

Neva Had Shit

Gucci Mane

Yup! Yup!

Gucci Mane in this motherfucker (Gucci Gucci)

My nigga Zo' on the track (my nigga Zo')

That real shit, that real shit

I'm a hood rich nigga, I ain't never had shit
I really ain't shit; niggaz talkin 'bout me
but they really ain't shit, they ain't said shit
It don't make dollars, it don't make cents/sense

I ain't never had shit nigga that's the truth
Rich kids in the school used to draw on my shoes
Name stayed on the board, fo' checks in chalk
In detention cause the teacher say that we can't talk
Counselor raggin and my momma got that I just walk
I wish I had a nickel for every fight I fought
Stealin candy out the sto' like I can't get caught
Just a lil' bad black boy, it ain't my fault
After school snack syrup and fo' pieces of bread
Granddaddy why yo' eyes so God damn red?
"Got a real soft ass and a hard-ass head
Better mind your fuckin manners boy," that's what he said

I'm a hood rich nigga, I ain't never had shit
I really ain't shit; niggaz talkin 'bout me
but they really ain't shit, they ain't said shit
It don't make dollars, it don't make cents/sense

I moved to East Atlanta at the age of 9
Real cold winter, 1989
My brother good at ball, I can't play no sports
They won't let you pack a tool on the b-ball court
Cluster Ave, Monty Paul, where my daddy now?
Things goin alright, we a family now
Got the dopeman Nikes and the Starter coat
Only nigga in school with the dopeman rope
Pull the joint two times, man I'm high already
I like that girl with them braids and them high-top Chevys
Got that bump for stick-up, Starter and the big boy chest
Tried to take it on the train but I just couldn't let him

I'm a hood rich nigga, I ain't never had shit
I really ain't shit; niggaz talkin 'bout me
but they really ain't shit, they ain't said shit
It don't make dollars, it don't make cents/sense

14 gettin drunk at a house party
They locked me up, they must have hid a half a ounce on me
Momma mad as a mother', daddy let him be
Gucci Mane, raised me to be a straight up G
Now my daddy hustle hard, but he love sum liquor
And my momma wanna leave him but she love the nigga
Everything kinda changed when I turned 16
Got the old school Regal with the chrome back rings
Like a newborn baby, man that bitch clean
But the motor fucked up and the transmission
and it's knockin down the street with the 415's

In Mackmile parkin lot, stright whipping
And I'm Bankhead bouncin, fo' hoes want me
Hit the half and give me two dimes for 15
And my mind's on gettin reach by all means
In the trap, cause this rap shit was just my dream

I'm a hood rich nigga, I ain't never had shit
I really ain't shit; niggaz talkin 'bout me
but they really ain't shit, they ain't said shit
It don't make dollars, it don't make cents/sense