

Nada (feat. Joell Ortiz)

Emilio Rojas

My mama worked double shifts, she had three jobs

(I ain't never had nada)

I gotta go and hustle quick, I gotta be something

(I ain't never had nada)

I'm living uptown, I stay by that weed spot

(I ain't never had nada)

I gotta upgrade to Jams from them Reeboks, brrrr

(I ain't never had nada)

My mama was single, my father, he left us

With nada, not even a dollar for diapers

So she doubled her hospital shifts

Just to give us a quality life, uh

Now I'm chasing this money

I'm sick and tired of asking what the price is

And I'mma need me a couple of millions for my sacrifices

Yeah, now the landlord called, said he need a couple of G's

For the lease by the first, I live in the hood where they beef over turf

Yet them rich folks still wish them streets would be theirs

Now they just built another fucking Starbucks

But the corner store close, killing our bucks

How we supposed to be a breadwinner

When we living off them little fucking crumbs that they toss us

It's a tossup, wanna chalk us out

~Cause we shoot each other up over Porsches

Lil mama like a pro, pro-choice ~cause her man just endorsed her

For getting an abortion, I wish it was different, it isn't

We living with drama, all the homies doing anything to eat right now

~Cause we never had nada

Cheeseburgers, fries and Coke, my mama worked in White Castle

I ain't never had nada

She used to sniff lines of coke, enough to build a white castle

I ain't never had nada

We ain't had a dime, we broke while I'm dealing with life's hassles

I ain't never had nada

Man, niggas had all kinds of jokes but this is right back at you

Just when y'all thought it was a wrap, I thought of a couple of raps

Took the money from the trap, hit the booth on ~em

Said let me give this a crack, Iâ€™m tired of slinging that crack
I started spitting this crack and it grew on â˜em
First booking was a wrap, word to Brooklyn, it was packed
Man, it happened in a snap how I blew on â˜em
Had the haters face blue on â˜em, watch face blew on â˜em
Bitches blew on â˜em, niggas tried to race the whip
And I blew on â˜em, shit fast dude
Remember that fast food fiend, well she clean now
Floor model gone, flat screen now
Living in the condo of her dreams now
Think cars, no more EBT now
We chillinâ€™ on a little something partner
Money meetings and button up Prada
But youâ€™ll never see me frontinâ€™, Iâ€™mma stunt
And I remember when I never had nada

My mama was single, my father, he left us
With nada, not even a dollar for diapers
So she doubled her hospital shifts
Just to give us a quality life, uh
Now Iâ€™m chasing this money
Iâ€™m sick and tired of asking what the price is
And Iâ€™mma need me a couple of millions for my sacrifices

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