

## Never Saw

Famous Dex

I'm a real no live city  
When a young nigga run to sell fifties  
Gold on like P Diddy  
Run home, swear to God, shootin' fifty  
And it's like that  
Eaglewood niggas throwed where the hype's at  
Lil nigga ride around with a bitch strapped  
The other shit out the backpack, oh whoa  
I swear to God, you ain't really know  
You still you still at the store  
I swear to God, you ain't really know  
You still you still at the store  
I swear to God, you ain't really know  
You still you still at the store  
Rozay got the lean poured 4  
I'm just runnin' to the money I need more  
I swear to God, all for Chicago  
Winter, still pop pills in Chicago  
Do deal like I see in Chicago  
I bought a condo in Chicago  
Shootin' dice right behind the school  
Fuck a teacher, I ain't ever know the rules  
I been always gettin' money stay cool  
I'm winnin' look what God do  
I lost my mama to breast cancer  
I'm on my knees, God gave me the answer  
Be cool, stop livin' life faster  
I'm preachin' to ya like a pastor