

Black

G Herbo

Yeah. Y'know if you wonder why I ever tell y'all yea or whatever I'm on, y'k now what I'm saying, in the studio. I'm just- I just gotta tell y'all my move, when I'm on some boss shit, I gotta embrace my power

I had to go black for a moment, no IG
I wasn't in these streets
Man, I couldn't tell my friends from enemies
It was all good, I was off them perccy's, sipping lean
'Til my mind told me stop, or you ain't gon' hide anything
Anything
You ain't gon' hide anything, yeah
You ain't gon' hide anything
My man told me stop, or you ain't gon' hide anything

I know for my niggas I'd do anything
'Cause I love 'em
I won't take credit for anything
I know niggas that's gon' take credit for everything
Niggas always take from you, ain't give you anything
Them your enemies
I done so much in these streets that I been a G
I just might kill me a nigga off Hennessy
I think I might be too real for the industry
And when I die, I just hope they remember me
I was the flyest lil nigga in class
I was the one who stood out in assembly's
I seen my niggas die before my eyes
So I'm the last nigga to show you some sympathy
Cock my shit back, blow it 'til it's empty
And I commit murder if you would tempt me
Fuck bitches, leave 'em, make 'em resent me
Bitch, I'm a sinner, I'm not repenting
God forgive me for my sins, but you know just where I been
Give a nigga the whole thirty, amen
Probably shot a nigga for gas, fucking with them xans
If you ran, got shot in the back for playing
Shouldn't of moved, I'm just saying
That why I'm probably playing
Boy don't front your move, watch what you saying
That might be his man
Running your mouth
Then wonder why they shot up your house
Open your mouth, fuck nigga, you a man or a mouse?
Family always calling me 'cause I'm the man of the house
In a sense of emergency, I've got a man to arouse
Thirty on 'em now
I can't break a sweat, bitch
Thirty on me now
You see what's on my neck, bitch?
Thirty on me now
Diamonds look like blaow
Got your bitch, wanna fuck me now
Thirty hit like blaow
I'm the shit like Colin Powell
I went to Bouchet, I ain't go to Powell
Me and shawty fuck, we was running wild
And big bro just beat two bodies

Still ain't shit then get you bodied
And I got on Chanel deodorant
I might pull up in Maserati
I rap street shit like I'm Hov on 'em
Still go fast like kamikaze
And I go move to any state
Keep foreign shit in my garage
That mean I might be me, you not
You want me, bitch?
Bring my deposit

Ay, G Herbo
You already know what the fuck it is, man
Humble Beast, swervo
You know?
This record man, I'm tryna go down in history, if I ain't gonna be the great
est, I on even wanna do this shit
For'real, like for'real, for'real
That's why, y'know what, they ain't no fly by night shit
I don't want niggas to feel like- y'know what I'm saying?
I'mma stay as humble as possible, I'm as humble as they come, you know?
But in all actuality I just want niggas to know, you not fuckin' with me