

# Sunz Of Man, People Change

(feat. MC Eiht & Madam D)

"I don't, I don't, I don't mind"

[Madam D]

I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't, I don't mind

[60 Second Assassin]

I don't fuck with bitches, hos or scavs  
I don't fuck with drugs, puff the 'erb, and I'm baaaaad  
The game we play, I'm playin' for keeps  
Cuz the only thing that comes is sleep, and a dream

[Prodigal Sunn]

Yo

A young thorough-bred escape from jail  
Plans to get money instead  
Paid my dues, used my head  
Lose the feds, it be these streets that made me bled  
Wise enough 'til the game remain  
rhymes the same, many dead for the love of fame  
drugs in veins, and loyal  
Heart of a king help me maintain  
Sustain, gain credit  
Build like a city of ants  
Stay pretty with the four nick-ey  
Move swiftly through the black jungle  
muscle, every-day hustle  
Cherish the wisdom of my team, knowledge avoid trouble  
And lord knows y'all, I paid the price  
Sacrifice, gave advice, saved my life, I think it's twice  
Move precise, remember momma cryin' the blues  
Pop hustlin', we needed food, clothes, shoes, old news  
Became extravagant to the ear  
The same slang of the thang crystal-clear  
You know why?

[Hook : Madam D]

People change, money exchange  
It's not a game  
Players in vain  
Riches and fame  
People change

[Hell Razah]

We grew up around coke-pushers  
Dope fiends, lies and hookers  
Locked in a jail where the cops put us  
My grand-pops was a South-cooker  
Turkey wings, cauli' greens  
corn-bread, macaroni and cheese  
On the corner dice games over liquor and weed  
Thieves wait for you to win  
so they can stick you and leave  
Blue-bird got tricks in his sleeve  
City under siege  
Shots get fired first, then they'll yell "Freeze!"  
In apartment 2G, my moms was a father to me  
Watchin' Good Times on the black and white TV  
Five of us comin' up, I was probably three  
Prophecies, jail or death was a promise to me  
Mama said "don't be lazy son, ain't nothing for free  
Money coming nowadays, it don't grow on a tree"

[Hook]

[MC Eiht]

O.G.s taught me the game in hard times  
Late-night on the block, with nickles and dimes  
Travel in your own circle of friends  
and try to stack more paper before you start to spend  
The life I seen, the hood is so mean  
Like a real bad dream tryin' to pick up CREAM  
Mama cryin' at night, but in the day she smiles  
While her son in the streets tryin' to avoid the trials  
Miles away, tryin' to bring paper home  
Thinkin' maybe it could change one day  
This Sun of a Man and Man I had a Sun  
So we can walk high without biting his tongue, g-yeah

[Outro : 60 Second Assassin \*Madam D harmonising\* (Madam D)]

This is 60 Sec' Assassin, a.k.a Black Satin  
Came up when times was hard  
Where whoever made it in the hood, we'd take it  
we would rob 'em tinted and go to his man  
while tellin' him his man ain't shit  
The weed game was in a smash  
while we snort everything a brother had  
Soon learned to make somethin' outta nothin'  
I don't fuck with bitches, ho's or skags  
I mean we had shit locked, within 20 different blocks  
Not jus' talkin' 'bout silver plates  
With no more to say, without feelin' the rest of my trade  
it was my knowledge of myself that made me sane  
I bet anyone who could show, kill or rob would take what was his  
I came up hard  
(Oh child things are gonna get easier)