

Ain't Shit Changed

Vinnie Paz

Ain't a goddamn thing gonna change, I'm still the same Vinnie*
I'm still the same fat motherfucker, same guinea
A little bit more money. That's why I ain't skinny
Still the same block-hugger, still the same city
I still got the same people that remain with me
That was drinking 40s with me when they slain Biggie
And the same motherfuckers felt the pain with me
When my stepfather died and they came with me
I ain't expect nothing less from them. They chained to me
Spiritually, mentally, we the same really
We all was raised on different blocks in the same Philly
Still some stupid motherfuckers saying they can't feel me
Actually they do feel me, they just ashamed really
That they ain't shining like the kid, a bunch of lames really
Dirtbags trying to make the kid insane really
But Louie Dogs just impervious to pain really

Every morning I rise up, I open my eyes
Thinking I'm the shit
I guarantee if you're fucking with me
You gon' know who you're fucking with

I been this way since I came of age
And I never did play them games
I'll be this way till the day I lay
Cause ain't a goddamn thing gonna change

It ain't anybody ever gonna hold me down
I'm one of the greatest ever, homie. I stole the crown
I'm too strong and fast. You ain't slowing me down
I'm gonna keep beating your head. Call me Homie D. Clown
I hope that y'all are holding close to your rosaries now
I think I got a couple snitches that's close to me now
If I was them I'd keep it moving. Be ghost from me now
And pray that they don't run into Vinnie socially now
It's always one motherfucker trying to set you up
Dry snitch take something from you, wet you up
I was sleeping, being dumb, trying to protect the fuck
He getting buck fifty. Slice him from his neck to gut
All in all ain't nothing changed. Still the same squad
Some are still hustling summers at the same job
Some is 9 to 5, some is on the graveyard
I'd rather have them on tour with me so I pray hard

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I'm the truth motherfucker, not built to betray
With the philosophy that Rome wasn't built in a day
No matter how strong the body, it wilts and decay

After it's hit by a shotty that's silver and grey
I'm a mess, bipolar. I'm willing to say
That there ain't a woman that's living that's willing to stay
Somebody please fix my head. I'm willing to pay
I'm too at ease with the dead and the killing, okay?
Damn, I'm anti-social. I'd rather be home
And when I'm drunk Planet and Crypt carry me home
I don't have a happy ending, just tragedy homes
You better address me as Mister or Majesty, homes
I'm a messiah. I'm a liar. I have to be stoned
I'm a pariah. I retire. I have to be cloned
I have fire. I'm desire. This has to be known
I'm a survivor, a relier on tragedy's throne

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