

## 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