

Never Knew

Trae

Never knew, never knew, never knew these streets would take me so damn far
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All the shit that I did, all the shit that I seen
Lord can you forgive me? Guess he forgave me
Cause look how he made me
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I remember many days I was somewhere on my own
Praying "ah God let me see your plan"
Everything happen for a reason
Even though certain shit I probably would never understand
Now I pull up in the hood something all black with a foreign name, I'm king
of the land
With a motherfuckin attitude and a bunch of heaters on me
Pussy niggas better have a fan
I'm a be a real nigga till I gong out
Ridin' for the hood till the wheels blown out
Streets mean what the fuck you wanna know about
In the trap still tryna get this load out
Fast money I would never take a slow route
Ten bricks with a chopper on the fold out
I recommend you role with it or get rolled out
I dedicate it to the niggas who done sold out
I guess I was chose
Bitches openin my doors
I am the shit, no need to check your nose
Every bitch I want comin out their clothes
Asshole habits hustle like a savage
Shit round my neck bitch nothing 'bout it average
Open up the safe you would think it's full of cabbage
Shit, probably why a fuck nigga would never manage

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Caught a case back in '08 nigga, I was seventeen facing three years
Cut a few niggas off that were bringing me down
Now I'm on top like three lid
Why you never really see a nigga trip out, pray this shit gon' really out, b
lessed to be here
I'm just a nigga from the slum, now I'm rich with a get-
money gut like a nigga drink beer
Made it out the hole, almost ended off the road
Now I'm on and out the road state to state doing shows
Came a long way from kicking doors, stealing nigga bowls

Or sleeping on the floor
And walkin' to the store
Now I might pull up in a roll when you walkin on more
Whoever knew that the streets did take me this far
Used to rock G-shocks now I might rock the rollie or flaunt that Audemar
Bosses be the magic used to make Paris
Now I got Houston just to order seafood salad
Thank God for the times that a nigga did struggle
(Everything happens for a reason)
That what made my hustle now a young nigga vision just stuck on top
(Money over everything)
I was piecing out the puzzle now a nigga diamond wet like a puddle

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