

# Still Fucked Up

G Herbo

Look... My squad!  
Do this shit for my momma and my lil' sister, man...  
All my niggas man...  
Puttin' all y'all on...

Let me introduce myself  
It's G Herbo, I'm that youngin'  
I be flexin', I love stuntin'  
Cause I grinded up from nothin'  
I grew up in an apartment  
Wit' my grandma and my mother  
And my sister and my auntie  
So my cousins like my brothers  
Used to stay up in that basement  
It was dark just like the dungeon  
Close my eyes, pretend I'm rich  
Wit' all the cars and all the money  
Now I let my money talk  
'Til I decide to change the subject  
Make my bitch order my food  
Cause I ain't tryna wait in public  
Used to post up wit' that tool  
I got tired of goin' to school  
Cause that calculus and algebra  
Wouldn't buy my clothes and shoes  
Wasn't tryna wait to graduate  
Yeah they said I was a fool  
Now they screamin' out my name  
And they sayin' that I'm the truth  
Bitches suckin' on demand  
Take second looks like, "Is it you?"  
Used to be broke, got off my ass  
Got to some cash, wasn't no excuse  
Cause where I'm from, you dead broke  
Or you just dead  
1 of the 2  
You better choose before the wrong one choose you  
Nigga...

On the road doing shows, but it's still fucked up  
I'm gettin' older Lord knows, that it's still fucked up  
Yeah everybody know my name, but it's still fucked up  
On the road to the fortune and the fame, but it's still fucked up

Everyday I wake, say hey to my mother  
Flame me a blunt up  
Give a couple words to my sister  
Bang wit' my brothers  
Young boy, I left the house  
That block was my home  
Couple homies, now they gone  
Yeah, it feel like I'm alone  
And I pray that I stay strong  
So I gotta keep it right here  
Grippin' on this seat  
I can't sleep, it's a nightmare  
I know it's gon' get betta

So I gotta keep my head up  
I'm just sprintin' to this cheddar  
And a switch up I will never  
Gotta ride, I'll die for my niggas  
No homo, yeah I miss 'em  
Couple fucked up in the system  
Or got bucked up by that trigger  
In the field  
Where it's real and you'll get killed  
Roc and Kobe was my niggas  
How the fuck I'm gon' forget 'em  
In the streets I understand that it's a chance  
That they might get the upper-hand  
But I'm like still them was my mans  
We can't go like that  
Something gotta give  
Cause every time tho we gon' go right back  
To sittin', sheddin' tears  
That ain't gon' never bring my bro right back  
Damn...

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