

Still The Same Tho

Jae Millz

It's so soulful!
Talk to 'em, Millz

It's funny how people act when your glow gone
When shit start to fall like a snow storm
And all the people that you showed love to tell ya "hold on"
That type of shit'd make you think, like a J Cole song
Like what happened to the love? Fuck it, I guess it ain't none
Reality checks fall slow, it's like when paint run
These young boys shooting to kill, no paint guns
You don't get the picture? Cool, allow me to paint one
Ever since day one, I kept it solid with everybody
And still ended up getting shitted on by everybody
So if I dap you with the left, don't take it false
It could've been worse; I could've not dapped you at all
Now tell me, who to blame?
Don't get mad at Millz when Millz get fired up if you the one who put him th
rough the flames
Niggas change up then act like you the one who changed
When at the end of the day, my number's still the same

I heard they saying that I changed though
But my number's still the same though
Maybe if you hollered at me for change, bro
You would know my number's still the same though
My number's still the same though
Same Millz, same digits, nothing changed though
And still they got the nerve to try to say I changed though
And I'm like, "How, when my number's still the same though?"
My number's still the same though
How the fuck I changed though?
Let that breathe

It's funny how people act when the dough gone
It's like niggas say "what's up" with they body
But my mind catch the vibe 'cause they soul gone
Nah, that fake love, I ain't sold on
They say a person's reflection is who they hang with
That's why it ain't too many niggas that I hang with
In other words, if the people in your circle ain't tryin' to win
Then you gon' be another nigga who just ain't shit
These boys focused on the local thots
I'm focused on Beverly Hills houses, movies scripts and Ferrari lots
But I still stay out the mix, still don't talk to cops
I still debate about my Knicks up in the barber shop
Only thing different is my mind frame
Rather mastermind a master plan than play mind games
People switch up by the minute like how time change
But at the end of the day, my number's still the same, Millz

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It's crazy when they say, "You acting strange"
Ain't got a dollar to your name, but you the one that changed
Thought love was love, but it wasn't a fair exchange
Shit I think about, while the sour clouds my brain
Millions on my mind, we switching lanes
Picture me rolling like Pac, put me in the frame
We in a different ball game, ain't got no time for lame
Jottin' over cheese with no service, my number still the same

Learnt the game from a OG that used to play dominoes in his Kangol
He said, "Move out the hood and the first thing they say is, 'You changed though'"
Nah, it ain't that, I just see shit from a different angle
Motherfuck love when you giving that love and the love that come back ain't the same though
So fuck what a motherfucker think about me, 'cause I can't take thoughts to the bank though
Hood politics'll have you trained though
And caring what a nigga think about you ain't gon' get you up in that new Range though
All I really need is the fortune, honestly, I'm cool on the fame though
Do whatever in this world to get my lil girl a pony and a rainbow
Fuck a tornado, where my raincoat?
Everybody happy when it's sunny, but remember who there when it rained though
Had a cancer scare, had a operation, phone barely even rang though
Phone number still the same though, so if I changed, who to blame though?
Bumping "Love Don't Live Here No More" while the Rolls Royce switch lanes though, motherfucker

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