

Different

Chevy Woods

I still run with them same niggas
Still run on that same block
Still runnin' from police
Still duckin' them same cops
Boy, that 2 seater
Yea you know that coupe mean
Niggas makin them false statements
They don't really know what the truth mean
That's alright, that's cool though, they gon' learn up
And you damn right, that's a whole pound, my nigga roll up
Boss shit, yea we be on that boss shit
Niggas had it, couldn't handle it
So it's safe to say that they lost it
Ah shit, MOB on that mob shit
Talkin bout who you gon' rob bitch
I'm fully equipped with this rocket
Yao Ming, it ain't even worth it
Throw my frames on, now that's picture perfect

Them girls wanna party, they off of that liquor
I'm poppin the mollies, I fuck with my niggas
They say that they want but we do it so different
(TGOD)

Uh, word
My niggas like hoes (hoes)
That like hoes (uh)
Arguing with that death bitch like fuck you mean in my fly clot
hes
Sweat suits, yea bitch they're my fly clothes
Music playing in my iPod, I'm in high mode
Alter beats, niggas all on em O games
I was thinkin bout how to make a million off of cocaine
That's hard to do when niggas ain't gon play they role
Man that shit cold, a couple niggas told
Them long nights, them cold days
Them 2 way streets, them 1 ways
That car read a lot of money, nigga that's ballpark
And you, you was a bitch in school
Nigga we call that Hallmark