

Off Days

G Herbo

But I'm still no limit
Ay

I was the only nigga that was showing love and getting hate
All these days I wake up early, stay up late
You can't see me, I'm out the way
I live in different states
So I'll get a nigga smoked and I'm skippin' states

Real or fake? Tryna see who real or fake
Get a nigga sprayed I'm still praying this shit pay off
But a nigga paid
All this shit, I don't take no day off
I be working on my day off, I been praying this shit pay off

Mama, lil nigga made it
And I don't be feeling like celebrating shit but everyday I'm getting faded
And everybody round me know that I'm rich
Somehow I'm still plotting on a lick
Street nigga ain't on celebrity shit, I don't want to take no celebrity pics
Paranoid, I got a ride with a blick

And I'ma score cause I don't want to even the score
Picking up bags I been on the road so much I ain't even been touring
Remember we slidin', can't wait to catch a nigga ridin' with one
We was ridin' with four
Me and the bros totin' poles
Stuck in the hood I was missing shows
Nigga ain't never played with me and they know they can't play with the bros
Locked in, we gon' stay by the code and they knowing whatever I'm saying it goes
Niggas they know, it's big G Herbo
Ay, there he go, it's big G Herbo
Better not run up on G Herbo
'Cause he might have an AK in the Rolls, yeah

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Pay me out, pay me out I want the max
Ain't with that, what he say? We out
I've been doing this shit for Max
Spread blood and we got tats
Real bitch went rap to trap
Blew 150 racks max

Foem splattin' out caskets gats

And we setting up traps for a rat
Shooting a movie
If it's action
I might have to pop out and attack
Shooting a movie
I'm on set in a black truck
I'm hopping out in the back
Try to attack us but we was moving tactic
It was too many 'lac trucks
These niggas rap, but you rappin' 'bout us?
You the same one got clapped up
I got rich off rap, blogs be talking 'bout us
Them bodies ain't even attached to us
I be so low key, niggas be talking 'bout me
And that shit ain't even match up
When them shots barked, I was like Rosa Park
I'm way in the back of the bus