

# Neva CHange (feat. SZA)

## ScHoolboy Q

Hoes ain't callin'  
The cocaine rock  
World keep spinnin'  
The block stay hot  
The block stay hot  
The block stay hot  
World keep spinnin' Thank God for the game  
My TV screen off the chain  
My bitch, she off the chain  
I came from the grain  
The sidewalk chalk  
The block stay hot  
Paranoid, the cop that keep my gear in park  
Pull me out the car to give me black thought  
But fuck it, this shit's all kinda player  
This shit my mama flavor  
This that raised by your granny, pistols and Now & Later  
Your pops was way too busy, missin' your mom's labor  
Grew up just like your daddy  
Packin' baggies in alleys  
To where the streets is your family  
Gettin' blurred by the same cop  
Go to jail for a year and come home  
Two of your niggas dropped  
You know how that feelin' feel  
What to feel when it's gettin' real  
More bullets to go around  
Come jump in this water, nigga  
You still with your mama livin'  
30 with no ambition  
Your kid got no pot to piss in  
You sayin' some nigga fake  
You're selfish and sad, nigga  
You're lame  
And go on...  
You hatin' on another man's success  
Because the nigga blessed and wouldn't let you finesse  
You got the game all twisted  
You're leechin' worse than these ladies  
Your inner nigga ain't aging  
Reason the hood stay shady  
Who you do when you want?

Boy think you got this  
No one here, on your own  
Stuck in the same spot  
What do you do? What do you do?  
Hoes ain't callin' like you want  
Only ones you got passed  
No one here, on your own  
Stuck in the same spot  
What do you do? What do you do? Hoes ain't callin'  
The cocaine rock  
World keep spinnin'  
The block stay hot  
Really with it forreal  
We fuckin' hoes forreal  
Gettin' paper forreal, nigga  
I play for the bills, nigga  
I really sold pills  
Smokin' weed for my ills  
Breakin' weed in my whip  
Just got an ouch on a bitch  
Still our motive be commas  
And still my life isn't promised  
Still nervous as drivers  
You see them lights get behind us  
They pull me out for my priors  
Won't let me freeze 'fore they fire  
You say that footage a liar  
They want my flow in the dryer  
I'm at the top aimin' higher  
My lawyers stay on retainer  
When white folks point the finger  
Place my neck on that hanger  
Shit, no wonder we riot  
Niggas still killin' niggas  
Child support killin' niggas  
Cops enslavin' us niggas  
Little girls killin' mothers  
They treat their kid like a brotha  
Fathers stuck with them lifers  
Kept it real with his niggas  
But left his kid for the sucks  
Shit no wonder we bang  
Damn shame, mane, some things will never change Who you do when you want?  
Boy think you got this  
No one here, on your own  
Stuck in the same spot  
What do you do? What do you do?  
Hoes ain't callin' like you want  
Only ones you got passed

No one here, on your own  
Stuck in the same spot  
What do you do? What do you do?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>