin' with my gun  
I'm shootin' in the head police now what

I tell you life is too short for it to be like that  
We gotta be leaders, can't follow the pack  
With all them fiends in the streets smokin' crack  
What you give life is what it gives you back

'Cause money in the ghetto ain't nothin' new  
But when you make the money gotta know what to do  
Buy you a business or buy you a house  
Just so the police can't wipe you out

I heard it in the streets, they say you the man  
So try to help your brothers and lend a helpin' hand  
Now what we gone do

We came to stack them bodies, killin' everybody like  
John Gotti  
I said we came to stack them bodies, killin' everybody  
like John Gotti  
Now run up and get gun up the slack black  
I'm hittin' blackjack like the casino when I mack slap

What you wanna play like Al Pacino with this  
Type of style with the lyricist this funk of hits  
[Incomprehensible] and the biscuits I drop  
Motherfuckers know I come down and show me  
[Incomprehensible]

I don't really care, from the front or the rear  
Word to your mother I'm bout to smother and smear  
It's that master all I intelligent  
Chain that I swing from the others is irrelevant

For you motherfucker just step up to the M I C  
I'm down with Shorty, Ant Banks and Mally G  
It's Malik and I freak it's obsolete  
My technique motherfucker know I flow over beats

Like water, slaughter dick in yo daughter  
And my nuts up in her jaws when she suckin' on my  
balls  
Yiggy y'all niggaz best to ask somebody  
'Cause I'm shootin' motherfuckers down with the shotty

It's that motherfuckin' master blaster  
It's, mister, mister, ghetto, ghetto bastard

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