

# 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 riding 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

Foenem 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