

Same 40

Mozzy

Nigga, change is inevitable
I expected you to change on me (Strizzy)

My momma told me keep that thing on me (She told me keep that thing on me)
I swapped it out, this ain't the same .40 (I had to trade .40's)
And I expected you to change on me (And I expected you to change on me)
That's why I never threw a chain on it (I had a chain for 'em)
My momma told me keep that thing on me (She told me keep that thing on me)
I swapped it out, this ain't the same .40 (This ain't the same .40)
And I expected you to change on me (And I expected you to change on me)
That's why I never threw a chain on it (I had a chain for T)

My momma told me keep that thing on me
And where that chicken that you owe me? Need him right away (Huh)
I just slid off with your bitch, she tried to hide her face
Watch what you troll on Instagram 'cause you could die today
He ain't far from getting rich, just gotta find a way
I signed the gang, times have changed, my whole posse paid
Big ups to the ones that touched a hundred 'fore he copped a chain (Huh)
We swappin' lanes in this Maserati, finna hawk the Wraith
They know the name, sectioned off by rank and we are not the same
Chopper in the tuck, but it ain't close enough
He ain't get the feel, what I be throwing, but his homie know
Me and Zo did some gangster shit me and him only know
I can get you cooked for less than what I got this Rollie for
Fasho'lie, though
Granny face was hangin' from the donkey row, bussin'
Her grandson a felon and that ain't up for discussion
Can't tell me 'bout no hustle, nigga, built this shit from nothing (Yeah)
Appraisal on your life, tend to drop when you're thuggin'

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It's members only at this table, tell him mind his business
You couldn't stomach being off, had hella time in prison
Speedy trial, you better not give 'em time to find a witness
If you ain't pimpin', hold your nuts and don't rely on bitches
I heard they hatin' on my hustle, though, like mines was given
Like we ain't take it, be for real, niggas ain't ask for nothing
Had to bleed the block with all the zombies off that, half are naked You ain
't no trap, you couldn't pay me back a rack in pay
Back out the 'Cedes, I got options when it come to driftin'
And I got options with the strippers 'cause they love the Ozzy (They love th
e Ozzy)
And grab that nickel, we gon' need it when we move these 'bows
He peeped the chain, but he ain't reach, I would've did him cold
Just sip it slow and let it drip for those ain't here to sip
We finna set the pen' on fire when they hear this shit
'Member the Bonneville on deuces with the mirror tints
You ain't no chief if they don't look to you to clear the ski

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