

# Outside

G Herbo

Make a left right here  
Who you see outside?  
How the opps keep dying?  
They don't be outside  
We can't leave no witnesses  
I don't got no mask  
Fuck 'em, you don't see me with 'em, we don't got no ties

I'm gon' grind when they hate  
I'm on time when they late  
I'ma shine, rock diamonds  
Put this shit right in they face  
I was flying with that iron  
Gotta wait, I was on the chase  
You and yours, me and mine, send a time and a place

Drop the lo', vamanos  
Stop, go, cock and blow  
Cop games, opp names  
Don't see ghost, I don't know  
Money went, I came  
Drugs came, drops came  
Gang came, thots came  
Choppas came, Glocks came

Hot outside, it's a homicide, aye  
Where them killers at? Outside, okay  
Where my niggas at? Outside, aye  
Where the bitches at? Outside, aye  
Where the whores at? Outside, okay  
Where the bros at? Outside, okay  
Where them poles at? They outside, aye  
Where lil' foenem at? They outside, aye

Uh, I get to clappin' like the choir  
Now his family need a pastor  
I don't play around with standards, my switch gon' shoot shit hella faster  
You still learning, stuck in high school  
In the streets, I got my Master's  
It was funny till he got hit all in his mouth, I don't hear no laughter

We outside, and we stay on they blocks all day just like the hypes  
Bird call, got vultures coming out at night  
Nigga talking all on live, so when I see them it's on sight  
You can't hang around the gang and get no green, you in black and white  
This that ratchet hood shit, me and foenem mix our alcohol  
Sit back, kick my feet up, guess the opps ain't outside after all  
Free the guys so they could come outside, yeah, I still pick up county calls  
With this switch, it's some' to sprinkle, wanna bet his ass gone fall

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Where lil' foenem at? They outside, aye, aye

Outside, rap beat

Where I'm from Tennessee

Do it for the culture, I be feeling like I'm Cardi B

I can't keep a nigga 'cause a nigga ass be hard to keep

Living what I dreamed about so that's why it be hard to sleep

He made me come, he got a bitch

No doubt, she tried to come for me

Gave that whore that nigga back, I told her ass it wasn't that deep

Up the score, I'm 2 and 0

Just like the feds, I did a sweep

We pop outside, them bitches tryna creep us when we hit the streets

What's your name? Big Glo and I bring out all the whores

In other words, it cost a nigga salary to book a show

He like where the whores at? I say where your bros at?

We popping out and popping shit, a nigga gotta know that, on god

It's a homicide

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