

# 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 tighest 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 ninteen 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..