

# If I Could Change

## Master P

Fast livin' got me trapped in this street game  
Before I die I hope I have a chance to make a change  
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I'm at the time in my life when a nigga ready to change  
I'll be dead or in jail if I don't shake this thang  
Feel like I'm trapped in a prison, slowly waiting to die  
It's getting harder for my people, yet we don't know why  
They cuttin' sistas off welfare, these kids can't eat  
And it's the children like [Incomprehensible] turned out by the street  
I couldn't see it while I was outside slangin' my rocks  
Servin' death to my people, commit in the ultimate evil  
Robbin' and killin' my own kind, Lord forgive me  
Blinded by this life of crime, God somebody hear me  
Since the death of my momma, my life is filled with drama  
Lost both of my kids, punished for what dirt that I did  
I can't bring 'em back, so I get high to forget  
All the mistakes that I made, that time won't let me erase  
I keep my head up high but I'm stuck in this game  
Steady checkin' myself, God help me to change  
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If I could change, I'd bring my momma back from the grave  
I ain't got too much trouble cause we livin' in the last days  
Crime pays, doing broads can get you AIDS  
Gotta wear a strap these days  
All the time I stay high, trying to fight my stress  
Jealous fool of the world trying to put me to rest  
Last night I had a talk with my momma

Then I cried, asking God if she'd serve a purpose before she dies  
You can see it in my eyes, a brotha want to slow down  
I ain't mad at ya daddy 'cause you didn't come around  
I'm knowing that the times is hard but you can make it  
You see the opportunity, you take it  
But what about my little baby, I got a mouth to feed  
But I still want to hang on the streets and smoke weed with the O.G.'s  
My homies rest in peace in the game  
I don't think you'll ever know the pain, I want to change  
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Lord know, picture me ballin'  
Trapped in this ghetto with my young G's callin'  
Henacee and weed when they bury P  
A quarter key, 6 G's, when they carry me  
Fall on my knees to no nigga  
Trapped in this hood, raised by chrome trigga  
Never had a pops, a nigga learned to slang cream  
Should have been a chemist, the way I work a triple beam  
Life, is like a page, I want to turn  
I want to make a change but Lord you let my brotha burn  
I done seen a nigga lose his life over zurcubian stones  
Every night, my auntie bring a nigga home  
Momma worrying 'cause the rent late  
3 strikes, my cousin's doing time upstate  
I sent him Camel with no filters  
I'm in the ghetto slangin' stones with straight killas, uh  
I know kids that pack gats 'cause they 'bout it, 'bout it  
I'm from the murder capital of the world and we rowdy, rowdy  
Is there a heaven for a gangsta, Lord put me to sleep  
'Cause your best friend turn into your enemy  
Crooked cops is dirty in this shaded game  
Go on take me out the ghetto  
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