

I just told 'em turn my headphones all the way up
Uh, huh
Yeah
Uh, huh
Yeah
Damn, Sizzle, it's hard for me to rap on these raw ass beats

It's G Herbo, baby
And I come straight from the blizzock
Luckily I ain't a felon, but I got caught with the glizzock
And I just bought me a white Sky Dweller, finna bust down my wrist watch
2018 my year watch
Bitch, I'm only flying from the clear, watch
Yeah, that's the jet, so I travel with the Tec
When I land, put the engine in the rear, watch
And we back to back, Bentley's all matte black
Hit the sport, throw that bitch up in the gear, ah!
I heard it's some trappers in here, huh
What you make this year?
Anyway, it's some hammers in here, pistol clappers in here, kidnappers in here
We just got left in the jungle and turned to some animals
Bitch, we adapters in here
Pull up shooting shit from mid-range, bitch we Toronto Raptors in here
Mama told me, "can't live in fear"
I changed the atmosphere, ayy
Nigga I ain't drunk that Act' in a year
Only if Cap was here

I don't talk that shit, I'll end niggas rap career
I was in the streets too much and it held me back for real
I was in the the trap for real
I hit 175 racks for real
Still ride with them straps for real
But I'll beat the streets, I ain't going back for real
Blick on my lap for real, for real
And it's a known fact for real
Get killed 'bout Kobe and Cap for real
Pull up, brrat for real (brrat)
We sold crack for real (crack)
In the stu', strapped for real (strapped)
Lil' Herb back for real (back)

Niggas is bitch
No homo, but my Glock got a dick
20 plus, four or more
I used to get all the way up and go broke
Said to myself I ain't doing that no more
Walk ups on niggas, glide slow low
Jedi blow four from the.44
Might as well let off the.2, ain't got no more
On the way home, it's 12 on go though
Big 40 hollows, spin like hollows
Fully auto, shoot up your car door
Racks on me now like I just hit the lotto
Ain't in the hood no more, but I'm not far though
Bitch I'm sauced up, taco

Bossed up, El Chapo
Built for war right now though
That bitch be ready where I go
Nigga what's that, Posto (Posto!)
Reeking up my clothes, ayy
What it say on my clothes?
Givenchy, Leonardo
Never sold my soul
All my show sold
All these niggas hoes
Here go a bullet hole

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