

Life Ain't The Same

Crucial Conflict

Hook:

Life just ain't the same
(Life ain't the same)
Life just ain't the same
(Coming up in the new game)
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(Coming up in the new game)

Verse 1: WildStyle

I know I gotta make my life right
Cause this shit ain't just nothing nice
Niggas in the hood wanna take my life
Wid a knife so I strap up every night
This game ain't no joke
I pray to God I don't get smoked
Never trust no hoe woulda known that
Bitch would set me up she gotta go uh,
Thinking back in the days when I played
But now I see that life is real,
I got a shorty to make my name live
If I get killed, but I ain't no bitch
That nigga that try ta get me gon'
Have a hard time, let's see when I pop
That damn nine, paralyze yo ass from head ta spine
I live a life of crime,
Niggas like me keep mommas crying
I think I'ma lose my damn mind
If I do some damn time
Gotta watch my back and pack a gat
That's how the game goes
Times change how they bang
Life just ain't the same no more

Hook

Verse 2: Cold Hard

Sittin, wid a shorty,
They box, but they shoot not
Talking that shit you wanna gangbang
Well we gon' show ya how
Try ta kill me
I'ma try ta kill you
Dick, what you think you slick
Ain't no love here but hate
Demonstrate, bring yo clique
Tell them folks in the hood
Ya coming up making cash flow, GOOFY!
How the fuck you claim ta be a pimp
You punk ass hoe,
I'ma come from the back and rock ya knot

Take yo pack and run yo spot
If you strapped show me what you got
Being a chief gon' get you shot
Betta get on it niggas I creep wid
So you got ta be fast
It ain't the same, shit done changed
That's yo ass if you don't blast,
And you fucked up trying ta go to war
Now it's on every night and day
This is serious, ta game any joker
Less it's gun play, bi-otch!!

Hook

Verse 3: Never

Creeping ain't no sleeping
Life ain't the same in the game
Nowadays it's hectic, had to make up my mind
Found myself drifting in the wrong direction
Back up in the old days,
Niggas used to fist up on the block
Capping ain't no thing to me
When you wanna get rubbed
Nigga pull that glock, but I kept on focus
Everytime I start to think bullets scatter
Have a man caught up in the system's
Making us brothers ratter tatter
And I really don't give a fuck
My attitude is in the indo
It ain't gon' never be no old days
In the ghetto no more
So you betta get a grip on reality
And triz-out, I make a wiz-a
Coming up in the new day's a damn shame
Nigga might think that it's still the same
But the shit they made ain't nothing change
Coming up in this fucking game
Tryin' ta make it in the new days man

Hook

Verse 4: Kilo

You know from what I can see
Life just ain't the same now
I don't give a fuck no more
And I ain't afraid ta die
I'ma be all I can be
Fuck who try ta top me
Down wid tha gangbangalistic shit
From the eighties to the nineties
Nowadays we gotta wreck shit
Niggas coming up wid they clique stick
Gangbang about a bitch
Jealous cause a nigga slick
What the hell is this shit?
Youse supposed to be legit
Talking all that pimp shit
Nothing but a sweet fig
I bet I ain't gon' be the one
Kissing up to no nigga's ass
Just because they say he bad

Get his bitch bump then he sad
Crying like a baby
Life ain't like it was punk
Betta get on top of yours
Fo you fuck around and get gunned,
Punk.

Hook