Things Change

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
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 problemAll 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 dirtChose to bang the neighborhood, I put in so much work
Did a whole lot of time, caused mom so much hurt
On every thang that boy wasn't gunned on purpose
Who knew that all my darkness was really gon' surfaceI 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 seatWas 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 goNigga things, change, dem stay the same
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I put that work in to win, no problemYeah, now walkin' down the block without ya 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[Unverified] 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 GodEither 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 onEngagin' 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 piranha, niggaNigga things, change, dem stay the same
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I put that work in to win, no problemWhat 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 painI'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 RangeYour 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 chainNigga things, change, dem stay the same
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