

Hussein Fatal, The World Is Changing

(Singer) oohhhh(hold note)

(Voice) Tell'em where you come in tell that fake nigga where you come in

(Singer) oohhhh(hold note)

(Voice) Yall bitch niggaz is jealous I see a whole bunch of suckers

Verse one

Won't you niggas take a look at a real thug
and see why ya bitches get suspicious and peal
slugs at me til the day I die high muthafucker tryin'
to think of somethin' other then dyin'
what the fuck could you do me? but laugh and diss
stay in your place, while a real playa mash to this
I know it's heaven for G's, M-11 to squeeze
'bout an ounce, and body counts, to drop pass seven degree's
I'm a neva go home, blastin' on you bitch made
jealous ass niggas, switchin' up like a switch blade
life is what you make it, I'm make it in dope
my dog died in tail cell, shakin' from rope
it's only one way out the game, and I suggest you stay
from escapade, profess you chest and laid
put ya guns down, shoot for revolution, and mash
in other words, keep your shit cocked shootin'
for cash

Chorus

(Singer)- Life ain't what, it used to be
babbbyy it's so easy, the world is changin'
will I live or will I die? will I ever see the light?
the world is changin'

Verse two

My next kin to crew, is a selected few
if you don't fuck wit me, they won't bust at you
I been from Cali, Sac the Bay Area and back
in this world thats all black, more critical wit tha mack
are Russian war, kick it they bitches and fuck'em all
? like squad, they all talked, I stuck'em all
yall niggas goin' despice on me, makin' thugs out you suckas
come and ride for me, dyin' is the hardest part of livin' ya life
talkin' slick, after tellin' me that bitch was ya wife
so your fiancée, probably goin' wild for me
I write a letter to my un-born child
and tell my baby girl to smile for me

Chorus

Verse three

Bumpin', jumpin' from jeerz, wit these thugs that hide ten's
on they hips six-shooters, inside a buggy-I Benz
approach hard, slidin' speed roads, from the coast guard
better warn you, befo I put somethin' on you
and it your folks hard, that Henny mix
rappers fire quick like twenty blix, any click beefin'
cuz, they don't city wit, loves goin' get cha
Hussein been it, affendin' ya little dogs
puttin' thugs on a stretcher, so suffer
look at her wiggle, and don't touch her
must cha make suicidal threats, to cuff her
you ain't a playa(nigga), while you ridin' a bitch
and ain't a ridah, now you's a sucka and ya pride is clinched
once she go thug, so always be thugged
remember that son, all I want is action
won't hesitate to clap one, the east and the west
got me packed and stressed, but through the pain

all I'm tryin' to , is gain happiness
why don't you niggas, take a look at a real thug
and see, why these suckas tryin' ball on me, me god

Chorus

Makaveli to don, Kadafi rest in peace
(Makaveli to don)

(Singer)- Will I live or will I die? Will I ever see the light
the world is changin', ooohhhhh