

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