

# Nothing Changes

Tsu Surf

So that's life and nothing can change it  
It's up and it's down, you can't rearrange it  
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It's up and it's down, you can't rearrange it

(Ain't that funny?)

Toast to the bitch that left me before I reached my peak  
Ain't know they was offering meals, she only bought meeks  
Blunt rolled, I probably faced the shit  
Drive alone playin' 'Kiss  
Stressing over a bitch that let Drake lyrics run a relationship  
What a waste and shit, still trying to make it hit  
Industry won't listen to hood, say I'm hot as bacon bits  
Went to stripper shows strapped up, parked that bull  
The 24 verses with Gods and parks on the board  
24 with options, got me feeling like I'm Yao  
Right person, right place, would do this thing right now  
You can take it how you wanna, if they sleeping let them slumber  
Same niggas, same numbers, same Decembers turned summers  
Joey said I need to chill, cool and calm, patient  
Focus on the goal at hand, keep my mind vacant  
Still keep that wild side, gotta time place it  
So my 40 still good, I'm Sanaa Lathan  
Budden like them young hoes, I'm more into cougars  
38 or better, grown women, grown shooters (get it?)  
I don't know what's what, let me get a few more fuck ups  
Before I'm cuffed up

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These critic commenters are switching fast, I did the math  
I swam in the pool of sharks and now I'm just in a different class  
These kids is trash, the garbage is getting bothersome  
I wish I could see the past, I'm eliminating who fathered 'em  
You could trace all the scars on 'em  
Connect the wounds and you could say that it's martyrdom  
Watch me tear out the heart of 'em, ain't nobody as hard as him  
The God is him so Holyfield wouldn't spar with him  
Just guard your chin  
They told me I could replace a reverend  
Walk through the fires of hell and get through the gates of heaven  
It's Armageddon, you'll find this shit in the heart of legends  
It's hard to bet him, you wonder where all these bars is headin'  
Too far to get 'em, I'm saying it's just a different level  
My thoughts have caused destruction, terror and twisted metal  
It's just a ghetto, these bitches telling me step up  
So rest up, a boy in the hood is giving their chest nuts  
So guess what, the disrespectful even respect us  
Fucking with women who couldn't cook, but they chef'ed up  
I'm next up, these tales you couldn't relate to 'em  
So when you talking it only feels like you fake to 'em

Come and talk to 'em

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Look, she's asking, "what was I supposed to do?"  
Tell me who put that roof over you  
Them Loubie sandals, trench coats for you  
That new S Panoramic roof over you  
I just need you to know the game, I can't keep coaching you  
She think I wanna fuck bitches cause it's summer time  
But I was on some fuck bitches, you was summer fine  
I'm talking from experience, it's just what's on the mind  
It's sounding foreign to you now, but that'll come in time  
I'm a go-getter  
I'm Mr. If-That-Bitch-Is-Bad-Then-Go-Get-Her  
This is Wainwright up in the fourth of a no hitter  
Straight from Joe scripture, bad business  
I'm just giving you bars with no liquors  
She tell me I'm coldhearted, "how could you be this numb?"  
Then she asks, how could she be this dumb?  
But there's a transfer of energy  
And your hand in its synergy  
Is ruining my chance at serenity  
This emotion versus logic  
So let me put it this way so the arguing can stop it  
Wanna know how you know if I really want to fuck that bitch?  
Cause I'd go ahead and fuck that bitch  
Wouldn't tweet her, wouldn't be a trace of this bitch  
No pictures, wouldn't know the face of this bitch  
That's real, you can't keep a grown man confined  
Especially not a man of my mind, but let me handle this grind

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