

Times Have Changed (Outro)

Billy Woods

Blow trees on spots with no geese
Know these cops is so hungry
The gross g's all fuss and penitentiaries
Frustrated the only way to bust is mentally
For ghettos are metal, stayed bopping the instrumentals
When cops is cock blocking on front of spots
We off top switching the pedals, metal in front of our wheels
So aliens could sit in the middle, got caught in the middle
With a little bit of witticism, I'm in the city of villains
Spazzing crouching tigers and hiden dragons
Niggas are ghost spitamatic, we flow spitamatics
For the head piece to get attractive, fern and red leaves
To the cabbage, learning that these niggas acting
We gonna keep rapping, til the streets cease the madness
Listening to beats clapping to be happy
Stayed so nappy, combs'll hold the gat piece
Just to get through, feeling like we gotta spit missiles
Just to get you to feel it in a physical
Reciprocate lyricals and fashions to bash in
Your cranial cabinet, metaphors been words
We come hands to open doors, now set it off
Off