

NEVER CHANGE

Kevin Gates

[Verse 1:]

Pretty hair

Puerta Rican shawty don't like thugs

Baby mothers proud of me

She think I don't sell drugs

Nights without the rubber, emergency contraceptive

Eat the pill or the steel I'm workin I'm gettin better

I'm surfacin' in my section

I'm lurkin' I'm with my weapon

It's personal when I catch em

I'm perfect get personaler

For certain you betta' tell him

If he ever try to cross us

Don't take kind to taken losses

In the bottom it get real around here

Trap girl

Whatchu mean?

We be up all night

Boomin' speakers, Neck freezin' this that shit y'all like

Whoever play the biggest piece that's the dick y'all bite

Arm hangin' out the window glisten wrist all ice

Listen, this is where it kinda get fishy

Pay attention

House clique special response mission they goin' in and

Bail bondsman and the lawyer retarded gon' getchu lost a hundred racks

Jacked by the plug they goin' in it[Hook:]

This one goes out to my niggas in the penitentiary shackled in the chains

And the prayers go up to the family members victims of the game

And this street life and the streets all night we cook and sell cocaine

Ballin, flossin Takin losses what comes with the game

Never change (Change, change, change, change, change, change, change)

And this street life and the streets all night we cook and sell cocaine

Ballin, flossin Takin losses what comes with the game[Verse 2:]

Father God I been betrayed

Never knew what it was like to be used

Never had a father figure confused as a youth

Movin' with dudes who Was cooler

The public viewed us as losers

I mean I need some new sneaker

Breakin' and enterin' foolishness (Whatchu doin?)
Big Beeze done seen us goin' hard
One day he pull up in the yard
He like, Look Kevin man let's grab a bite
Let's go sit down and talk
The neighborhood under pressure
Kevin you and them niggas raw
Cousin got a chop shop
I can pay you for stolen cars
Block full of that brick
Steady rollin' cigars
12 street servin' fiends
Police patrolin' in cars
Big London put that work in my life no holdin' nuts
I done played the house
Be strict and cold and control the cuts
Servin' dope to toaster close
Got smokers approaching us
Traffic through the back alley
Got costumers strollin' up
Same year, shrimp dead
I took control of the slum
Carolina Street the bottom embrace me with open arms[Hook]

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