Things Done Changed

The Notorious B.I.G.

Remember back in the days, when niggaz had waves
Gazelle shades, and corn braids
Pitchin pennies, honies had the high top jellies
Shootin skelly, motherfuckers was all friendly
Loungin at the barbeques, drinkin brews
With the neighborhood crews, hangin on the avenues
Turn your pagers, to nineteen ninety three
Niggaz is gettin smoked g, believe me
Talk slick, you get your neck slit quick
Cause real street niggaz ain't havin that shit
Totin techs for rep, smokin blunts in the project
Hallways, shootin dice all day
Wait for niggaz to step up on some fightin shit
We get hype and shit and start lifin shit
So step away with your fist fight ways
Motherfucker this ain't back in the days, but you don't hear me though

No more cocoa leave-io, one two three
One two three, all of this to me, is a mystery
I hear you motherfuckers talk about it
But I stay seein bodies with the motherfuckin chalk around it
And I'm down with the shit too
For the stupid motherfuckers wanna try to use kung-fu
Instead of a mac-10 he tried scrappin
Slugs in his back and, that's what the fucks happenin
When you sleep on the street
Little motherfuckers with heat, want ta leave a nigga six feet deep
And we comin to the wake
To make sure the cryin and commotion ain't a motherfuckin fake
Back in the days, our parents used to take care of us
Look at em now, they even fuckin scared of us
Callin the city for help because they can't maintain
Damn, shit done changed

If I wasn't in the rap game
I'd probably have a key knee deep in the crack game
Because the streets is a short stop
Either you're slingin crack rock or you got a wicked jumpshot
Shit, it's hard being young from the slums

Eatin five cent gums not knowin where your meals comin from
And now the shit's gettin crazier and major
Kids younger than me, they got the sky grand pagers
Goin outta town, blowin up
Six months later all the dead bodies showin up
It make me wanna grab the nine and the shottie
But I gotta go identify the body
Damn, what happened to the summertime cookouts?
Everytime I turn around a nigga gettin took out
Shit, my momma got cancer in her breast
Don't ask me why I'm motherfuckin stressed, things done changed
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