

Reason

G Herbo

Yeah

Uh

You already know it's me, man, the Big G

I was sixteen, pullin' up with foreign whips and shit, poppin' out on my block

Hundred thousand in jewels on

Ten thousand in my pockets, both pockets, man

Two-thousand-dollar fits, I swear to God

This back then, way back when

We showed you niggas how to do this shit, man

We been flexin' round the city

Gettin' all the bad bitches, havin' motion, doin' what we wanted

And we was steppers, we showed you niggas not to play with us, for real

Look

I'm the reason

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I'm the reason niggas rap about they set

I was the first one to put my dead mans around my neck, all baguettes

I was puttin' work in 'round the clock, ain't get no fucking rest

When we saw thieats on the internet, we put opps to the test

If his head worth some money, got a youngin, come collect

Never fumble on no hit, they hop out broad day, come correct

Let the clip off, now they runnin', handgun hit like a TEC

But I told them fuck the streets, you better get that fucking check, nigga

Cut that weight off me, now I'm right back in full effect

Tell me how you hatin' on me and I'm the reason you got respect, nigga

I ain't trippin', I stuff hollow tips all in my Vek

I stay ready to make a mess, 7.62 rip that vest, nigga

I'm a dog off the leash, won't end up in no vet

I'm a Lamb', 'Rari, new McLaren, nigga, I ain't no "Vette whipper

Ball with me, check

They ain't see me next

Got these suckas stressed

Everything VS, yes

It's my season

They ain't believe me

Watch your mouth, you bleed for that I'm the reason niggas check

I'm the reason they get rich and leave they block but still go back

I'm the reason all these young niggas tryin' to rap, want to catch a hat

I'm the reason for them blessings I'm the reason my bitch flexing

Your bitch sendin' paragraphs and I'm the reason why she texting

Everybody got a bag and I'm the reason in my section

I'm the reason they don't come outside, we taught they ass a lesson, uh

Pull Maybachs in, nigga my whole team winnin' like the Pac-10

Broski get a hundred sold as soon as the pack land

Rockin' yellow rose gold, my diamonds African

I got rich white money, but I'm a black man

Flow dope, I got 'em hooked just like the crack gen

Up that forty, now they shook, can't take back what they said

Every nigga diss my brother in the 'Raq, they dead

Bullets tap they head, yeah

I was fightin' a fed case, but I did not go fed

Pay my lawyer bread, then went and tuck my kids in bed

I'm still having nightmares, I wake up seeing red
Think back, if it weren't for rap, where would I be instead?
Probably
Probably jail, probably, probably dead, probably
I take care of my mama, I'm the man, Charlie
Yellin', "Free my partners," my boy kept it solid
Took his time, he comin' home even though he got ten bodies

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(Cannon, Cannon went crazy)