

# Ain't A Damn Thing Changed

WC

Intro: WC

Yeah, ain't nothing changed, know what I'm saying?  
Still the same old same old, W.C. still in effect  
Yo, break it down Jinx

Verse One: WC

Damn, suckers got me picking up my pen again  
Swinging on my jock like Tarzan  
Looking for a change, hoping my head swoll  
Thinking I'm rich cause I made a little video  
Shaking my hand, yeah right, now I'm a cool brother  
But as soon as I step off, you're calling me a sucker  
Mad, because I bust a Benz on Lorenzos  
Hanging on the boulevard fronting on the flow show  
You know it's funny when you start making money  
Every Tom, Dick, and Harry want to be your buddy  
The same ones that dissed ya, now it's a list of  
First to riff, now they all on your dick, yo  
I'm looking at you laughing, popping your lip  
Ripping my zipper onstage, can pay the bail with a limp  
Y'all don't want to give it up to me now that I'm getting pumped  
Run around like Calamine, the same old Dub  
Do I know where I come from, who's my friends?  
Who's responsible for this little spot that I'm in?  
Yo, I see them all playing in my car when I drive by  
Telling all my homies "Yo, he ain't that fly"  
The beat just cause I made a record the record  
So please don't make me better than the next man, erase that gameplan  
Cause I'm still down to bust a cap then backslap  
Those who pop rap at the mouth like Ex-Iax  
And those who wanna test me, step right up, bro  
My number's the same, oh by the way, it's in the ghetto  
I'm sorry that I can't flaunt the fortune and fame  
But when it comes to the Dub (Ain't a damn thing changed)

Verse Two: Coolio

Ain't a damn thing changed, sucker, how could ya figure?  
Coolio and Crazy Toons will never sell out, nigga  
Sporting khakis and T-shirts, beanies and Starter caps  
And land funky raps on the dop tracks  
Should I dance on it for a couple of dollars?  
Or sell away my soul to put a rope on my collar?  
I was taken from the missed of the lost and missing  
Rapping on dark road on my way to prison  
Stuck me in the studio, put me on the radio  
Told me to perpetrate like I was a hero  
I ain't with that, Toons got my back  
Do I have to use a gat to show you where I'm at?  
Or pose with a forty ounce and fake like a killer  
With a long black Cack like a small-time dope dealer  
Diamonds on my finger and women at my feet  
A house that I don't own and no respect on the street  
Might be detained, cause I ain't trying  
Let me explain, when it comes to Coolio (Ain't a damn thing changed)

Verse Three: WC

Whoever said living in the spotlight is simple as one, two, three  
Ha, they must have been sipping on a ?Twizzeline?  
Cause man I ain't used to this unusual behavior  
Who wants a friendly neighbor?

Girls way back that told me to go to hell  
Is sitting backstage, want to go to the motel  
MC's that pretending that they was down from the giddy up  
Trying to call you by your first name and stuff  
Yo, and all these fake promoters stepping to the Circle  
Remember how you treated us 12 months ago?  
Yo, you didn't know bro, now you want a show  
Toons tell 'em what's up (Give it up sucker duck)  
Yeah, remember that the capital W told ya  
Suckers don't fade me, popping hogging my jock  
I keep to myself and I step with the pep  
The lyrics of death, tell me how it sounds, G (Cool)  
Waord, since I have to prove that I'm the same  
And still remain dropping dogs in this rap game  
To make it all simple and plain  
Well let me put it like this: (Ain't a damn thing changed)