

Same Ol' Shit

B.G.

What's happening (what's happening)
You know it's real in the field (real, really real)
You know it's real in the hood (all the way)
It's just real in the ghetto
From my block to your block (my block to your block)
From my set to your set (my set to your set)
It be the same ol' shit
Nation wide
Look

Everyday seems like the same ol' shit
Eight years waking up to the same ol' bitch
Only thing, hang with the same ol' clique
Chopper City and we bought to train till the end
Slim got killed, you gone see him in the bricks
Nigga gotta jacking leave his brains in a ditch
Every morning dope fiends looking for a fix
They sick, fuck it they'll use they dog fit
Everywhere a nigga breaking the same ol' laws
All ending up behind the same ol' bars
If they third time getting caught for the same charge
It's they second time getting popped by Serge
Me and mah niggaz making' the same ol' wish
To be like Pac, and fuck with Smith bitch
Nigga mouth always be the reason the Feds hit
Them soft niggaz always be the first ones to snitch

Everywhere a nigga go
They do the same ol' shit
Everybody a nigga know
They do the same ol' shit
Every time I'm holding mah eyes
I see the same ol' shit
What's going to happen when nigga dies
The same ol' shit

Look
The same ol' that
Same ol' this
Everywhere in America, the same ol' shit
Brains get bust
Corpse get left in a ditch
Them laws role up, but nigga don't know shit
Mah neck of the woods, I was taught to never snitch
I swore to the Lord, I'll never stand on a bench
You want that work
I know who got the cheap price
When them killas move they be under the street lights
My lil' dog got shot
I'd been in a tight spots
Situations when I ain't know if I am die or not
So you don't gotta ask me why I act like I act
But if you hating' on me I'd be forced to react
I had shot glock 9's
Been through hard times
Did enough shit in my life to make the headlines
Niggaz mah age in the under line dog

Only way you could stop me if you press charges

It's the same ol' shit
Ounces for dro over six
But in the drought bought some 15 grams or 500 tech shit
Make her stack up a zip quick
Hits me with that jack shit
You bought going to war for yours I'm bought the same ol' shit
You takes one of mine we doing' the same ol' shit
Eye for eye and its ride or die and it's as real as its gone get
The dope game and the rap game, it's the same ol' shit
You closest daughter get cut though trying' to hit mah lick
Jail ain't going to stop a nigga from doing the same ol' shit
We get probation, come home and its back to the same shit
Get a strap and I'ma bang it
Get a package and slang it
When it's gone you going to replace it
And do the same ol' shit
No disrespect to the West, but we ain't on that gang shit
It'll be one nigga, one key in broad day to come bang shit
It'll be the same ol' hit
The same nigga that sent
When they try to get you before for killing his brother he ain't forget

Lot of niggaz be bitches, talking the same ol' shit
How they reeling' when they going down, brain getting split
Grabbing, crying and dragging it be the same ol' lick
Trying to get lifted for chips, but it'll change so quick
Lot of hoes I be dicking and kicking, it'll be the same ol' shit
They only sucking and fucking me, but they name on the strip
Saying they pregnant after I hit, but the condom getting ripped
Swear to God I'm the father, get it all and get to come harder
When I was born my mother taught me bought the same ol' shit
Don't let know body step on your toes, your ain't know bitch
Hoes getting niggaz caught up for the same ol' shit
Thinking what u you think is smarter and you ain't gone slip
Every nigga that's working, doing the same ol' shit
Flying with the same switch just in, same ol' bitch
Respect the code till I go, I'ma do the same ol' shit
Smoke weed and get high till I die, and it ain't gone quit

My niggaz holla, but it's the same ol' shit
VL look out for me, nigga front me a brick
That's why I'm still riding with the same ol' clip
That's why I never left with the same ol' clique
Mah nigga get outta line, make me hang yo bitch
The only nigga that get ignorant and bring this shit
Since '95 I been rocking like this
Black bandanas, and taking them hits
Dog get at me still the same ol' nigga
My rap sheets, they just got a lil' bigger
An NOPD still harassing a nigga
And them Haitians still taxing a nigga
Them Chopper City Boyz running this year
Which one of you clowns would come in this hear
Every time I look around it's the same ol' Vic
Ain't nothing change in the hood, it's the same ol' shit

[Chorus: x2]