

# Things Done Changed

The Notorious B.I.G.

Remember back in the days, when niggaz had waves  
Gazelle shades, and corn braids  
Pitchin pennies, honies had the high top jellies  
Shootin skelly, motherfuckers was all friendly  
Loungin at the barbeques, drinkin brews  
with the neighborhood crews, hangin on the avenues  
Turn your pagers, to nineteen ninety three  
Niggaz is gettin smoked G, believe me  
Talk slick, you get your neck slit quick  
Cause real street niggaz ain't havin that shit  
Totin techs for rep, smokin blunts in the project  
hallways, shootin dice all day  
Wait for niggaz to step up on some fightin shit  
We get hype and shit and start lifin shit  
So step away with your fist fight ways  
Motherfucker this ain't back in the days, but you don't hear me though

No more cocoa leave-io, one two three  
One two three, all of this to me, is a mystery  
I hear you motherfuckers talk about it  
But I stay seein bodies with the motherfuckin chalk around it  
And I'm down with the shit too  
For the stupid motherfuckers wanna try to use Kung-Fu  
Instead of a Mac-10 he tried scrappin  
Slugs in his back and, that's what the fuck happens  
when you sleep on the street  
Little motherfuckers with heat, want ta leave a nigga six feet deep  
And we comin to the wake  
To make sure the cryin and commotion ain't a motherfuckin fake  
Back in the days, our parents used to take care of us  
Look at em now, they even fuckin scared of us  
Callin the city for help because they can't maintain  
Damn, shit done changed

If I wasn't in the rap game  
I'd probably have a key knee deep in the crack game  
Because the streets is a short stop  
Either you're slingin crack rock or you got a wicked jumpshot  
Shit, it's hard being young from the slums  
eatin five cent gums not knowin where your meals comin from  
And now the shit's gettin crazier and major  
Kids younger than me, they got the Sky grand Pagers  
Goin outta town, blowin up  
Six months later all the dead bodies showin up  
It make me wanna grab the nine and the shottie  
But I gotta go identify the body  
Damn, what happened to the summertime cookouts?  
Everytime I turn around a nigga gettin took out  
Shit, my momma got cancer in her breast  
Don't ask me why I'm motherfuckin stressed, things done changed