

Change

Maxo Kream

How can you blame a nigga?
I swear that money it change a nigga
When I got money, it changed some niggas
I bust down that Rollie' my chain got bigger
I lost my lil' homie' it changed a nigga
I keep a Glock 40' one changed my nigga
But now I got money, put change on niggas
They call me OG, my niggas kill you for free
But I'ma still pay them niggas
Free CBD' fuck the judge and police
They tryna hang a nigga
Been sippin' codeine, and I just might die in my sleep
So I go to bed with the stainless, nigga
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When I made it to the top, only Lord knows
Growing up from the SWAT made my heart cold
Had to work at the pot like gumbo
Had to stand on the block like Mutombo
Had to jack me a box like jumbo
Hit 'em quarterback blitz like Romo
Hit 'em with the hit stick, make 'em fumble
1-7-18 for Woodrow
121 for Bantho
R.I.P. to my nigga Slow Ruth
Rest in peace to my nigga Young Deuce
Love for lil' homie Ghost and Kenny Lu
Now my heart gone like John Q
They were paper chasin' for the revenue
Tryna flip a pack just like an acrobat
And get a hundred stacks and get a Hellcat
Matte black with the Forgiato shoes
They looked up to their big brother
Said, "Maxo, I wanna be like you"
Told 'em go for what you know
And work your move
Just chase the dough and you will get it soon
Next thing I know, I see them dead on the news
Bad block, head shot up, blood from his shirt to his shoes
How the fuck they let it happen?
How they let some niggas clap 'em
They was pistol packin', they wasn't lackin'
They died with their tools
Countin', paper chasin', revenue
You see what that money do?
How can you blame 'em niggas?

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Tried to boss up the homie and change the nigga
He kept stealin' money and change from me
Rather die 'fore you tell him we bang on niggas
Hi, I'm your brother but you here to stain on niggas
But how can you blame a nigga?
Remember back in my broke days
Said "if I got some change, I'll never change"
'Til I got some change, then I bought a chain
Then I got deranged, money come and change
Everything, it's a damn shame
People treat you better when you're broke and lame
Used to be my nigga 'til I got the figures
Money came between us like Jigga, dang
I used to hang with niggas
The 11-trey-7 bang, gang with niggas
My mama told me, "these niggas snake, fake, jank"
And they'll turn on me
Niggas will snitch, tell me they're homies
Niggas will switch, change up on me
Real nigga shit, just 'cause that nigga a Crip
Don't mean that nigga my homie
I had to work like a slave, my nigga
Ten toes down, I stayed, my nigga
No handouts, just gave, my nigga
Niggas talkin' 'bout they made a nigga
I bought me a loft, my mama a house
I'm a big boss, persona my livin'

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