

Twiztid

"Nuthin Has Changed"

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[King T]

Cause a nigga been drinkin that muthafuckin XO
Haha!

"Nothing has changed" --> George Clinton

[King T]

I guess they really didn't care how famous he is
Cause every time I hit the mic I kick gangsta shit
Known to be the alcoholic funk, best believe it
The Rolex, low key, gotta see it
Took it from a nigga, barely had the finger on the
trigger
Comptown Hub City slicker
Servin like a gee, what, the BG hit a stick?
Now he yellin "Westside Crip!"
Man, slap that fat bitch with the millimeter
Old sweet Nina, you don't wanna see her
God damn, let me tell these fools who I am
Every letter worth a hundred grand
King T's the best, man, I won't front or tell a lie
The best man you got gon' die
And all these young niggas talkin bout how they servin
it tight
Well, this is Westside Compton fo' life
Biatch

"Nothing has changed
Even the bang remains the same
(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)
We still needs to funk
(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo-woo
Nothing has changed (nothing has changed)" -->
George Clinton

[Kool G Rap]

Black mafioso, my mafia family's loco
Cockoo like Cocos, we leave hoes widows like Yoko
Fingers on puppet strings the logo
Blowin those with too much sinoco

Leavin em motionless like photos
We gets the dough, though
You know, condos in Alcapulco
Suites in (?)
We creep and flood the street with mountains of perico
Underworld costra nosa
Nothin but blood oathes and thugs and soldiers
Hearse chauffeurs and dirt blowers
Playin you close to touch you with the toasters
Fill you with slugs just like a thug's supposed to
In my arena you meet the Glock Seventeena
Nina the Screamer, the soul redeemer
Body steamer, head with lead cleaner
The sweet dreamer, niggas bust caps with fully gats
Put two in your hat and leave your ass flat takin a nap
And it's like that
The G Luciano/King T finale
That's how we be wildin with our Cali cats New York
stylee

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[Tray D]
Word mane, my brain contain so much game it's
pathetic
Got niggas eatin my shit up way before I said it
Recognizin ours in this to be respected
Accepted for the vicious style I step with
Punks'd rather exit than ever to flex with
The serial killer eatin niggas for breakfast
I jack the slipper for the chippers he flipped
Then I check the clip and flip it if his wish is to trip
Keep my enemies in mysery, they can't get rid of me
I been a gee from elementary to penitentiary
They mention me in all speeches
Cause I represent Long Beach to eastern far reaches
The hard thesis, ain't nothin soft in the scripture
I picture gettin richer with the risk that's adventure
Cash and hoes and fashion clothes and blastin foes
And mashin in assassin mode, it don't stop

"Nothing has changed
Even the bang remains the same
(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)
We still needs to funk

(In the pocket, right smack dab in the socket)
Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo-woo
Nothing has changed (nothing has changed)"

"Or is the way that you picture me
Colored by the way you've been treated in a situation
that comes to mind"

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