

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