

Change

Yo Gotti

It's been a minute since a nigga had some chump change, you know what I'm sayin'?

Feel me, Mike?

I got on 10 diamond chains
And that cost a lil' change
And I pulled up in that don
My bitch say that I'm a don
I am not comin' in your club
If I'm not comin' with my gun (facts)
You shouldn't be inside the strip club
If your ass ain't throwin' ones (facts)
He came up, he gon' change
Naw bitch, I'm still the same
If you get me in my feelings, bitch
I'ma go insane
He so petty, he be wiggin' out
Like give my purses back
Worked too hard for this check
And you bitches ain't deservin' that

Got the pussy, then I changed on 'em
She got pregnant, put the blame on him
Family members put a strain on him
Family problems put a strain on him
Popped a Xan then I changed on 'em
On the runway swappin' planes on 'em
Gotti still trappin', Gotti still thuggin'
I went platinum, ain't change nothin'
Streets deserve to know the truth (want the truth)
Shots fired, I'm in Peru
Who, who shot? I wish I knew (knew)
I'm just lookin' at the news (I am)
Intervers, intervers, intervers
Don't incriminate yourself (don't do it)
Think twice 'bout what you're doin'
Youngin', don't eliminate yourself (don't do it)

I don't have no issues with niggas
I got problems with myself
Personality been crashin'
Think part of me too flashy (I am)
My young bitch too nasty
Main bitch too classy
All my bitches too ratchet
To all my bitches I'm zaddy

I look in the mirror, bitch, I see an icon
Gotta squeeze on the gain, that shit tight as a python
I make hits in my sleep and I'm blessed, I don't write none
And I just put them bricks on the road in a Scion
I ain't never wanna change on 'em
Devil tried to put the fame on him
Haters tryna put an aim on him
Family problems put a strain on him
Stayed down, campaign on 'em
Stayed down, campaign on 'em

Everybody think I changed on 'em
'Cause I stayed down, campaigned on 'em

Change

It come in due time, it come with success

Change

I went to [?] and fucked up a check

I went to the hood and they say I changed

I looked in the mirror, I look the same

FN on my hip, I'ma let it rip

So I hope them lil' niggas don't play no games

I went from sellin' them nicks and dimes

I want a quarter ki, that's a nine

You talkin' pennies, that's chump change

We on that gas, that octane

All my lil' niggas, we gang, gang

We got more chains than a slave trade

We got more aim than a shootin' range

And we all from the hood, but we didn't change

Hundred thousand for a show (show)

Yeah, nigga, that's some cool change

800 for the shirt (shirt)

Saint Laurent, that's chump change

400 for the vert (vert)

4 bands for the syrup (syrup)

800 for the purp (purp)

30 bands for the work (work)