

# Ain't Shit Changed (feat. Lawrence Arnell)

## Vinnie Paz

(\*Prod. by MTK)

[\*\* feat. Lawrence Arnell:]

[Verse 1:]

Ain't a goddamn thing gonna change, I'm still the same Vinnie\*  
I'm still the same fat motherfucker, same guinea  
A little bit more money, that's why I ain't skinny  
Still the same block-hugger, still the same city  
I still got the same people that remain with me  
That was drinking 40s with me when they slain Biggie  
And the same motherfuckers felt the pain with me  
When my stepfather died and they came with me  
I ain't expect nothing less from them, they chained to me  
Spiritually, mentally, we the same really  
We all was raised on different blocks in the same Philly  
Still some stupid motherfuckers saying they can't feel me  
Actually they do feel me, they just ashamed really  
That they ain't shining like the kid, a bunch of lames really  
Dirtbags trying to make the kid insane really  
But Louie Dogs just impervious to pain really

[Chorus:]

Every morning I rise up, I open my eyes  
Thinking I'm the shit  
I guarantee if you're fucking with me  
You gon' know who you're fucking with  
I been this way since I came of age  
And I never did play them games  
I'll be this way till the day I lay  
Cause ain't a goddamn thing gonna change

[Verse 2:]

It ain't anybody ever gonna hold me down  
I'm one of the greatest ever homie I stole the crown  
I'm too strong and fast, you ain't slowing me down  
I'm gonna keep beating your head, call me Homie the Clown  
I hope that y'all are holding close to your rosaries now  
I think I got a couple snitches that's close to me now  
If I was them I'd keep it moving be ghost from me now  
And pray that they don't run into Vinnie socially now  
It's always one motherfucker trying to set you up  
Dry snitch take something from you, wet you up  
I was sleeping being dumb trying to protect the fuck  
He getting buck fifty, slice him from his neck to gut  
All in all ain't nothing changed, still the same squad

Some are still hustling, summers at the same job  
Some is 9 to 5, some is on the graveyard  
I'd rather have them on tour with me so I pray hard

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I'm the truth motherfucker, not built to betray  
With the philosophy that Rome wasn't built in a day  
No matter how strong the body it wilts and decay  
After it's hit by a shotty that's silver and grey  
I'm a mess, bipolar, I'm willing to say  
That there ain't a woman that's living that's willing to stay  
Somebody please fix my head, I'm willing to pay  
I'm too at ease with the dead and the killing okay  
Damn, I'm anti-social I'd rather be home  
And when I'm drunk Planet and Crypt carry me home  
I don't have a happy ending, just tragedy homes  
You better address me as mister or majesty homes  
I'm a messiah, I'm a liar, I have to be stoned  
I'm a pariah, I retire, I have to be cloned  
I have fire, I'm desire, this has to be known  
I'm a survivor, a relier on tragedy's throne

[Repeat Chorus:]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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