

At the Light

G Herbo

So much money keep comin, I get it like "what ima do with that?"
Buy choppas and clips hold a hunned, now what ima do with that?
Wonder who ima shoot with that
Ride thru the 8 block and the rugers clap
Call up J.Dot, broad day faceshot
Hollows make his face drop, knock his noodles back
Now how true is that?
Yea my niggas they doin that
All black, lets go do a hit
Hoodie on, they like "who is that?"
We at war, we got stupid shit
Talkin 50 shot mags with the coolie kit
Fazoland where I'm coolin at
Bodies drop, I don't got nuthin to do with that
And man it's crazy, that I ain't even made it, but these niggas hate me
And I'm patient cuz I'm still in 1st place, but I ain't even racin
I'm just sprintin to 100's and 50's and Beamers and Bentleys
Yea its with me, if you want it come get me
I move with that semi
Don't come near me, cause I'll act a fool with that semi
In that new STR8 with a whole pint of drank and a tool in this hemi
Heater right on my lap yea so I'm cool in this hemi
And when I stop at the light I make sure I grip tight on that pipe

I know niggas out for my life
Gotta look to my left and my right
I'll be damned I get left at the light
Summertime, I remember them nights [2x]

Me and Kobe off ACT with the sprite
He just left and some nig' took his life
Wish the lord woulda just let him fight
But don't trip man its gon be aight
Cuz I got lil niggas tryna earn stripes
I could write them a check for your life
They might walk up and check you tonight
40 sneeze we gon' bless you tonight
Mask up broski, lets do it right
Catch a crowd bring them choppas out
Ain't no shootin out the car, nah bro'nem hoppin out
Yea, smash on sight fuck the cops we gon pop it out
And we stay in the field, block bustin I'm poppin out
NO LIMIT's whats poppin now
City love me, ain't nun else to talk about
Labels all on my bumper now
Call Mick like "bro, what they talkin bout?"
If they ain't talkin them M's, ain't none else to talk about
Wait til my tape drop, watch the label start stalkin now