

# Won't Change

YG

My Blessings out to Judy, two of her sons died  
So I thank the lord that I see the sun rise  
Judy don't cry, the pain is hard to hide  
I know it's rough mama, but keep hope alive  
Pray for better days, to see them better days  
I know the world is ugly, like FlavorFlav  
But I've seen better, it'll get better  
Do don't even sweat it, like a thick sweater  
And tell my nigga Juvvy Rick to keep his head high  
I know it's hard to see two of your bros die  
Just heard shots by the dust town  
And turn around and see your brother jump outta Fresh towns  
Before he fucked the world, cause it's a cold bitch  
With no panties on, and some wet lips  
And she licked her lips and stared at me  
And then the music and the lord saved me

You can try to take the boy out the hood  
But you can't take the hood out the boy  
It won't change, won't change  
You can try to take him out the hood  
But it won't change, won't change ohhh

Dayumm, ain't shit changed since I was little  
My pops doing the same thing and I wish he wouldn't  
My grandmother died way back in '97  
But she stayed over my head and kept blessing  
My brother in the pen, I can not stop stressing  
85 to life, damn I think he got the message  
Ay, but I keep your name floating on  
TC48 hundred and you know it's on  
I got a lot of niggas hating on me  
Cause they say a nigga eating while they staying hungry  
I've been on the block forever, nigga I ain't phony  
Bitch I do this shit for real, you can ask my homies  
Ha, blue chucks and my blue strings  
Blue dickies, selling crack bitch I gang bang  
And like 2Pac I don't see a damn change  
That's why I pity Jay Kwon, that's a damn shame

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Ugh, living life as a street nigga  
Ever since I start like a beginner  
Hungry nights when we couldn't even eat dinner  
Life's a bitch so I fuck her, yea deep in her  
Then they try to take the street side of me  
Nigga hit licks and cashed out like a lottery  
Woke up one morning at gunpoint  
How would you feel if the police were up in your joint  
Took my pops away for about 3 years  
Every night a nigga cry more than 3 tears  
I was good though, nigga start gang banging

Must have loved you every day till I started maintaining  
Classes got ditched and homies got killed  
Hurt is the perfect word a nigga felt  
Then my nigga ace pops died and ever since then  
We've been smoking like Popeyes

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