Never Change

Kevin Gates

[Verse 1:]
Pretty hair
Puerta Rican shawty don't like thugs
Baby mothers proud of me
She think I don't sell drugs
Nights without the rubber, emergency contraceptive
Eat the pill or the steel I'm workin I'm gettin better
I'm surfacin' in my section
I'm lurkin' I'm with my weapon
It's personal when I catch em
I'm perfect get personaler
For certain you betta' tell him
If he ever try to cross us
Don't take kind to taken losses
In the bottom it get real around here
Trap girl
Whatchu mean?
We be up all night
Boomin' speakers, Neck freezin' this that shit y'all like
Whoever play the biggest piece that's the dick y'all bite
Arm hangin' out the window glisten wrist all ice
Listen, this is where it kinda get fishy
Pay attention
House clique special response mission they goin' in and
Bail bondsman and the lawyer retarded gon' getchu lost a hundred racks
Jacked by the plug they goin' in it[Hook:]
This one goes out to my niggas in the penitentiary shackled in the chains
And the prayers go up to the family members victims of the game
And this street life and the streets all night we cook and sell cocaine
Ballin, flossin Takin losses what comes with the game
Never change (Change, change, change, change, change, change, change)
And this street life and the streets all night we cook and sell cocaine
Ballin, flossin Takin losses what comes with the game[Verse 2:]
Father God I been betrayed
Never knew what it was like to be used
Never had a father figure confused as a youth
Movin' with dudes who Was cooler
The public viewed us as losers
I mean I need some new sneaker

Breakin' and enterin' foolishness (Whatchu doin?)
Big Beeze done seen us goin' hard
One day he pull up in the yard
He like, Look Kevin man let's grab a bite
Let's go sit down and talk
The neighborhood under pressure
Kevin you and them niggas raw
Cousin got a chop shop
I can pay you for stolen cars
Block full of that brick
Steady rollin' cigars
12 street servin' fiends
Police patrollin' in cars
Big London put that work in my life no holdin' nuts
I done played the house
Be strict and cold and control the cuts
Servin' dope to toaster close
Got smokers approaching us
Traffic through the back alley
Got costumers strollin' up
Same year, shrimp dead
I took control of the slum
Carolina Street the bottom embrace me with open arms[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/