

Change

Rob Vicious

Obama wanted change, I want the same thing
But I collect my change by cooking cocaine
I smoke up so much gas I'm full of propane
If the police on my ass they get a motherfucking smokescreen
Real cutthroat, don't feel no pain
Chopper got him singing like he T-Pain
I got three traps up in three states
I'm just out here tryna get this cheesecake

Real goon, the police came and left and we still shootin'
Blunt puff and I ain't tryna talk, bitch I'm tryna fuck
I'm on somethin', pop another bean, it got me bussin'
Tryna drop somethin', four swervin' foreign in the street
What the fuck you think?
Washing dirty money in the bath, up in the fucking sink
Know we getting it slide like a motherfuckin' roller rink
Blink and you'll be turned to a T
Know the business ho
Always with the extras if it's ever 'bout the digits though
Shit, I'm a gang member, you a pretender
These is Gucci sneakers, nigga these ain't cheap fella
Tell your bitch that when she suck me use her cheeks better
Always in a different seven getting new cheddar

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Gang gang, still on the same thing
With some bloods and some crips, nigga I don't even gangbang
Rockin' twin choppers like I'm Max Payne
Send you to the doctor if you act lame
Gotta watch for coppers in this rap game
My sister taught me all about the trap game
I done fell in love with the dope game
My partner said he love selling cocaine
And we be cooking drugs, ain't no lo mein
Catch me standin' in the club popping motherfuckin' champagne
Pour it on the strippers, ain't a damn thing
Tell these niggas what's my damn name
(Bitch I'm Rob Vicious)