

Dropout

G Herbo

Hook:

Growin' up got A's and B's in school ain't have to drop out
I ain't want no 9 to 5 cause that's a cop-out
And now everytime I pop out I just bring a lot out
Don't matter anywhere that I go, I'm gon bring the Glock out
My niggas wit that, pull up get busy and skat
Yo bitch told Mally, she tryna let me hit from the back
Might tip, wanna give her a rack, can't come in my house
Unless you was givin' the neck, so handle ya business or
Jet, won't sit at my table unless you was givin' a check or took
Half percentage of that...

Verse 1:

I wasn't tryna holla, unless you was givin a profit or took
Half percentage of that
I'm gon do whatever involvin' me gettin' to that check ain't
No line of scrimmage for that
And you know the numbers if you callin' me for a show
Pull up or get it in Jet, TSA trippin' I don't f*ck wit the flight
Attendants, I can't wait to get on a Jet
18, 19 drinkin' 8th's on the road, did 20 dates on the road
Tryna get to court, but I still got a show in New York
I was fightin' my case on the road
My brother be shippin' and gift wrappin' away sellin'
And taping them poles
And 2 of em' gone, soon as the pack touch down
Now we got 28 of them ho's
Walk in yo club, f*ck it up wit the rolls
Bitches get p*ssy, don't pay for them ho's
And if I decided I'm gon make it rain, f*ck up a check on

Like 8 of them ho's
Bring yo bitch over, if she say my name
I do my thang, she can't take it no more
Save me the games, I'll blow out ya brains
If I reach inside these Balmain's
Just don't interfere wit my lane

Hook

Verse 2:

Was never a dummy, I ain't have to drop out
Went on the road just to rock out
Wanted money, got tired I had none when I popped out
Rollin' up blunts at my ma's house
I ran up me a check, fell in love wit designer
Still saw them deals, and ain't sign em'
I can see I appeal to yo ho like I'm Santa
Spit somethin' for me, I'll sign her
And when my teacher sat in the classroom
I had it, still could complete my assignments
When she ask me if I been to sleep and I hadn't
Couldn't had been, I was grindin'
Remember niggas addin', I was just static

But what they be, I was shinin'
Just go back on my record of history of hatred you
See come from me, underline it
And the average nigga got half of the patience as me
I go from A to the Z, wait out his house in the bushes
From 8 to 3, hop out give him 8 from the G
Call me "G Herbo", or say "Herbo Baby" for sweet
But don't take the H from the G
Baby don't play wit the G
Call me when you put the babies to sleep
Come thru I'm tryna put ya face in the sheets

Hook