never change

Pink Razors

Yo A, what's goin' on?
Yo yo, what up baby boy?
What's the deal, my nigga?
Look at you, lookin' like money
You know what it is? Yeah
You know what it is? Yeah
It's been 2 or 3 years, right?
I know, I been a minute right?
I know man, listen here
It's all good tho, you know I'm maintaining
You lookin' good though, baby boy
I mean whatever, let's get it poppin'
Alright, well, I'm with you, gimme your number
No doubt, no doubt
Here go my number right here
You know the happenings, homies just yapping and
Hand shaking, laughing and exchanging all they math again
You usually lose touch when you traveling
A few dudes bruise up in the battling
Parked on Madison across from the Radison
We talked about the taddling some niggaz did in Maryland
Plus discussed, no homicides unraveling
I asked was he dabbling he laughed and said he managing
His Cardi frames was as clear as a camera lens
He hardly changed, I was near in comparison
We joked about how police choked him out
And he claimed as far as fame, I had enough to bust in Operas mouth
In other words, I was up in clout
And from the curb I need to pull a Larry Bird 'fore I'm up and out
Without a sound, snatch my Guinness off the ground
Rose up, gave him a pound and told him, "Homie, hold it down"
You know the game insane in the brain
Big thangs in the Range, real niggaz never change
And though we homies and we no longer hang
You know you know me and that love still remains
So through the fame, through the fire and the flames
I adapt to the pain, real niggaz do the same
And though we homies and we no longer hang
You know you know me and that love still remains

It was Tuesday when I saw him, figured Friday I could call him
Woke up early Wednesday morning, flew a chick in from New Orleans
She ain't that average bitch who be dogging for dick
You know them chicks that get you sick when they keep calling
Up in Nostrum's for a fresh pair of the Force 'em
Of course, with footwear I be that first nigga that sport 'em
Caught 'em before the salesmen's even had time to assort 'em
Bought 'em before any celeb stylist Eva saw 'em
Warm, soon as I copped 'em in the spot playing possum
Debating my destination, lacing, weighing my options
Celly started rocking, I answered, "What's poppin'?"
They answered and said, "They shot him, now the hood got a problem"

I had to swallow, reaching out for my water bottle
Tryin' to figure what nigga, why and by who then
Before you know it, the other voice told it
It was homie from the old click I just seemed to spoke with
Oh shit, this can't be serious, that's my word
You know the game insane in the brain
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And though we homies and we no longer hang
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It's Doe or Die, we survive till we slain
And it's no surprise, homie was prolly high when they came
I know the guy, he was fly, him and I was the same
A Gemini, with a status symbolized as his name
Godly trained, he could camoflage on any terrain
Cardi frames, we go back like bottles and James
It's a shame 'cuz they say his baby mom is to blame
But nonchalantly, I refrained 'cuz it constantly changed
From close range somebody please slowly explain
If they just wanted some jewels, why didn't they go for the chain?
If they just wanted some news, they coulda left him in his Hanes
But no, they just left a nigga breathless and banged
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