

Never Saw It Comin'

The Vincent Black Shadow

It's a fine line
Doin' time and doin' lines
Off the back of a hooker like a big time
Creepin' in the shadows like a locus plague
Black dog days every which way
Getting high, I'm seeing flies
In your skin, under knuckles, using trucker time
Creepin' in the shadows of a homicide
Crack doctor on his darkest day

This is the thing I've been tryin' to tell ya
Nothing is forever so you best get sellin' ya
This is the way it goes down, I tell ya
I see a storm comin', gonna get what you gave
This is the thing I've been tryin' to tell ya
Nothing is forever, so you gotta give it back, bitch
Never saw it comin' till it hit you in the f**kin' face
Storm comin' on the wind, bringin' that darkness back!

It's a slight tell
Raisin' up the white cell
Goin' pale
Turnin' everything you got to nothin'
Thinkin' livin' is the shit, sucka'
Now you're in the shit, unfit f**ker
Give tia sweat fit to nothin' (?)
Thinkin' thrill seekin' shit's clippin'
It ain't real, you're trapped
And now you're gonna die

Lost at sea, lost at three, Die da dee
Put down the gun it's me
Fallin' off the rails like a speedin' dagger,
No rockin' roll kick, no rap swagger
Just another leaves(?) a stroke in the end
Use a timberland
It's never over till you're dead, dead, dead
Bring on a lepurcan singin' gold scene songs of the long gone
I got a piece of the pie from an IRS lie
I'll claim it when I die