

# On My Soul

G Herbo

On my soul  
Lost too many of my niggas out here in that field (On my soul)  
My niggas my niggas one hunnit' ya'll niggas ain't real (On my soul)  
War time niggas ain't on non', my niggas gon' drill (On my soul)  
Young nigga all I know is get money give a fuck how they feel (On my soul)

On my soul in the field, 'member plain nights  
Totin' pipes, trappin' sellin' white trynna get it right  
Came straight from the block now I'm on the mic  
Cockroaches all in the trap, used too spend the night  
Yeah nigga I need the money, fuck fame  
Ima' stay the same, never change  
I be with the gang, sippin' purple lean, switchin' lanes  
30's in they hands, so don't run up on this Range, jewels run up in yo' brain boy  
Real nigga everybody should clap for me  
But in the field everybody don't clap for me  
My niggas real guaranteed they gon' clap for me so when I get them bills Ima' pay for they accuracy  
Now everybody juss' be plottin' on everybody, the feds prolly' puttin' dead bodies on there bodies  
And these niggas snakes, I ain't rockin' wit' everybody  
If any nigga play, we got choppas' for everybody  
A couple niggas might've said they my mans prolly'  
But understand, I'm that nigga to everybody  
He ain't from the land then he ain't my mans prolly'  
We got a song then he payed me the bands obviously  
Bitch can't ask me for my money man, bitch over my dead body  
And I promise that my money won't stop Ima' stack 'till I get too the top, put it...

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Ha  
You's a woulda'- shoulda'- coulda'- nigga  
Okay yo' clique a buncha' woulda'- shoulda'- coulda'- niggas  
(Fufu!) You juss' a woulda'- shoulda'- coulda'- nigga  
Give a fuck 'bout what you woulda'- shoulda'- coulda-nigga

Man I can't do shit for no nigga, niggas never did shit for me (On my soul)  
Right before when I was pullin' them bands, niggas wasn't in that shit wit' me (On my soul)  
Now everybody wanna hold out they hand, boy you can't get shit from me (On my soul)  
R.I.P. Lil' Roc, Vito, Fazo and real Pistol P (On my soul)

Smoke a blunt now I'm back at it [x3]  
I'm workin' hard 'cuz my tape shoulda' been dropped  
And bro's shit goin' nuts for the crack addicts

Meanwhile bitch I'm focused on my mathematics  
All this money in the world, yeah I gotta have it  
I ain't trickin' on a bitch, that's a bad habit

I'm juss' whippin' at my wrist for a black Aston  
I'm ridin' 'round through the city blowin' loud by the fifty run up on me and we black maskin'  
I don't ride wit' the mask but I ride wit' the Mag, I juss' drive and the Macs blastin'

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My niggas on the block they'll shoot you- take- all yo'- figures  
If you holdin' on the low I need that- lil'- fuckin'- nigga  
If you hold , you say you got it- the shit- witcho'- niggas  
If you gettin'- money lil' nigga you should feed everybody on the block  
Say he hot, how the fuck he hot when his fuckin' album juss' flopped?  
My niggas gettin' money, gettin' money we ain't even gotta be on that block  
Yo' bitch gon' go, she gon' go anyway 'cuz she know the squad hot  
Fuck all that shoulda'- coulda'- woulda'- shit les' get to it  
These old ass rappers they old as fuck they needa' sit down and get to it  
And a nigga like me stay high steady rollin' up Swishers fuck Backwoods  
Lil' nigga get the top, push back on my block everyday nigga I'm good

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