

Outside Looking In

G Herbo

Don't you leave me, baby, ooh
Don't leave me, leave me, no, no
I just wanna be you and me, baby

A good kid, raised in a world so tragic
Charm of his momma, and the heart of his daddy
Got his whole life ahead of him, he smart and he ready
With a crown on his melon, but it's hard and it's heavy
He was young, under pressure, love guns and aggressive
Too intelligent to be out actin' dumb 'cause he special
Went to jail at like twelve, had his run ins with oppressors
And he stayed in situations, like he made it his profession
Born over East, so we grew up on the Eastside
Had family on the Southside and burbs, he lived three lives
He shy but charismatic, read stories in his free time
He had love for the savages, way before he had the street ties
He was always labeled cool, he was always good in school
But he mastered bein' devious, didn't like to follow rules
Used to hang with older cousins, they was like his sisters, brothers
But he couldn't act like the youngest, they ain't cut him slack for nothin'
Doin' things they did as teens, so at like ten, he started fuckin'
Wasn't from a broken home but it was hardly no discussion
He ain't learned the birds and bees, only black stone with jeans
Family functions, all he seen, was drinkin' Gin and smokin' weed
He ain't know they was misleadin' him, with all the shit they feedin' him
Dependent so he needed 'em, in a strange way they breded him
For a cold world to be strong on his own, they gave him leadership
Set goals and had dreams, by any means, that he achievin' 'em
He barely spoke of anything, ain't think no one believed in him
He'd learn fast, circumstances turn 'em bad
Gained loyalty from his friends, sometimes he felt that's all he had
It's all good, they havin' fun
Next year, they all dead, fucked up his head
Vicious now that he older, confident, he bolder (Bolder)
Turnt into a soldier (A soldier), hardly ever sober (Sober)
Big chip on his shoulders (Shoulders), rap sheet like a folder (Folder)
Could feel the walls closin' (Closin'), he filled up with emotions
Still feel like he chosen, if they know, call him, "Golden"
At that rap shit, he the coldest, but he don't know how to open, shit
So don't nobody know it, gotta find a way to show it
Thuggin' hard and he can't focus, this his chance and he can't blow it
Too much pride to ride a wave, now all the stars won't even notice him
But he know he him
Fast forward with time, he on his grind, now they all over him
Now the niggas wanna be him, the ones that left, they comin' again
Now everybody want him to win, they wanna get in
City ain't gon' never stop 'cause he locked in
And he gon' make it to the top 'cause he locked in
His strong will and his mind, that's his only friend
Shit ain't easy but it's fine, stay strategic with his time
Felt like when he picked up five, he just dropped ten
Took his losses to the chin, but he like, "Not again"
Most the shit he ever lost in life, he got again
Open your eyes and see, that nigga was me

Ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh

Ooh-oooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, oh-oooh, ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh-oooh, ooh