

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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