

Same Niggas

Mase

Uh, yeah, yeah
Shit is crazy, yo
(I feel you though, nigga)
Who woulda ever thought, same nigga's
It'd be them same nigga's
(You are the same nigga, though)
Same nigga that couldn't get the deal
Now I'm the hottest nigga wit a deal
(You ain't changed a bit)

Yo, niggas never got nothin' good to say, quick to blame
'Fore you judge me feel my pain
You know it ain't a vest in the world that could shield my reign
You ain't got money for the gas bitch, get out the range
Got welcomed to the game wit' like 4 mil' and change
Nigga's feelin' like I changed, but I'm feelin the same
So who cares if they beg to differ
When all them nigga's that beg to differ
Is cokeheads and sniffers
Take me for example, least I made it
You think nigga's in the hood should appreciate it
By time it's happy birthday its gon' be belated
When you me, everything you do get exaggerated
You miss a nigga pound they gon' say you flipped out
Take a piss in the street they say you pulled your dick out
As a youth it's just a lot of shit I wanna live out
Got alot of friends but only had a few when I was without
Same niggas I was starvin', couldn't get a crumb from
Sometimes I think, where all these mother fuckers come from
I needed money for school, couldn't get no ones from
Got jumped in the park and couldn't get the guns from
Instead of rollin' wit a clique, roll wit my sis
Hell no, these motherfuckers can't hold my stick
You think I care if they get mad? I don't owe them shit
Wanna hold sumthin' hold my dick, nigga

- We might be from a different hood
But we the same nigga's
(That's just the way it is)
Don't be thinkin' shit all good
It be them same nigga's
Same nigga's get caught, blame niggas
Same nigga's, go to court and name, nigga's
(Some things will never change)

It be them same nigga's
Man, regardless how you feel
(It's the way it is)
It be the same motherfuckers that'll get you killed
Them same nigga's, them same nigga's, them same nigga's
Them same nigga's
That's why I don't fuck wit niggas

I got a brotha named Ant, right? Glad to be home
Been through a lot of shit so I'm glad to be grown
But yo', where were these freaks when I had no jeeps
Livin on 34th street and we ain't have no heat

'Cross from P.S. 92, 7th and 8th
Asked you for dough and you said "no" dead in my face
But now that I'm on, it's like I owe everybody somethin'
All my niggas dead so everybody frontin'
Same kid's went to Catholic school is dealers
And same nigga's had no heart is now killers
Sometimes I reminisce on what I said in the mist
But even when I dream, it wasn't better than this
But actually, the nigga's who would scrap for me
Or go as far as getting guns and clap for me
Ain't even here to get a platinum plaque for me
I talk to them but they don't talk back to me
I ain't know you that long so ain't much I can ask of you
And when I reminisce I can't take it back wit' you
I can't ask "Yo' what happen to my nigga Black or Q?"
So I don't really need to rap wit you, ya know?

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Yo', I figured if we All Out, it's all right
As long as when we all brawl we all fight
I'm under nigga's hoses like roses
Here I am, M A dolla-sign E nigga, fear no man
Nigga hit me in the mouth and we bound to fight
Just call my bluff and it be on tonight
I got words of a madman tatooed on my arm
Ain't fuckin wit my sister cuz I'm mad at my mom
Blink sayin', "That ain't you wit a gat in your palm"
But Blink, it's either that or be harmed
So the doctor give me pills for the wound, stitch my flesh
Give a nigga last wish so he could pick his death
So my sister wanna rap and I wish her the best
But I would never wanna wish her my stress
Cause it's like when I hurt, y'all laugh
They put me on every forecast sayin' that I bought ass
So I drink a tall glass before I spaz
Then I take it like a man and let it all pass
I wanted big bucks, no whammys, understand me
I show nigga's love and nigga's underhand me
Then they wonder why I want no family
What I need a hooker for, gettin' head from
And I fear when New Year's come, cuz it might be the year
A good nigga die cuz when you good life ain't fair
Like you call on the saints but the saints don't hear
You could cry to the Lord, its like Christ don't hear
So instead of hood winking I give you the plain facts
If I never change, how I'm gon' change back, explain that
They sayin' Mase ain't the same cat

But every time you get robbed I get ya chain back
Them same nigga's
Them same nigga's
Them same nigga's
Them same nigga's
That's why I don't fuck wit niggas

It's crazy like that, you know what I'm saying?
You'll be tellin' a nigga you got a deal
He think that that shit come with Rollies
And they come wit' Benz's
Come with Bentleys and houses and shit
They don't need no one to work, a nigga quitin'