

Yella

"Neva Had a Chance"

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[Intro/Chorus: Chanting] Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance [Verse 1: DJ Yella]
The first child would be the most precious thing
In the mother's life But sometimes things just don't seem to work
the way they should You know what I'm sayin? It takes a scandalous bitch
To bring a child in this world for nothin' Yeah, nothin, callin' the funk fuse
daddy He's still every night trippin' Trippin, but the little B.G. huggin'
just like a Trojan Gettin' his ass beat everyday behind the ?? smokin, clockhead
He barely knew his mamma, and damn sure will never know his dad
[Chorus: Chanting] Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance [Verse 2: DJ Yella]
What's after? - the little BGs are grown up now Compton style, raised on the .44 yell
and triple beam Surrounded by all his homies, this is his family now
Ohh mamma! she is still trippin' Tell her from the flow he been waitin' to die,
walkin' dead You know, he don't respect your ass no more, bitch I wonder why?
Fifteen years old, tree bird, one last deal
The Place: Compton and Long Beach
The Time: 12:00 Midnight
The Outcome: two to the head (*2 Gun Shots*) B.G. dead
[Chorus: Chanting until fade] Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance
Never had a chance, never had a chance

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