

# Kurupt, I Didn't Change

[Intro: Kurupt]

Black flood, feel me

Yeah, slice (slice)

Bonzi J. Wells, Kurupt Young Gotti, nigga

Feel me, real talk, gangsta

[Kurupt]

My life, my family - they hate me

They wanna execute me, fuck around and shoot me

Damn, do I gotta change my whole mind state?

Throw a brick up, new nickel to eighth

I gotta go to a different world

Cuz right here is a motherfuckin nightmare

It's Young Gotti, I'm always the motherfucking underdog, dawg

Wait a minute, I got a question for y'all..

Do families turn there backs over emotions or acts?

Turn their back over emotional acts?

Do they fall in emotional traps?

Do it transpire into emotional collapse?

From nickel's and mac's, over bread and bitches, poetics and rap's

Or who they choose to do business with or perhaps, we talkin bout family

I can't believe my eyes, it's the stand up, fall and rise

All cuz how cuz I'm fuckin with Blood

Oh this niggas hot cuz I'm fuckin with cuz

Oh this nigga got problems because of this

He read an article and thought a nigga tried to dis

When we was young we use to roll like a all nighter

Then roll a pimp game kicked in and popped collars

Me and one of my brothers use to be the tightest group

Until this motherfuckin day, we the tightest group

I can't help it if a nigga make a sudden change

Would it be a different game if it wasn't change?

Would we be as close as we was in '93?

I can't help but think a little bit differently

I can't help but think we might even be closer

We use to be back to back holdin toasters

[Chorus: Kurupt]

I didn't change..

When y'all niggas wanted to stay - I didn't change

When things wasn't going our way - I didn't change

When y'all niggas wanted the verse

The shoe was on a different foot and the roles reversed - I didn't change

When niggas use to call us wack

Like "Fuck the Westcoast" and never call us back - I didn't change

When niggas was talkin shit

Talkin bout they ain't fuckin with us - I never changed, nigga

[Interlude: Kurupt] \*scratched\*

Give me mines, give me mines nigga

This is for the homies

"It was nineteen nintey three"

Blaze that shit up

This is for the homies..

[Kurupt]

I'm about to change motherfuckin rules

Here first like wild motherfuckin bulls

I'ma make something for niggas to link about

And leave the whole hood with something to think about

I can't help but think a million times a day

A nigga got about a million things he gotta say

I never been the type to beat around the bush

My big homie introduced me to Benz's and cush

God grant me the strength to go the length, the width  
With a little bit of that and a bit of this  
It's fucked up that a nigga that I barely know  
Would give it up to me but my homies won't  
My success pattern is in a constant shake  
It's like film making without no film to make  
It's like hang gliding but I can't hang  
And now niggas tryin to kick me out my game  
All because of where I choose to lay my hat  
All because of where a motherfuckers at  
I'm feelin like I'm falling like dead leaves  
It like I'm swingin from vines like Tarzan  
I'm about to take another trip to Tarzana  
Pop something for a motherfucker to go bananas  
Rack up the gauge, cuz I can feel it coming  
It's the heater home in the summer, I feel it coming  
My kids my main priority, you thority, agility, ability  
My tranquility to toss a typhoon at the moon  
Hurricane spread through the saloon like alien goons and harpoons  
I could do this shit by myself  
I'd rather be read then be placed back on the shelf  
I'ma motherfuckin G, nigga, forever til I die DP, nigga  
I love y'all cuz..