

# Never The Same

Ronnie Radke

This is dedicated to all those critics  
All you social sites  
All you WiFi gangsters  
Talk shit about this!  
Fucking Bitch

I took a turn for the worse again, for stickin' my neck out for another friend  
And this is what I get for being too nice, people wonder why I'm a fucking dick  
What you would do if you had the world  
Watching every move that you make up for  
And everywhere that you ain't, you got a bitch tryna get you to admit it's s  
titching for attention, damn  
That's the price of fame  
I sold my soul into a ball of flame  
That ball of flame is what keeps me lit, spill my heart in every bar and every line I spit  
When that camera clicks and they're snapping pics, this is everything that I'm mentioning  
This is the moment, I'll never let go of it, ready or not I'm about to take over it  
Paparazzi, snappin' shots  
Kamikaze, droppin' bombs  
Family first, millionaire, debt reverse, heir to the chair  
I reign supreme in every genre, stackin' that cheese, no lasagna  
King of the jungle, Mufasa Mufasa  
No worries for me, Hakuna-Matata!  
Droppin' on the beat without a doubt or referee so need a piece up on a piece up on the mother fuckin' brink  
You better think before ya blink cause I'm about to fuckin' swing hittin' everything I see in front of me, don't fuck with me  
I'm killing every verse from the first word to the last verb, I'ma pass church like a bastard pastor  
Last chapter, Mr. Mathers, wordest rapper, for the sake of crackers to get the last word

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(Never gonna be the same)  
(Never gonna be the same)  
All I do is win, all I do is win  
This is it, this is everything to me  
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I'm chillin' on that sofa, hot like Arizona  
The scene up in that coma, I'm a wake 'em up just like I'm folgers!  
I'm a fucking soldier, never got my diploma  
I'm up in them Cadillac's my teacher drive Toyota! HA  
I don't give a fuck bro (I don't give a fuck bro)  
And I don't call it luck though  
I'm a fucking cut-throat  
Bitch I got that recipe, mix it into a masterpiece  
I'm rappin' in a rap-less scene

I stand on top of that balcony, and all I see surrounding me  
Is tragedy, I spread my wings and vow to be the man to be  
My chemistry, insymmetry, is made of gold like alchemy  
I found things, so proud to be, is anyone gonna say they doubted me?!

Burn motherfucka burn  
Watch how fast I can take this turn  
In a car I never thought I'd have, man I can honestly say I've earned  
And I've learned from the best, cursed to bless, stressin' less, most-  
certain yes  
I'm better than I've ever been, no doubt about a champion, it's happenin' I'  
m stacking in and I'll never go back to that life

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Rock and roll, solid gold  
Rocket shows, heart on froze  
Colder than 50 below, freezing the road, like Eskimo homes when I flow  
Exposition, exposé  
Consecutive hits, but my name ain't José  
Conseco motherfucking leggo my ego, and motherfucking bitches good at the de  
ep throat  
Bitch! Suck a dick  
Lickety split  
Fucking stick shift I'm a stick with  
Bitch! Switchin' lanes, checkin' my engine  
Liftin' rims off while I'm thriftin'  
Suck on a dip-stick, been in a ditch, damn  
It's just like a trailer and I'll never get hitched in  
Spittin' like a drain up on the dip in the kitchen  
Pussies won't shove from the friction I'm gettin'  
Gimme a break, gimme a break, gimme a break of that kitty cat click clack pl  
ow  
Fuckin hard, knowin' them I'll keep on raisin the bar, stuck in a park, peel  
in' herb from the dark  
Livin' in a sequel like Return of Jaffar  
Killing competition like a Honda Accord  
With the brakes cut goin' about 104, foot to the floor, strap to the door  
Crash, glass, snatch-n-grab, your motherfuckin' ass shoulda grabbed the gat  
Ambulance, clear the ditch, had to come and pull your ass up out of the dash  
That's what you get for fucking with me  
I told you motherfuckers I'll be running these streets  
Do not confuse who I have to be, compared to everything that I've done and s  
een!

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