

# Another Day

G Herbo

GANG!

Louie what'chu on bro?

Another day, another body droppin'  
If I go broke then I'mma rob somebody  
A fragile body can't survive a shotty  
Pump a nigga, I'll slump a nigga  
And I been shot at by a bunch a niggas  
But I'll still never run from a nigga  
Catch a nigga hollows flyin' for dem niggas  
50 hit every last one of niggas  
Got some old heads that'll slump a nigga  
But you still can get killed by my younger niggas  
My young niggas hungry, put 'em on a lick  
And they'll take every last thing from a nigga  
I got hittas wit' me rollin' off a flat  
Now it's hittas in me, ridin' wit' this 30  
I might high speed, so I think that I might go get me a Hemi  
Lil bro gotta 30 now it's me and 60  
We ain't goin' in 'til them bitches empty  
Mally tryna make his Glock go empty  
Ridin' on them oppers but they block so empty  
Kobe make me wanna catch a body  
Seeking for revenge, but that's not forgiveness  
My niggas ridin' wit' it, they on business  
Shoot a brick a hunnid times, put that on Guinness  
My hittas know they don't condone the snitchin'  
Fuck a trial, broski dome the witness!  
Lookin' for them niggas, why they keep sneak dissin'  
See him in the field, up the nickel  
Niggas act like they pretendin'  
Bitch I'm in the field wit' the steel  
Niggas say they wanna kill me, act like they forgettin'  
Lil bro keep a Glock wit' 30 shots for any block  
Wit' red beams to help them pay attention

Another day, another dollar for me  
Wake up and get to the money  
Money on me so that tool is on me  
If I want him gone, I'll put money on 'em  
AKs wit' them hunnids in 'em  
Let 'em up, bring out the runner in 'em  
Ion bop I do the money dance  
Pack louder than an ambulance  
I be goin' dumb wit' my big head friends  
Them new hun duns make me feelin' friends  
I spend hella bands on my Robin jeans  
Gotta get this green by any means  
Cop killas in the magazines  
From the block to the magazines  
I'm Mike, yo bitch Billie Jean  
Make her best friend lick her belly ring  
My life like a Belly scene  
Catch me flexin' in that Pelle thing  
Bitches want me like a wedding ring  
No answer I just let it ring  
No time to talk baby 'tml'

And ion set up no voicemail  
M.O.B. 'til I D-I-E  
Wit' a beam on tha heat, I could shoot a bee  
Shoot a creep in the eye and tell 'em, "see"  
I told yo dumbass not to fuck wit' me  
No love for a bitch I just fuck and leave  
She just suckin' dick, and she ugly  
I'm sick of gettin' bands I got counterflu  
Killas a hit up a carnival  
Get shot hella times like its lots of you  
We DOA they can't doctor you