

# 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