

# Trick Daddy, Change My Life

[hook]

Gotta change my life  
Lord knows I aint livin right  
Yall know i aint chillin right  
Smokin out everyday and night  
Gotta ease my mind  
Gotta find time to rewind  
Cause I'm fallin way behind  
Me and my dogs we known to ride

Gotta watch my back  
Represent for the soldier  
Die couple years older  
Have boulders, a lil soda  
Get rich with a motive  
Now shit done changed  
Niggaz gunnin in the rain  
On straight cocaine  
And it aint no thang  
Since the game in his arm  
Straight aim at his arm  
Gotta watch my back  
Gotta stack my flow  
Gotta pay my bills  
Leave bread in the will  
All to the old girl  
See yall hoes betta chill  
Now back to the game  
Lotsa niggaa been dying for this  
Done lost they lives to this  
Got me on this survival some type of AK rider  
Na I started with thug  
A thug with a heart  
Took a trip with some heart  
Had a dude he was scarred  
See his maom in the park  
Tears dried up  
Mom what's wrong (what's wrong)  
Your son's gone  
Is he ever comin back home  
She said you straight young nigga  
Take a look in tha mirror  
I was there when you was gone  
Now back to the streets  
Where young niggaz like me  
Gon do what we got to do  
You aint nuttin without ya crew  
Betta light in tha night and I'm thinkin bout you  
In the bedroom tied uo  
With ya mouthpiece wired up  
Just shaped on tha floor  
Had none of ya guns keep muthafuckaz fired up  
An see that's the truth  
I done told my nigga this street shit aint a game  
But it seem the same  
Young nigga get slanged  
For a lil bit a fame and cocaine  
Try to do thangs  
Just for the benzs and beamers and bithces  
Thinkin riches gon take care snitches  
And niggaz wit triggaz  
Niggaz betta watch they back  
Cuz the same time I'm tryin to speak to you and realease to you  
Some shit ya need

Young nigga wit greed gon try to put the heat to you  
speed to you

[hook (x1)]

They callin in the gat  
In the dunge with a guy  
Ski mask and a vest  
Let his heart do the rest  
Thuggin, broke niggaz be the best  
Yes, and gon die if ya buck  
So get fucked right up  
Come back if ya like  
Bring ya gat if ya like  
And get stacked if ya like  
On ya back if ya like  
All I neded was a chance  
A MAC-10 and a benz  
So I can clown with my friends  
Show the world I'm a man  
Then broke but those in the pen  
When I'm off in the club  
Much love for the thugs  
See hennessy in the clubs  
Got all these rabid ass, maggot hoes  
they love the thugs

[hook (x2)]

Now bout dem hoes  
Try to find them a man  
That can pay they bills  
And yes they can  
Weight 28 grams  
Take a tour of the land  
Aint got no plan  
They'll wait for a thug  
Go give em a hug  
Show em how to be loved  
Then suck em up  
Straight fuckin em up  
Then get in his benz  
Get with all his friends  
Take all his ends  
Then send him to the pen  
Then do it all again  
Amen  
But lord forgive em  
Have mercy on they're souls  
For livin like hoes  
And say a lil prayer for me and my life  
Cuz I aint livin right you know I

[hook (till fade)]