

# Different

**Slim**

I can tell you 'bout changes  
Cause my life's real different now  
I can't tell 'bout a payslip  
I came up at a kitty's house  
I can tell you 'bout the phone ringing, non-stop nigga, and my heads hurtin'  
And I can tell you 'bout my line ringin', got the feds on me but I'm still workin'

And look it's all mad to say  
Mum said she can see the change  
I said 'Well it's obvious, cause I'm qwopped up  
And I'm cuttin through, in a dutty 8'  
I don't show love to just any bitch  
In the hardest times they ain't there  
But I'm still doing up a Novikov, and a cheeky night out in Mayfair

Cause its different now  
I put thirty bags on my left wrist, and I swear that drippin' now  
I lost half a brick, and in the same month, I just put down 50 thou  
Me and you, we got different plans  
Them three months up in cunch nigga, them hand-to-hands turnt me to a different man  
I got nuttin' to prove  
Half a brick up off from a 28, man there ain't nuttin' to lose  
I used to endless miles on my peddle bike, just scuffing my shoes  
Now look how I fuck up the put  
Now look how them old niggas wanna hate on me cause I fuck up the block

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But it's nothing, I took those risks  
I didn't question nothing, I seen the blueprint and took those trips  
Now I can't help but smile nigga, when I look at my wrist  
I brought bro through to the kitchen, told him look at the whip  
And that's 60 seconds in the microwave  
Now look at the brick, and look how my life changed (It's nuts)  
I payed straight cash for a white brick, that's paid cash, for a white range  
Me and Des talkin' half an M, cause 50 bags that's light change  
I can't stop and I won't stop, if my phone dies, that's heart-ache  
I got no love, I used to have no funds  
I dun stiff bang up in the summer time, now it's a Louie scarf cause it's colder  
I used to burn my clutch on a hill start  
Now its AMG when I park up  
I got better grub, and a better price if I need the line to go faster  
Cause it's different now (It's just different)  
I used to love the ends, now I'm gettin rich in a different town (Where's the cats?!)  
And that's rubber bands and paper cuts  
I get a lotta love, now my paper's up  
I done it all from a 8 for dubs

Had to drop the work, and scrape the pot  
Now it's Cali bud when I'm baking off

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