

Something

G Herbo

2012 I started getting money, I was like 16 going on 17. 50 in my face [?] touch.

That was an important period in my life cause it made me what I am now.
I'm just having fun, getting fresh air, [?] up, I spent that shit

Look I won a race, 100 miles and running
They was stopping, I ain't jog or nothing
I ain't lag or nothing
I was 20 laps ahead of y'all, I ain't brag or nothing
Gang rooting, under pressure, I ain't let them down or nothing
Everybody got they cameras, hand me a towel or something
All my hard work, all them days in
Y'all know where I started
All them late nights going retarded
Running with the wildest youngings
Smelling like 1000 onions
Damn that shit don't count for nothing
When I told 'em I was coming
They just thought that was I bluffing
Now my fans out overseas pay me 20 thou to touch 'em
Pretty ladies, yeah I love 'em
Come backstage, they let me fuck 'em
Free Of Charge don't owe her nothing
I was rushing, I was getting ready
Make her hold my luggage
Met her once, she let me fuck her twice
She know I might fuck up her life
Too lit to have a fucking wife
She fine enough to wife tonight, so fuck it
She can board her flight
Lil Ruth Chris might get her something to go, I guess I'm sorta nice
Never been on dates, I risked my life
She see me blowing this pipe
Baby I'm not regular, no I'm not your average dude
I grew up a hard knock, that's not up my avenue
Gotta move something like the president
Can't leave no trace or evidence
Or location, if I'm there too long I gotta move
Fuck it, you just stay right here cause I don't like your attitude
Big G Herbo, don't leave the G out when you say Herbo
Never leave the G out
Glock on me every day I leave out
Only way I be out, niggas know what we bout
Condos downtown, cribs in the suburbs, finna cop a beach house
Gold on everywhere, foreign whips everywhere, pull up skrt out
And I got more coming, got another tape dropping
Got another tour coming, yeah I made more money
Finna do more stunting, 120 [?] still ain't push the sports button
Back to the program, niggas hating but they whores love me
Still getting tour money
15 for a 16 so yeah, I made an 8 like four summers
Put a couple little racks in the old school but it still ain't running like
the Porsche running
Remember yelling 47 with the torch running
Hittin cuts on the ops block
Lakeside pistol run up on the porch gunning
All my niggas all about money

In the middle of the war hustling
Hustle homies and you know it touch us
Shut the whole block down, no more hustling
Start all [?] I roll the steel up
Everybody on the team tryna score something
Flat on the ra-ra, they on high-
high, rolled up out in traffic, dropped four or something
Yeah, them killers like Jon-Jon
But we ain't going out sweet, no cop dying
That means ain't no cops killing us
Ain't no ops killing us
Some say I might sound cocky
Some say I might sound scary
But I know that I'm gon' get home where I'm from that's [?]
Where I'm from shit get scary, niggas get buried
Riding up on your block, bloody mary
Don't you double dare me
I'm from the Eastside of Chicago
I'm Gucci where I go
Niggas know me where I go
I'm an OG where I go
You can't help what you born with
But it's on you if you die broke
If I die before I wake
Have a party when I go
20 Rollies in a roll [?] if I wake before I go