

Nada (ft Joell Ortiz)

Emilio Rojas

My momma worked double shifts, she had three jobs
(I ain't neva had nada) I got to go and hustle quick, I got to be sum'
(I ain't neva had nada) I'm livin' uptown, I stay by that weed spot
(I ain't neva had nada) I got to upgrade to J's from them Reeboks, brr
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(I ain't neva had nada) My momma was single, my father, he left us
With nada, not even a dolla fo' diapers
So she doubled her hospital shifts
Just to give us a quality life, now I'm chasin' this money
I'm sick and tired of asking what the price is
And I'mma need me a couple o' millions fo' my sacrifices
Yeah, now the landlord called, said he need a couple of G's
Fo' the lease by the first, I live in the hood where they beef ova turf
Yet them rich folks still wish them streets would be theirs
Now they just built anotha fuckin' Starbucks
But the corner store close, killin' our bucks
How we supposed to be a breadwinner
When we livin' off them lil fuckin' crumbs that they toss us
It's a tossup, wanna chalk us out
'Cause we shoot each otha up ova Porsches
Lil' mama like a pro, pro choice cuz her man just endorsed her
Fo' gettin' an abortion, I wish it was different, it isn't
We livin' with drama, all the hommies doin' anythin' to eat right now
'Cause we neva had nothin' My momma worked double shifts, she had three jobs
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(I ain't neva had nada) Cheeseburgers, fries and Coke, mama worked at White Castle
I ain't neva had nada
She used to sniff lines of coke, enough to build a White Castle
I ain't neva had nada
We ain't had a dime, we broke while I'm dealin' with life's hassles

I ain't neva had nada
Man, niggas had all kinds of jokes but this is right back at you
Just when you thought it was a wrap, I thought of a couple of raps
Took the money from the trap, hit the booth on 'em
Said lemme give this a crack, I'm tired of slingin' that crack
I started spittin' this crack and it grew on 'em
First bookin' was a wrap, word to Brooklyn, it was packed
Man, it happened in a snap how I blew on 'em
Had the haters face blue on 'em, watch face blew on 'em
Bitches blew on 'em, niggas tried to race the whip
And I blew on 'em, shit fast dude
Remember that fast food fiend, well she clean now
Flo' model gone, flat screen now
Livin' in the condo of her dreams now
Think cars, no mo' EBT now We chilling on a lil sumethin' partner
Money meetings & button up Prada
But you'll neva see me frontin', I'mma stunt
And I remember when I neva had nothin' My momma worked double shifts, she had three jobs
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Songwriters

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