

## Sessions

G Herbo

Man

Know you fucked up, man (Yeah)

Niggas checkin' swerve, G Herbo, swerve

Swervin' (You know I take all this shit to the chin, man)

Yeah, man, you know me and all my niggas got it turned, you know

Folks say he need the max for his first tape, and he don't even rap for real  
DJ Victorious with me in the building (Uh)

(C-Sick...)

I had to run it up again

Lost that shit so quick, I'm thinkin' back like, "What the fuck I spend?"

My homies in the pen', I'm talkin' to them like, "How much I send?"

I just ran it up, couldn't even complain, I was built to win (Yeah)

Sometimes I think why God keep blessin' me and I'm committin' sins?

How come my bitch keep stressin' me? Man, look at the crib we in

Hell yeah, I'ma live it up with my niggas, look at all the shit we did

And my neck start hurtin' when I put my chains on, 'cause them bitches big

Bitch, it's Herbo, you know what it is (G-Swervo)

Everything I do big (Big)

And you might think I'm this big time rapper, but I still gotta pop out with  
the SIG

Before rap, I was tryna be a big time trapper, and stay in the trap, I did

When I played in traffic, that bitch on my lap, and I put it on Cap, I did

Late night, E-

Way, off an eight of the Act', it was just me and Cap out speedin'

I remember it was snow everywhere on the ground, left the jakes in the alley  
, high speedin'

Snatch a Perc' from somebody, I need it, uh

I don't feel like fightin' my demons

Yeah, that's why I was pourin' them eights in them Sprites, I ain't even fee  
l like fightin' my demons

Missing studio sessions and meeting with labels back then, I ain't like inte  
rvening

Now I was at the meeting with Epic

How did it go? It was epic (It was epic)

But, Swervo, you said you still independent, how you was at the meetin'? You  
flexin'

Just know I'm eatin', I can teach you a thing or two, baby, come here, you s  
exy, uh

Brought this shit off Essex

Now I got sell out in Texas

You 'posed to be real nigga, try to confront me, pussy ain't call, you texte  
d

What if I never even get to check it? I got way too many messages

And you know we gon' pull up, you know everybody got bullets and we rockin'  
vest-eses

Them checks comin' in, spendin' enough, ain't gon' hold it, we makin' invest  
ments

That shit comin' in, shout out my folks gettin' in, we fuckin' with Mexicans  
And that shit gettin' out, shout out my folks gettin' it off, got chickens a  
nd breast-eses

Who know how to whip? Lil' bro done fork with the soft and they want a lil'  
less for it

Hurry up 'fore they dip, out of LA, fuckin' off, givin' white hoes the rest  
of it

That shit real deal, they ain't touchin' it

Hit us up, we got a bunch of it

My homies on fraud, he in the States and all, they want it, he crunchin' it  
E-Way with my dawgs, ain't worried 'bout jakes at all, they on us, he punchi  
n' it  
Bustdown the 'Wood, put Runtz in it  
V-12 whip, doin' stunts in it  
Like bonjour, go on tour, make a lil' M in a month and shit  
Like oh, I'm bored, walk in Saks, explore, don't make it off the floor  
And your bitch thick, just walked past in her dress, she gon' take it off, I  
'm sure  
Finna get another crib, boy, this like number four  
I'm a shoot and score, I'm like Robert Horr'  
I'm a get money nigga, I'm not a robber or (DJ Victoriouz with me in the bui  
lding, C-Sick)  
Thief, I'm a hustler, had a hundred at my mama's, boy  
Jumped in that water and I turned into a piranha, boy  
Boy, and my slime gon' kill like an anaconda, boy  
Pop a Perc', get superpowers for real like a Wakanda boy  
Let a nigga disrespect you, man, what kind of boy?  
Boy, smokin' straight Gelato, this ain't marijuana, boy  
Boy, and my bitch black, but her hair look like Madonna's, boy  
And I'm a rapper, but I move like a don dada, boy  
And I'm a savage, but they love me like Obama, boy