

Spider Loc, Things Change

[Chorus 2X: 50 Cent]

Nigga things, change, dem stay the same
Now watch me come up, I hustle, I hustle even harder
I put that work in to win, no problem

[Spider Loc]

All money ain't good money, this I know
But I still love hood money, I gets my dough
And as a youngster, a nigga went to so much church
And still turned out fucked up, I did so much dirt
Chose to bang the neighborhood, I put in so much work
Did a whole lot of time, caused mom so much hurt
On everythang, that boy wasn't gunned on purpose
Who knew that all my darkness was really gon' surface
I was stuck on that bullshit, just runnin the streets
Without some type of beef the week wasn't complete
It's like a nigga feel better after dumpin his heat
On feet, just to see that body slumped in the seat
Was like a whole nother rush to me, bustin was sweet
Now I'm smarter, I'm all about somethin to eat
I'm on the road, spend 30 days a month in a suite
But I'm still gon' hustle and cheat - let's go

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

Yeah, uhh, now walkin down the block without'cha weapon
is a first class ticket to a lesson
I thirst cash, kick it to perfection, me and Bang got a connection
That's why I bring the Benz to impress him
{?} my zone, all alone homes rattle in my bones
Cause he yappin off his lips and if I hit him I'll be wrong
Cause he ain't never gon' be shit, and I done worked so hard
But I will make you a corn on the cob, you'll be performin for God
Either that or rob you on your boulevard
Bet you never thought for a second niggaz'd pull your card God
I'm on my job, scarred since my nigga gone
HP tatted on me so his memory lives on
Engagin in drama without your bomber'll
be funeral arrangements for your momma
I learned that when I was in pajamas watchin Michael and Madonna
Now I got the appetite of a pirahna, nigga

[Chorus]

[Spider Loc]

What nobody knows, all the roads you go through
You can't even talk to those that supposedly know you
Some of the levels that these people'll go to for crumbs
Damn, tell me, is this what that dough do?
That's when you find yourself talkin to Pro Tools
There's not too many that ever walked in the Loc shoes
Or tell the tale that my heart contains
I explain, so many different parts of pain
I'm clean, but still some marks remain
From the past, when that kush weed sparks the brain
The cash made some people start to change
I feel hate when I pulled up and parked the Range
Your damn right I got rich, but my heart the same
And practice makes perfect with the art of aim
You ain't really got the heart to bang
You ain't start to hang, 'til you found out I caught the chain

[Chorus]

