

Changed

M Huncho

Nafe in the base
Cut in the place (Yeah, I'm in the cut)
Woe in the place (Yeah, I'm in the cut)
Quincy in the base
Cage in the base (Yeah, I'm in the cut)
Now in the base (Yeah, I'm in the cut)
Uh, yeah

Yeah, turn up at the place with my real bros, now we're turnin' out the place (Turnin' out the place)
I was with the same guys in these streets, then we went and got a base (Went and got a base)
Bitch, what's a sample? That's a no-
no, can't be giving you a taste (No, no, no, no)
They're tryna force the fame, no, no, hoe, I don't really want the fame (Quincy Tellem)
Take my girl to The States, steady tryna win the race
Put some plain powder in the place
Stylish where there's no face
I don't want the bust down, I want the plain (Let's go)
I don't even really want the plain (Let's go)
Rather put my mother on a plane
Tell her "Mummy, shit has changed"

Ain't wasting no time, mm
Know I got a lot on my mind, mm (On my mind)
I'm workin' all night (Gone)
But this ain't no nine-to-five (No, no)
I was sellin' my white
All night cooking like Walter White (Cooking, I'm cooking)
It's still on sight
Tell them niggas that it's still on sight (Quincy Tellem)
Just like every night
She wanna come get this pipe (Come get it)
When niggas changed on me, that shit bring tears to my eye
They made me go so hard, now they can't control my light
Lucky roll of the dice and now they want my soul for a price
Fell in love with this paper, man, it's still fuck fame (Fuck fame)
All this drip with the gang, used to having rough days (Rough days)
We done came from the hand-me-downs with the mud stains (With the mud stains)
Smoking weed in the hallways 'til the law came ('Til the law came)
Obbo want us nowadays, make it hard to buss case (Now the police on me)
Gotta link my nigga by the river just so we can touch base (Now the police on him)
All them nights in the studio, I made 'nuff tapes
But she just wanna hit the club so she can get fuck-faced, ooh, ooh

Yeah, turn up at the place with my real bros, now we're turnin' out the place (Turnin' out the place)
I was with the same guys in these streets, then we went and got a base (Went and got a base)
Bitch, what's a sample? That's a no-
no, can't be giving you a taste (Can't be giving you a taste)
They're tryna force the fame, no, no, hoe, I don't really want the fame (Quincy Tellem)
Take my girl to The States, steady tryna win the race (Race)

Put some plain powder in the place (Plain powder)
Stylish where there's no face (Nah)
I don't want the bust down, I want the plain
I don't even really want the plain
Rather put my mother on a plane
Tell her "Mummy, shit has changed"

This shit has changed (Changed)
Self-employed, fuck a wage (Fuck a wage)
Young bull still got the gauge (Got the gauge)
And he's trigger happy like (Skrtrt, baow, baow, baow)
And he wants to tape up the place
Told him "Bro, think straight"
If he goes jail, I'll wait (Quincy Tellem)
Yeah, I'll wait (Wait)
Get the biscotti by the crate (Biscotti)
It's a long road I've paved (Skrtrt)
Louis collection in space
This a marathon, it's never been a race
All my real bruddas, yeah, I gotta embrace
Runnin' to the money, can you keep up with the pace?
Keep up with the pace
Runnin' from the law, I don't want a case
Christian Dior
All this weed is the cure
Please don't stop, gimme more
Left the trap with a four
I came back with some more
Please don't knock on the door
Please don't knock at the door, yeah

Turn up at the place with my real bros, now we're turnin' out the place
I was with the same guys in these streets, then we went and got a base
Bitch, what's a sample? That's a no-no, can't be giving you a taste
They're tryna force the fame, no, no, hoe, I don't really want the fame
Take my girl to The States, steady tryna win the race
Put some plain powder in the place
Stylish where there's no face
I don't want the bust down, I want the plain
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