Things Done Changed

Fulton Lights

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 friendlyLoungin' at the barbecues, drinkin' brews
With the neighborhood crews, hangin' on the avenues
Turn your pagers to nineteen ninety three
Niggaz is gettin' smoked G, believe meTalk 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 dayWait for niggaz to step up on some fightin' shit
We get hype and shit and start liftin' shit
So step away with your fist fight ways
Motherfucker, this ain't back in the days
But you don't hear me thoughNo 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 itAnd 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 fuck happens
When you sleep on the streetLittle motherfuckers with heat want
To leave a nigga six feet deep
And we comin' to the wake
To make sure the cryin' and commotion
Ain't a motherfuckin' fakeBack 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 changedIf 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 jump shotShit, 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' upSix months later all the dead bodies showin' up
It make me wanna grab the nine and the shottie
But I gotta go identify the bodyDamn, what happened to the summertime cookouts?
Every time 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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