

Do U

G Herbo

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Greatest rapper alive still
Big Swerv, let me holler at you
Baby

I'm something like a P-I-M-P
Big ski, ride in a coupe with a bitch look just like Ruby in the front seat
Switchin' lanes, she suckin' my dick while I'm watchin' the movie, got a TV
in the front seat
Book a flight, come right to me
I'ma be in the Raq for a week, you know I'm a capital P

Switch to the Maybach long wheelbase, now we in the back of the V
Got ten bitches, I tell 'em I love 'em, I don't know what's happenin' to me
Get so geeked, I don't even sleep when I'm mixin' the Perc with the lean
Fuckin' for hours, hop in the shower, I'm off the liquor and beans

I hit the scene, I'm oh so clean, rockin' Bottega, CELINE
100k rolls for the K bake rolls, fuck is gon' fit in my jeans?
I'm tryna get in between
Ain't even take off her clothes, she feenin', she creamin'
Girl, stop runnin' from this shit—I mean it

Even though I'm heaven sent, I'm still a fuckin' demon
Pull a small 20-ball and fuck it up at Neiman's
Gon' spin for me, twin, like a ballerina
Got a Spanish hottie mommy, she from Pasadena

I'm so rich, can't pretend, I got more M's than fingers
Buss it like a fuckin' Nina
Damn, she so lowkey—I love it, she don't never wanna be in public
Bring a friend with her like it ain't nothin'
But that's a whole 'nother subject

Got a McLaren with the yellow guts
Lambo red-ketchup and mustard
Before I was a rich nigga, bae, I was hustlin'
Before I was a rich nigga, bae, I was dusty

Went and bought a TRX, truck husky
Soon as I pull up, everybody rushin'
I can tell she want me, she blushin'
Four hoes dolo—everybody touchin'

Lost it, got it right back, I ain't lucky
Rockin' Dior with a Prada bucket
Need two black trucks soon as I land
You know I land with a lot of luggage

I'm in the Yams, big-ass mansion
I got a safe with a lot of hunnids
Think I'ma let her go free? I ain't trippin'
Know I can hide that shit if I want it

Know I can buy that shit if I want it
I can divide that shit if I want it
I can decide that shit when I want it

I mighta lied—got caught in the moment

And if I flex it just like my masters
That's 'cause I own it
Wanna wake up and get me a bag
It's what make me happy—I'd rather be lonely

You told her, it's cool... do you

Do you, do you
Do you
Do you, do you
Do you
I'ma do me
I'ma do me

Bad chick callin' my phone all day long
I'm pressin' decline, I'm stuck on the grind, shawty
My young bitch might get some time
She ain't got a 'Gram, you can't even find, shawty

Put it on God, they waitin' in line
I give 'em that rod, I get from behind
Hop in the Lambo, smoke in the ride
Rockin' some Chrome pants, I'm Saudi

Every nigga keepin' it P
Tell a ho go from his, then turn into mine—he salty
Makin' this shit every day, every week
I don't wear none cheap, at the store with a 40

I ain't never been type to beef over freaks
Heard threats about if he caught me
I be poppin' out icy and lit
Know his sucker ass ain't do shit when he saw me

Plain Jane Rollies—I done bought four
Iced out APs—I done bought three
Richard Mille, I'ma buy two
One for you, bae, and one for me

Big G Swerv, I'm way out they league
Can't even talk to me, ain't 'bout cheese
Police just gave my passport back
I just might be in Maldives

Whippin' a what's-it-call-it
This six hundred large up my sleeve
I stay high all the time, don't grieve
Go to work, can't sleep—I'm a money hauler

I got all this pressure on me
That's why all these diamonds on me
Duck them people—I'm tryin' to stay free
Pay my debt, you gotta pay me

Made it out the Raq, yes, know I'm blessed
Got respect
Hundred million—shit, none less
Bitch, where that check? I'm 'bout to collect

Need some shit to ease my stress
I send a text, and now she wet

Soon she ask me where I'm at
You know that neck come after that

I'm slidin' in the backseat of the Escalade
I'm crazy 'bout you—know I never played
Get butterflies—ask if you ever made me
Before the beat go off, girl, I just gotta say

You do
You do
You do
You do, you do