

Too Short, Thangs Change

(Jamal)

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

(Short Dawg)

You say how can I make these dirty raps
Number one albums, back to back
If it was 1950, do you think I 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 on the playground is where it goes down
But back in the day, 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 freebasin 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 crackhead
Sometimes I wake up in the mornin and wanna go back to bed
Layin these 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 hoes
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 its 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

Chorus

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 respect our kids, like no good punks
And then they grow up to be hardcore criminals
Shoot 'em up, slang dope always pimpin hoes
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 its like

(Baby D)

Its kinda hard comin up as a youngster
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 wanna hide behind your badge
Always tryin arrest somebody
All we gotta do is beat him with the billyclub
Here I come, I comin with my gun
I'm shootin in the head police now what

(Short Dawg)

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 get 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

(Mr. Malik)

We came to stack some bodies, killin everybody like John Gotti
I said we came to stack some bodies, killin everybody like John Gotti
Now run up and get gun up the slack black
I'm hittin blackjack in the casino when I mack slap
What you wanna play like Al Pacino with this
Type of style withthe lyricist this funk of hits
and the biscuits I drop
Motherf**kers know I come down and show me ??
I don't really care
From the front or the rear
Word to your mother I'm bout to smother and smear
Its that master all I intelligent
Chain that I swing from the others is irrelevant
For you motherf**ker step up to the m-i-c
I'm down with Shorty, Ant Banks and Mally G
Its Malik and I freak it's obsolete
My technique motherf**ker 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 motherf**kers down with the shotty
Its the motherf**kin master blaster

Its, its the motherf**kin ghetto bastard