

Gucci Mane

"Neva Had Shit"

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course...

(imma hood rich nigga i aint neva had shit i really aint shit niggas talkin bout me but dey really aint hit dey aint said shit it dont make dollaz it dont make sense)...repeat twice

verse 1...

(i aint neva had shit nigga dats da truth rich kids in da scoll use to draw on my shoes name stay on the board four checks in chalk in detention cus da teacher say dat we cant talk car so rady dat my momma got so i juss walk i wish i had a nickel fa every fight i fought stealin candy out da store like i cant get caught juss a lil bad black boy it aint my fought after school snack serve man 4 pieces of bread grandaddy why yo i so got-damn red gotta real soft ass n a hard ass better mind f**kin manners boy dats wat he said)

course...

(imma hood rich nigga i aint neva had shit i really aint shit niggas talkin bout me but dey really aint hit dey aint said shit it dont make dollaz it dont make sense)...repeat twice

verse 2...

(move to east atlanta at da age of 9 real cold winter 1989 my brther good at ball i cant play no sports dey wont let u pack yo ? on da b-ball court ? wit my daddy na things goin alright we a family na got da dope man nikes n da starter coke only nigga in school wit da dope man rope pull da joint 2 times man im high already i like dem girls wit da braids n da high top chest ? tried to take it on da train but i juss couldnt let him)

course...

(imma hood rich nigga i aint neva had shit i really aint shit niggas talkin bout me but dey really aint hit dey aint said shit it dont make dollaz it dont make sense)...repeat twice

verse 3...

(14 gettin drunk n a house party dey locked me up dey

must have hide a half ounce on me momma mad as a
mutha daddy let him b gucci mane raise me to b a
straight up g na my daddy hustle had but he love sum
liquir n my momma wanna leave em but she love da
nigga everything kinda change wen i turned sixteen
got ole' skool regle wit da wit da crom back rees like a
new born baby man dat bitch clean but da motor
f**ked n da transmanine n its knockin don da street n
mackmile parkin lot stright whoppin n a bankhead
bounce 4 hoes 1 me hit da half n give me 2 dimes fa
15 in my to get rich by all means in da trap cus dis rap
shit was juss my dream)

course...

(imma hood rich nigga i aint neva had shit i really aint
shit niggas talkin bout me but dey really aint hit dey
aint said shit it dont make dollaz it dont make
sense)...repeat twice

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