

Torn

G Herbo

If I'm just here to help you, then I'm cool with that
I don't wanna, but I gotta move with that
If I got my pole then I'm using that
As long as I got my soul I can't lose it

I can't tell my wrongs from my rights
Got me feeling like I been alone all my life
And I been a gangster all my life
Try to face my fears, shedding tears on my pipe
Way before I gained fame, I was living like it
Couldn't afford a gold chain and I was looking like it
But I didn't have no dirty sneaks, I was in the trenches
Black gloves for like thirty weeks
Heart full of hate no debate, let that 30 speak
White tees turned to white sheets
Riding bulletproof New York to Philly, I feel like Meek
I got tired of the streets I had to give it up
Then the day I lost my brother, I didn't give a fuck
On the route and if it's more of us, split it up
Rap diss and catch his tour bus, hit it up
Witnessed so much death, it ain't no rules, get a ref
Bust this wide left, they calling 911, Wyclef

I don't know the future, I don't know where I'm going
And I'm with some shooters, but I'm blowing
I can't go out sweet, my niggas need me
Call me hieroglyphics, you can't read me

Remember I lost Kobe, cried all evening
Took another loss then cried while I'm grieving
We lost Richie Rich we looking for seasons
Police on my dick, they looking for reasons
I can't do a bid, I'm moving strategic
40 on my rib, guess I'm still a heathen
Shot, but I'm back on the block I'm toting and bleeding
And he got hit like I got hit but he ain't fucking breathing
This that real dope shit, like I need a needle
This that little heroin flow, but you don't know him either
Say they want that Lil Herb, but you don't know him either
See me on Instagram, but you don't know I'm evil
This shit get vicious over here, Danny Glover, lethal
I been rapping all year like Nasir on Ether
Sitting with a full plate and I can't even eat it
Toting hammers, catching cases, still ain't even beat it

I was poor, I decided I ain't living like that no more
Honestly, I ain't lying like that no more
High speeds, I ain't riding like that no more
Lord please
Sick of funerals don't want no more of these
Bless me with some mansions and some foreign keys
Bless me with some money no more mourning
Let me see my kids in the morning
Praying on my knees, I need a warning
Ain't no fury like a woman, scorn
Every single rose got a thorn
I used to be whole, now I'm torn