

# Never Had Nuthin'

Lil' Keke

Watch out, Southside is coming through  
This year, we gon shiiine  
Watch out, C.M.G. is coming through  
I swear, it's our tiiime (2x)

Get your shine on, and get your grind on  
And don't you ever stop getting it, until your time gone  
Don't fall for anything, ok you gotta stand for something  
(we come up out the hood, and we ain't never had nothing)  
(2x)

They throw us crumbs in the hood, trying to cheat us to bleed us  
On the streets we done seen, everythang but Jesus  
If the Lord stay the same, we'll be rich in the game  
These haters they did it all, they got theyselves to blame  
I ain't never had nothing, I said it from the beginning  
Losses ain't in the plan, we hustlers scheming and winning  
And they looking at us funny, like we country and crazy  
But daddy he been gone, lil' sister a crack baby  
If you ain't selling rocks, then you smoking the cheese  
The laws they steady spread, like a bad disease  
It's a hundred degrees, and it's hot no doubt  
And the road to the top, man it's so far out  
From the ki's to the thieves, man the hood all in it  
Gotta grind with your time, your shine come in a minute  
Cause the gutter on the way, I swear we still pumping  
You boys got me wrong, cause I'm standing for something come on

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If you done been broke befo', then you know what the deal is  
You know the fake folks, and you know who the real is  
From the state of Texas, to wherever you live is  
I don't know if you stopped hustling, but I'm still is  
And ain't nobody, bout to tell me otherwise  
Cause I stand for some'ing, unlike them other guys  
Running off at the mouthpiece, spitting and talking live  
Lying straight through they teeth, dry hating and talking down  
If you ain't bout stepping, your grind game up  
You can save us both some time, by keeping your mouth shut  
I'm a hustler homie, you's a fake and a phony  
How can you look off in that mirror, at your face every morning  
Get you some pride, respect the game and keep striving  
And never let the next man, keep you from climbing  
I'ma tell it how it go, not how you want it to be  
It's your boy Cory Mo, Big Hawk and Lil' Ke

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I ain't never had nothing, and I speak the truth  
A hundred percent truth, and I'm living proof  
Ain't flew the Coupe, had dreams of shooting hoops  
I had to regroup, cause pop's was a nincumpoop  
Here's the scoop, the head of the troops so my H groups  
Are Snoop in a Coupe, and I wanted his loot  
Start spitting in a booth, cause I wanted to shine  
Vocab and punchlines, I was ahead of my time  
I'm like the sun in your face, pull down your visor  
Check the levels on your bass, and your equalizer  
I'ma surprise ya, when I shoot up like a geyser  
A tad bit wiser, plus a nigga spitting that fire  
I'ma grind nigga  
And for my nigga Fat Pat, I'ma shine nigga  
And I know right now, it's my time nigga  
I done waited my time, give me mine nigga-give me mine nigga

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