

W.C., The Shadiest One

Intro: WC

Yeah, ain't nothing changed, know what I'm saying?

Still the same old same old, W.C. still in effect

Yo, break it down Jinx

Verse One: WC

Damn, suckers got me picking up my pen again

Swinging on my jock like Tarzan

Looking for a change, hoping my head swoll

Thinking I'm rich cause I made a little video

Shaking my hand, yeah right, now I'm a cool brother

But as soon as I step off, you're calling me a sucker

Mad, because I bust a Benz on Lorenzos

Hanging on the boulevard fronting on the flow show

You know it's funny when you start making money

Every Tom, Dick, and Harry want to be your buddy

The same ones that dissed ya, now it's a list of

First to riff, now they all on your dick, yo

I'm looking at you laughing, popping your lip

Ripping my zipper onstage, can pay the bail with a limp

Y'all don't want to give it up to me now that I'm getting pumped

Run around like Calamine, the same old Dub

Do I know where I come from, who's my friends?

Who's responsible for this little spot that I'm in?

Yo, I see them all playing in my car when I drive by

Telling all my homies "Yo, he ain't that fly"

The beat just cause I made a record the record

So please don't make me better than the next man, erase that gameplan

Cause I'm still down to bust a cap then backslap

Those who pop rap at the mouth like Ex-Lax

And those who wanna test me, step right up, bro

My number's the same, oh by the way, it's in the ghetto

I'm sorry that I can't flaunt the fortune and fame

But when it comes to the Dub (Ain't a damn thing changed)

Verse Two: Coolio

Ain't a damn thing changed, sucker, how could ya figure?

Coolio and Crazy Toons will never sell out, nigga

Sporting khakis and T-shirts, beanies and Starter caps

And land funky raps on the dop tracks

Should I dance on it for a couple of dollars?

Or sell away my soul to put a rope on my collar?

I was taken from the missed of the lost and missing

Rapping on dark road on my way to prison

Stuck me in the studio, put me on the radio

Told me to perpetrate like I was a hero

I ain't with that, Toons got my back

Do I have to use a gat to show you where I'm at?

Or pose with a forty ounce and fake like a killer

With a long black Cack like a small-time dope dealer

Diamonds on my finger and women at my feet

A house that I don't own and no respect on the street

Might be detained, cause I ain't trying

Let me explain, when it comes to Coolio (Ain't a damn thing changed)

Verse Three: WC

Whoever said living in the spotlight is simple as one, two, three

Ha, they must have been sipping on a Twizzeline?

Cause man I ain't used to this unusual behavior

Who wants a friendly neighbor?

Girls way back that told me to go to hell

Is sitting backstage, want to go to the motel

MC's that pretending that they was down from the giddy up

Trying to call you by your first name and stuff

Yo, and all these fake promoters stepping to the Circle

Remember how you treated us 12 months ago?

Yo, you didn't know bro, now you want a show

Toons tell 'em what's up (Give it up sucker duck)
Yeah, remember that the capital W told ya
Suckers don't fade me, popping hogging my jock
I keep to myself and I step with the pep
The lyrics of death, tell me how it sounds, G (Cool)
Waord, since I have to prove that I'm the same
And still remain dropping dogs in this rap game
To make it all simple and plain
Well let me put it like this: (Ain't a damn thing changed)