

Doughboy

G Herbo

Uh

You know I was just lookin' at some shit today, man
I posted on my Instagram, I was like eighteen on the block freestylin'
And I would of never thought that this shit'd ever get me here to this point
But I don't really know how 'cause a nigga did everything and put the work in
to get where I'm at now
Where I'm 'posed to be, you know, so this shit was written, for real, man

Now we really rich
Before rich, we was with the shits
With four clips, we could never miss
I spent years in the whip with Chris
I drop tears when I reminisce
But I ain't doughboy
I rap gangster like I'm O'Shea
40 K a show, shit been kind of slow, yet I'm still okay
Crib more lavish, why I never send my LO your way
Live like I got platinum plaques and I ain't wear my gold today
Arm a glizzy in his name but I still got a throw away
Remember I was frustrated, rain, rain, go away
Now I want a hunnid
'Cause a million ain't no dough today
Wake up in LA, I'm like, now how my day gonna go today?

Thinkin' about Yosohn
He made my angry days go away
Profit to his savings
I just gave a whole show away
Soon as you don't have nowhere to go
God gon' show a way
Just show some faith
Take it like a soldier, even soldiers pray
It's no coincidence, I'm from the land of the dead
Blood on the pavement
Hands on your head
Some of us won't make it out
That's what my mommy said
Nobody saw shots, the block watched his body bled

Mama still cryin' on the scene
She can't even leave
Whole hood immune to murder
We can't even grieve
And nobody else cryin' 'cause this the life of a heathen
But his little brother now, he got a trick up his sleeve
He got a grip on that bitch
He been to ran up on a nigga
Got a chip on his shoulder
He ready stand over a nigga
If your bro die in them streets
Is you gonna give him pity
Or you gon' make the hood red?
You gon' paint the city

I'm ready to slide all night
I hope you still with me
We willin' to get through situations when it get real sticky

I'm ready to make his mama cry
She gon' have to feel it with me
I'm ready catch his brother lackin'
We gotta kill Ricky

I'm just a product of some shit
If you look at the map, we was at the bottom of that bitch
Kids growin' up like this
They don't think it's a problem with that shit
All they know where I'm from
Nigga, if you starvin', hit a lick
The right robbery get you rich
Well, we was hustlin' on my strip
Ain't had no big homies give us nothing, they ain't have shit
Inherited wars, ain't know how to survive but we did it
I can tell you stories from the start to the finish
Super savage, we was livin', nigga

Gang shit, you know gang shit, we damn near started that, man
Seven, nine S's, block to block
Know we was young niggas that was savage early
Did the impossible shit niggas thought we couldn't do, wouldn't do
We did it, ten times over, man
But you know that