

# 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 patrolin' 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]

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