

Bi Polar

G Herbo

Uh huh, yeah
G Herbo
Humble Beast, man
150 dream team, 150 Roc Block, bitch
79th, Essex
Niggas talking all this gangster shit
It's real gangster shit over there

When I was up on 78th, you was scared straight
Before Roc died, and Gilly caught that fair case
Remember Roc died, every morning shots fired
You was never in them trenches, pussy
You was dead weight
Never had to reminiscence and watch your homie hemorrhage
Even though you want to kill 'em, never play them bitches
Always came up with the blueprint, never had to listen
I had a bunch of detentions, too many pink slips
Turned to suspensions
Now I just walked in the car lot holding my pink slips, rocking Givenchy
If I had my life on the line, I'd take the shot but I'm not a Nowitzski
Shot real hot like a shot of the whiskey, if I'm not ducking, how could you miss me?
Glued to the blicky, keep my shit with me
I get the back end, still I get back, in the back of the truck if the club try to frisk me
I get so high just like I'm a hippie
Back in the '60s, percs got me trippy
I did two thirties, I'm off a sixty
I'm in a Range Rover Sport on the road
Tryna lose control, no I'm not messy
I'm quit the drank, and I do not miss it
Won't even pour it up when I'm not busy
I'm on a mission
I'm always busy, counting up benji's
Tryin' get some more some more bread
Look at my cars right now, I got for-show bread
Lil nigga, Lindsay, he got the low end
I put the work in like I got four hands
And I got love for a few, respect for a couple niggas
But ain't no fear in my heart for no man
Keep my sword on me like Conan
Before the rap, I swear I was poor man
Now my cribs and shit gotta door man
Niggas stay hating like "Herbo a ho man"
"How yo gon' show man?"
"What're you gon' blow, then?"
"I heard he toting his pipe everyday, and he shot some before"
"What, you knew him before then?"
I heard he the realest, and he be with killers, they sound like gorillas, and ride 4 wheelers
They waving them 30s and yelling no limit
If you ain't with it, then bitch mind your business
Got bulletproof vests, just like armadillos
I'm on the corner, with nothin' but dealers
Climbing a.40 when I'm on the block, water whippin' my wrist when I'm under the ceiling
Guess I'm a hypocrite, 'fore I got shot we was sending 'em out, give a fuck

'bout they feelings
And when I got shot, I was back on the block with my crutch and my Glock, give a fuck 'bout the healing
From the start of the day to the finish we was drillin'
Guess we was mentally illing
Couldn't even stop, we allergic to chillin'
Had to wake up and think like a villain (han)
Now my whole thought process different, wake up and think by the million, sometimes I don't talk I just listen, can't never be nothin' I ain't missin', some shit you just learn on your own, I told myself how to not go to prison
They want us to be all alone, they tryin' divide us off in divisions, tryin' divide us by our decisions, take advantage of kindness so that's why I'm vicious
I seen ballers rise and fall that's why I'm ambitious, locked in shackles or they gone, most of all my niggas (pour out all my liquor)