

Funk Flex #Freestyle160

G Herbo

Let's get it

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Live in effect, man, Funk Flex, let's get it

2021 shit, uh (Big Oz on the keyboard and shit)

Yeah

Dark notions when a nigga think

Somehow I got my eyes open when a nigga blink

I remember rats in my kitchen sink

Dishes dirty, used the palm of my hands to get a drink

Now I'm rockin' gold Cubin links, the rose lookin' pink

I was warrant with the Devil, got my medals wrote in ink

I done did the realest, niggas just like me might be extinct

I ain't even get a ring but I was married to the streets

Ref' whistled on my shooter 'cause he carryin' for me

I ain't gotta go suit up no more, my mans the M.V.P

On demand, I still'll be the helpin' hand though when he need it

Ain't nobody been outside so he just slidin' for no reason

Swear my life was full of thrills, head over heels, throwin' L's, was like twelve

They wasn't movin' right, they in them cells, wish 'em well

In a whip that's registered, pull over and get them shells, nigga, damn, almost got away

Saw it when he fell, I'm like, "Damn, half my city dead"

Was here in 2012, I'm like, "Damn"

Pistol on my lap, I know I shouldn't be by myself so I'm like, "Damn"

I done cried enough tears that I could make a well of them

I was out there with them L's but I can't take a L again

I'm still hustlin' for the fam', that money made a boy a man

Already bought the Lamb' and I scrapped the rims

Ain't trip on that too much, I dropped it off and jumped McLaren, G Herbo

This shit phenomenal

It's comin' in from all ways, now a hundred mil' possible

At least for me, I stayed down and beat the obstacles

I seen a nigga heart frozen, body like a popsicle

I had to branch off from my bros and fall back from them hoes

I almost lost it, I got focused, how I found out I was chosen

Ain't no different, had a chance and I just took it, never stole it

In a whip worth least a fifty lettin' off clips but that was stolen

And I had my whole hood in control, probably let you hold somethin'

Trappin' since a kid, can't name a nigga I got bows from

Only dealt with big dogs, bitch, 'cause I'm a big dog

Eighteen, I was hood rich and I was still lettin' them sticks off

But lean, it took the pain away

Every day I drank a eight and threw my bake away

Ain't even stack for rainy days, I hit all the phases

I ain't trip, I made a way

Now I paid, I'm self-made, I own myself, I gave a raise, I prove a theory

Did some shit they never seen, now they amazed

I made a change, I made it cool, bought a school, ain't graduate

I just betted on myself, I ain't do what the massa say

On my public shit, my masters, can't do what no master say

Fuck him, what he had to say, shout out my folk and I'm bad to say

All my folks, them my kinfolks, know we droppin' folks

If he still had-had beef with us you remember how that go

Big bro told me not to go dolo 'cause he knew I was about to blow, uh