

# Never Change

Bill Conti

Yo A, what's goin' on?  
Yo yo, what up baby boy?  
What's the deal, my nigga?  
Look at you, lookin' like money  
You know what it is? Yeah  
You know what it is? Yeah  
It's been 2 or 3 years, right?  
I know, I been a minute right?  
I know man, listen here  
It's all good tho, you know I'm maintaining  
You lookin' good though, baby boy  
I mean whatever, let's get it poppin'  
Alright, well, I'm with you, gimme your number  
No doubt, no doubt  
Here go my number right here  
You know the happenings, homies just yapping and  
Hand shaking, laughing and exchanging all they math again  
You usually lose touch when you traveling  
A few dudes bruise up in the battling  
Parked on Madison across from the Radison  
We talked about the taddling some niggaz did in Maryland  
Plus discussed, no homicides unraveling  
I asked was he dabbling he laughed and said he managing  
His Cardi frames was as clear as a camera lens  
He hardly changed, I was near in comparison  
We joked about how police choked him out  
And he claimed as far as fame, I had enough to bust in Operas mouth  
In other words, I was up in clout  
And from the curb I need to pull a Larry Bird 'fore I'm up and out  
Without a sound, snatch my Guinness off the ground  
Rose up, gave him a pound and told him, "Homie, hold it down"  
You know the game insane in the brain  
Big thangs in the Range, real niggaz never change  
And though we homies and we no longer hang  
You know you know me and that love still remains  
So through the fame, through the fire and the flames  
I adapt to the pain, real niggaz do the same  
And though we homies and we no longer hang  
You know you know me and that love still remains

It was Tuesday when I saw him, figured Friday I could call him  
Woke up early Wednesday morning, flew a chick in from New Orleans  
She ain't that average bitch who be dogging for dick  
You know them chicks that get you sick when they keep calling  
Up in Nostrum's for a fresh pair of the Force 'em  
Of course, with footwear I be that first nigga that sport 'em  
Caught 'em before the salesman's even had time to assort 'em  
Bought 'em before any celeb stylist Eva saw 'em  
Warm, soon as I copped 'em in the spot playing possum  
Debating my destination, lacing, weighing my options  
Celly started rocking, I answered, "What's poppin'?"  
They answered and said, "They shot him, now the hood got a problem"

I had to swallow, reaching out for my water bottle  
Tryin' to figure what nigga, why and by who then  
Before you know it, the other voice told it  
It was homie from the old click I just seemed to spoke with  
Oh shit, this can't be serious, that's my word  
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It's Doe or Die, we survive till we slain  
And it's no surprise, homie was prolly high when they came  
I know the guy, he was fly, him and I was the same  
A Gemini, with a status symbolized as his name  
Godly trained, he could camoflage on any terrain  
Cardi frames, we go back like bottles and James  
It's a shame 'cuz they say his baby mom is to blame  
But nonchalantly, I refrained 'cuz it constantly changed  
From close range somebody please slowly explain  
If they just wanted some jewels, why didn't they go for the chain?  
If they just wanted some news, they coulda left him in his Hanes  
But no, they just left a nigga breathless and banged  
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