

# Old Ways

## Chiddy Bang

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Uh, yeah and how the saying go 'Things change'  
Skinny dude, but the flow is the size of Ving Rhames  
Pennies from my thoughts add up, I hope you bring change  
I know these haters ain't want me to see my wings raise Flowin' shoes polishin', rappers I demolish it  
I done lost my mind, they needed a psychologist  
They could care less back when I was still in colleges  
And now the boy be in London, Theophilus It's tough tryin' to end up on the paid route  
The flow is medium rare, now bring a steak out  
This is my medium here, see how it plays out  
They all buggin' me, I gotta pull a raid out Using it sparingly, forever will they cherish me  
Before I black out, introduce my moment of clarity I'm not the same, style change  
But I can leave the game  
Now I'm right back to my old ways  
I take life so slow, every minute gotta go Now I'm right back to my old ways  
We only here for a little  
So I'm somewhere in the middle  
And I'm right back to my old ways I'm not the same, style change  
But I can leave the game  
Now I'm right back to my old ways Let's take them back to days when we had no radio plays  
And we had to change up our ways  
'Cause success brings difference, tryin' to keep it clean  
While they litterin', snakes in the grass, they try to slither in The rose that grew from concrete, not witherin'  
And it's life so fast, the lights keep flickerin'  
What goes around comes back and that's the karma truth  
I log onto my closet, that shit is karma loop So I get a little fresh  
My teachers used to hate me but now I could pass the test  
Got confidence, subconsciousness  
Makes me overlook all of my many accomplishments But see I get it like nobody else did  
I found a deeper meaning, know what sense of self is  
And I'ma die of old age  
And stay true I reverted back to my old ways I'm not the same, style change  
But I can leave the game

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