

Not The Same

Lil Durk

(Ah, G Fresh)

Yeah, yeah, yeah

And I be happy when I rush into them bright lights
She gave a discount on her pussy for that fight night
I'm makin' love songs to the streets, make sure my mic right
Pop a Perky, Perky, bye-bye 'cause it's night-night
I told my brothers I can't change with all this limelight
He say I'm a snake, but that's the reason I say slime, right?
I put baguettes around my watch, make sure the time right
No face, make sure his casket closed, make sure he die right
No, no, talkin' to the po-po's a nah-nah
If he did, we comin' out the cut like ta-da
Brrah, brrah, force from that Draco make him cha-cha
Street nigga, I came from this concrete, it's my block
Lesson, this shit is a blessin'
I came up from nothin', I keep on progressin'
Reckless, I go off my actions
You snitchin', you infected, you let they ass finesse it, uh-oh

The streets will never be, the streets is not the same
The streets will never be, the streets is not the same
I talk about my past with a melody
I made it out the slumps with a felony
You let your homie die, that's what you tellin' me
My unc' a pimp, he let me sit down on his leopard seats

It ain't about me, it's about my kids, it's a legacy
I'm goin' to trial, so my lawyer keep preparin' me
I wasn't gon' grab that Lamb', but the streets kept on darin' me
And I'll kill 'em niggas dead, they think they scarin' me
Can't be no donor on my ID, that's important
Do so much drugs, I know it fucked up all my organs
I know a couple niggas died for they Jordans
He a mass murderer, he tried to be like Jordan
Expensive lifestyle, every day I'm spendin' your mortgage
Looked at my past, like look at me now, this shit enormous
Looked at my past, like, why I was walkin' 'round with a Taurus?
Judge ain't try to clear me, I was tryna go to Bora Bora
See this shit, this my lifestyle
I just need a pill right now
I'm so high, just turn the lights down
I'm so high, just turn the lights down

The streets will never be, the streets is not the same
The streets will never be, the streets is not the same
I talk about my past with a melody
I made it out the slumps with a felony
You let your homie die, that's what you tellin' me
My unc' a pimp, he let me sit down on his leopard seats