

SHIT AIN'T THE SAME

COLD STREETS, BULLETS BEING DROPPED LIKE SOME NEW J'S,
IN THE MIDDLE OF A GANG WAR, WHERE BULLETS FLY WHERE YOU STAY.

THE HELICOPTERS AND SIRENS, WITH LIGHTS SO BRIGHT,
ALONG WITH REPEATED GUNSHOTS, THAT YOU HEAR IN YOUR SLEEP AT NIGHT.

ITS NO LONGER FIST FIGHTS, ITS AUTOMATICALLY GUN PLAY,
TAKE THE SAME WAY HOME, YOU'LL BRING THE DRAMA WHERE YOU STAY.

BE THE BIGGER MAN, IF YOU WALK AWAY YOU'RE SOFT,
BUT IF YOU TURN YOUR BACK, THEN THEY WANNA BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF.

THEY CITY AIN'T WHAT IT WAS AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE,
THINGS WERE GOOD BEFORE, IT ALL WEN DOWN HILL AFTER 1993.

MEXICAN GANG MEMBERS KILLING BLACK WOMEN, TO VULNERABLE TO FIGHT,
DON'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU, BUT KILL YOU IN BROAD DAY LIGHT.

VIOLENCE RECOGNIZE VIOLENCE, LIKE GAME RECOGNIZE GAME,
HATERS RECOGNIZE HATERS, LIKE SMOKE COME BEFORE THE FLAMES.

GET ALONG TOGETHER, TODAY IT SEEMS LIKE THAT SHIT IS A JOKE,
THE ONE'S YOU BEEFIN WITH, IS EASILY PROVOKED.

TURN THEIR BACK ON YOU, STRAIGHT BENEDICT ARONOLD A TURNCOAT,
SMILE IN YOURFACE, STAB YOU IN THE BACK, AND THEN CUT YOUR THROAT.

THE HOOD AIN'T THE SAME, IT'S A DIFFERENT BREED OF MEN,
THE ONE'S CUT FROM A DIFFEERENT CLOTH, ARE STILL LOCKED IN THE PEN.

THE CLOTH OF THIS NEW GENERATION, THE FABRIC IS HOME MADE,
MEANING IT'LL UNRAVEL EASILY, SEEING THROUHG THEIR CHARADE.

THE FABRIC OF TODAY WILL BURN EASILY, UNDER A SMALL TINY FLAME,
THE CITY OF LONG BEACH IS WICKED, AND THE SHIT JUST AIN'T THE SAME.