

Now, I got a story to tell
About a boy from Dena that was pretty as hell
No homo but this kid had all the females
Dark skin around 6'2", enough detail
Always had the fitted and shoes was retail
Every click in Dena, this cat would trail
Counterlight to his height, his face was frail
Had a voice that didn't ring a bell
The legend is what they called him he fucked clean
I guess everything isn't really what it seems
The more misery the more he thinks about his dreams
And having the bling, because he never had the finer things
The only thing the legend was good at was basketball
He can shoot and make it from half court to basketball
He would play from broad day light 'til after dark
And would play in the park until he saw the narcs
The position of the daughters on him like blood on sharks
The only thing they wanted to do was act tark
I guess the weed got to him when the castles pictured it
Cause he started talking crazy acting all ridiculous
What happened to the kid was all so innocent
He even changed the group of friends that he was kickin with
Putting his nose in something that he didn't even have no business in
After a while he got gross he thought the world was shady
He stayed with chicks at the house drivin him crazy
That was the problem with Chris and the ladies
Couldn't leave him alone now he havin a baby

[Outro:]

He coulda been a doctor, he coulda been a lawyer
This is the story about Chris Sawyer