

Thing's Gon' Change

Ja Rule

First off, fuck the snitch and that Unit he claim
Fuck Dre partial and Eminem
Plus, the world heard it before, they tired of them
And they waitin' for that thug shit from Rule again
And proff can bomb proff your hummer then
Put a vest on yourself and your children
Should you be scared of death for them murderin'
Niggaz who like to put lil' holes through kids'
In case y'all ain't heard about my savages
They'll kidnap yo' kids, throw em' over a bridge
Got em' reminiscing to N O T O R I O U S
You just, lay down slow
I blaze out in the six while letting the fifth go
I think big as if I was wanted on Death Row
We the world famous, Murder Inc. we infamous
Fo' making bangers and, and bangin' hammers shit
Thing's gon' change
I ain't gon' lie when the heat wave high
E'ybody gotta die
Thing's gon' change
You better believe it, we stoppin' niggaz from breathin'
Poppin' niggaz, then leavin'
Thing's gon' change
One way or another, we gangsta's from the gutta
We a-shot ya then cut cha'
Thing's gon' change
Ja, you ain't never lie when the heat wave high
E'ybody gotta die
As I sit back, relax, cuttin' crack, loadin' gats
I think about these sexy rappers that I wanna clap
I'll probably go to jail fo' sending '50' to hell
If I lay banks down, yayo, going down
Fatal' will help him write his raps in brown
Black Child is black now, Rule is crack sells
'I G', nigga, the boss of all bosses
Making money off of music, murder and torture
Who got what it cost for a coffin?
Nigga, you a dead man walking, this is extortion
We organized crime, everybody's crying

While all of y'all dying when the Ian's stary flyin'
Down the public, wanna polly about peace
Well, fuck peace 'cause this nigga half police
And Black Child is half man, half beast
And I'm a give all y'all niggaz a half a clip a piece
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It's time to address the public
Niggaz is frontin' like when we see them, we ain't dumpin'
Shot's tryna lay something down, homie, it's nothin'
When you dealin' with real gangstas
That a pop and erase ya, my dog's ain't playin', man
Whenever we see you, we leaving you there
And ain't no aftermath after these shot's flare
Nigga, we get it poppin', bang like crip's and blood's
And ain't shit change
I still keep a bandanna and pack gun's nigga
You better watch you mouth, fo' I rip yo' face off
And everybody you with gon' jet the fuck off
You's ain't gansta, you sweet as ducksauce
D' plays no games, pop the fuck off
O' you want war, everybody gon' get clipped the fuck off
Everybody know your block is buzzed off
We got big ball's, pay off ten fo' walk with the fifth ball
Bangin' on Crenshaw
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50 Cent, is that what this is all about?
2 punk ass, mothafuckin' [Incomprehensible]

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