

Bought a Tool

G Herbo

In the streets I caught the blues
I got shot and caught the news
Flipped a seven and bought a tool

And we gonna slide on opps and choose
Which one of these nigga we bought to do
We never know nothing about excuses

And that's why it's EBK
We aint never care about the rules
When my mom ain't want me to go to Roc's Funeral
I snuck out of school
I was already knee deep in the street shit
Went to school every day wasn't tryna be shit
Fonem eventually made me quit
Picked me up everyday with lick two or three glicks
And we might do a hit
We just gonna ride a vip
We just gonna ride and keep gettin high
We gon decide who we see outside
See it already now just spin one more time
This glock 45 stay right by my side
We in the front and the back end the van with the slide
Just stay on the left and hop out on the right
Why you fold look me in my eye oh
Nigga how you told look me in my eye
And we ready to go
Soon as I get that money I'm ready to go
And we ready to blow
Tweak on the road they gon think about taking his soul

Long live pistol P that's on my soul
I remember white folks had the regal on the foe
Roc knew he couldn't hustle
Why the fuck you selling blow
I was rolling bummer back when rell was selling dro
Spent 100 summers
Tottin that ok thunder
We just riding in cars to get there
Hop out run up on them
And I spit that street shit
For my nigga out here on defense
Stay your ground and defend
If you made that bed then sleep in it
Still out here on our street shit
Just for everybody saying I wasn't gonna be shit
And I spread the love
Still bless nigga who aint never gave me shit
I aint stressin shit no more imma let shit be shit
Stay gon down on that G shit
Still pressed as fuck I don't rock that cheap shit
Who you know rock that Amiri like me shit
Nobody not me shit
I've been buying these bitches for three years
Walk in Barney's get at least like three pairs
Sometimes I be up two or three pair
I wanna feel like he feel

By the end of the year I need at least another three mill
I want a ghost like meek mill
16 I was riding with totes
Don't care where you from nigga we want smoke
Off riding with folks and I didn't shoot till I got close
And the opp was from a far out my lil hoe car
Skeet off bail out Throw the shells out
And I did some shit with bro I ain't gon tell you about
Can't take advantage of me no more
I ain't gonna bail you out
Had a grown bitch like 24 used to come and get me out
I was too young to bail out
Go to her crib and wear it out
That glock was like my shirt
Cock that bitch and wear it out
Ask your homie and them do it work?
Cock that bitch and air it out
Going to jail or down just ain something I cared about
Now you gotta be somebody to know my whereabouts
Clap shit up they hear about me
They heard about us
Two am we riding mama's worried about us
In this bitch it's looking like we robbed Cabella's
Riding with ladders these bitches gonna sound like propellers
You pussy and I smell it
Coke I used to sell it
I can't believe that you would tell it
Roll the runts inhale it
Remember I was waiting on them to mail it
Pouring pints up in my belly
They Tryna throw me on probation
Any piss test imma fail it
I might never see Toronto
Because I might end up a felon
Sat in county for a week
I'm giving peace up to my celly
And Cap know he took a piece of me
When that nigga left me
And he know he supposed to be with me
Let that be a lesson
That just mean we supposed to stick together
That's more smith and wessons
More nigga on security
That's just more niggas to stretch em
Wopski know he stay on security
Because I stay with all this jewelry
We stay away from them fuck niggas
Because they be with all of that foolery
And we ride with fullys
And we all some bullys
We ain't got on no masks
But we all in hoodies
And we don't give no fuck who you is
Nigga book me
Just sent at 40
We gon pull up smoke a zooky