

Splat

G Herbo

Yeah, we outside, never inside, man
Free the G Gilly, man, free the water, free molly, man, yah
Ayy (Didn't want me to die)
Never, uh, (They didn't want)
(Southside on the track, yeah) Ayy, never, ayy
Yeah

Yeah, bundling up stacks
I know nigga want me dead, I'm still living with my strap
Made my first check and I ain't cash it, I was still tryna clap
I'm out my deal, and I make mils off shit got nothing to do with rap
You behind the wheel and got your steel, pussy, what you gon' do with that?
I'm with Big Opp and Drench, baby Drench gon' blitz if one of us snap
A finger, wet 'em water, Aquafina
Hollows popping out the Nina
We don't give no fuck about none of that
Heat getting whacked, he linger
The drum, beam, ain't none of it come with that
He modified his Nina, switch on the back go
We make a rapper singer, we ain't got no mask either
Double back, he's seen us
Everything I rap, I mean it

Look, I just flew from Atlanta with Sizzle, free Slat and I don't even gotta
go back
On cap, it's facts
I fucked that hoe in Atlanta, like I fucked every hoe in the 'Raq
Yeah, you know it's me, Big Herbie G
The ghost, the phantom, the lack is black
Can't go to sleep till my walls like your teeth with plaques and plaques and
plaques
My broski died, so every time they lack, splat, splat, splat
I faced a fifth of Casamig', just trying to grieve and smack the track
That little bitch was being stiff, I told her, "You ain't got to act"
She straightened up, I bend her over, fucked around, and cracked her back
Humble beast that still me, but I'm the chosen one at that
Hot nigga, yes, indeed, but I'm the coldest where ever I'm at
I got that working hard, you nigga lazy, y'all just wanted that
You nigga remind me of Tom Brady, never wanted a sack
Yellow nigga, but I'm whippin' some shit that's matte black (Swerv)
Don't ask me what's the name, this bitch out your tax bracket (Lil' nigga)
So many opps got clipped, you think we doing black magic
Little bro got so many hats, I'm about to buy him a hat rack (Aye)

I've been racing for quite a while, now I'm on my last lap
I can't wait to wake up and call the label and tell 'em I'm in the black
Where I'm from that zone was red, they want me dead, they seen black
I stay in the black, I beat the streets, I spent ten racks on a black jacket
Say you know me, if you find a nigga a hoe me, I'll stop rapping
Stay with the heat, my shooter's elite, we lethal pussy, so stop bappin'
Before the bread came, we was clapping
When the bread came, kept trapping
Lost cap, we started capping
After that, we don't know what happened

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Read the fuckin' comments

Y'all talkin' 'bout it's "Just G Herbo"

Just G Her-? Bitch, it's Herbo, what the fuck y'all talkin' 'bout?

Talkin' 'bout Yosohn daddy?

It's high on foenem grave (Southside on the track, yeah)