

# Changes

Bugzy Malone

Now catch me rollin' on a late night  
Mesmerized just staring at the street lights  
Looking at my phone waiting for a notification  
Or a text message I just want a conversation  
I just need that, real feedback  
Please feed my ego  
Cah psychologically my family's got me feeling feeble  
Now every member of my family's unstable  
Both of my parents, dysfunctional people

Catch me on my Instagram page zonin'  
I find pictures that they've tagged Bugzy Malone in  
And I'm stood there smiling  
But on my own profile I hardly update cus I spend more time hiding  
I'm not the best with the spotlight  
They know my from the north-west down to moss side  
And I just tell em how it is I'm still a not right  
And I would never change the flex I still rock nike  
Air max low fade with a lil beard and a moustache  
Still paid still weighing z's in a pint glass  
Still got the dunlop golf gloves  
Still hoping old friends don't provoke us  
It's hopeless I wish Harry Potter would say hocus pocus  
Help me get rid of the straddlers  
I feel like I just fought Marvin Haggler  
In 8 ounce gloves, cah my brain's a madness

Since when did I learn to suppress the sadness  
Or am I happy  
I used to have to serve shots with a tin of baccy  
My ex main chick cheated and fell a racky[?]  
And left me with more problems than Balotelli  
And now I got a ride or die the chick's proper  
I'm still serving food like Roy Cropper  
From Corrie, I tell Sophie that I'm sorry  
Didn't text back when she said she had a thing for me

Catch me staring into darkness  
Reminiscing because I will never change  
Thinking back to all my unnecessary partners  
So many women I just can't remember names  
And I remember not having a penny to my name  
A packet of cheese and onion crisps, snickers and a nurishment  
And that would do my belly for the day  
I never saw a Nandos until I made change  
And now I order a full chicken and perinaise  
For all the days I sat in jail wasting away  
I used to have to knock on the door to run away  
Until I started kicking them off to lick a raise  
I'm no saint  
I used to have off coke boys for the cocaine  
I used to drive with no licence and road rage  
Until I learned to paint pictures with no paint  
And then the game changed

But let's talk about the stress for a minute  
It's on another level

I don't think they understand when I say turn into the devil  
I'm talking about getting so vex  
That Godzilla couldn't fuck with this t-rex  
I tried to love my family but they couldn't care less  
And when I got it right they just seemed to bear left  
And every track I make they tell me I should swear less  
And I'm just tryna explain that I'm no JLS

And I've been banging on this glass ceiling for so long  
Preaching that drug dealing is so wrong  
But I'm still on the roads  
Slowed down but I'm still on a roll  
Can't stand gold diggas still I'm diggin' for gold  
Until I see six figures  
I'll be banging on this glass ceiling  
Til I make the shards of glass shower the roads  
I'm villain but it doesn't mean I'm stood on the block  
Infact I drove through the hood about an hour ago  
Saw the same faces, standing in the same places  
Talking bout the same drama on a regular basis  
No wonder when they see me they just treat me like I'm famous  
And watch me from my jacket down to my trainers  
Shit changes, and old friends becoming new strangers  
And start telling stories like they work for the papers  
Shit changes  
Shit changes