

Frfr

G Herbo

Yeahhhh yeahhhh, yeahhh yeahhh (ahh) (ahh)
For Real for real for real for real (For Real)
(Ahhhh) Ain't nothing gonna stop us (For real for real, for real for real)
(Ahhhhh) You know we got them 30 Poppers (For real for real, for real for real)
(Ahhh) You know I'd never leave my brothers (For real)
Only god is above us, For real (For real for real)

(For real for real, for real for real)

I done been in that field, seen niggas get murked (For real for real)
So I keep that strap sitting right on my lap, nigga kill or be killed (I got it)
And I can't get wacked, cause I gotta make back what I lost in the trap
Bitch I'm all about a sack, hoes know I got racks cause I'm always in Saks
Lil herb really be on the block, for real for real (For real for real)
Lil herb tote Glock, I get a nigga a shot
Pull up in that drop coming straight from the dock and it come from the lot
Ridin' around my city with a cup and a blunt
50 Shots I ain't worried about nothing (Huuh)

(ahhhh) Ain't nothing gonna stop us (For real for real, for real for real)
(ahhhhh) You know we got them 30 Poppers (For real for real, for real for real)
(ahhh) You know I'd never leave my brothers (For real)
Only god is above us, for real (for real for real)
For real for real, for real for real

For real for real, before I die I gotta see a 'hunnid mill
But I came from the Chi got some shorties with me that would kill a nigga for a couple 'hunnid steal
Gettin money Herbo, how them 'hunnids feel?
Love the way I make those 'hunnids peal
Steady whippin' tracks, this another kill
Make a nigga wish he had another deal

Yeah and I said if I want it Imma cop it
Run up on me while it's on me, Imma pop it
Going off, can't nobody stop us
My tapes be the hottest, before I even drop it
I don't lost too many my niggas, I miss my niggas (for real for real)
I don't lost too many this year, shit real, so we finna go kill for real

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(Ahhh) You know I'd never leave my brothers (For real)
Only god is above us, for real (For real for real)
For real for real, for real for real

For real for real, I feel mentally ill
Cause if I see an opp, Imma let off this thirty shot Glock
In his top, 'till it's empty as hell
Been in the field since a lil nigga
Over the years and I don't show no sympathy still
I gotta be rich or be dead, get snatched by the
Feds, bet I won't answer shit that he said

Drinking this pint to the head, bronem off Remy
I'd rather drink codeine instead, I'm leaning and dozing
Asleep off the Superman mixing a 4 of the purp with the red
Bitches they all in my face, they thirsty
They jockin' me, watchin' me shaking they ass
I'm koolin' just countin' my cash Lil Mally he totin'
That mag, better hope he don't blast (Huhh)

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(Ahhhhh) You know we got them 30 Poppers (for real for real, for real for real)
(Ahhh) You know I'd never leave my brothers (for real)
Only god is above us, for real (for real for real)
For real for real, for real for real (you ain't know?)
Ahhh