Write Your Name

G Herbo

Write your name across the sky (With talking prelude)

To all my fallen squad,
write your name across the sky,
while I flame 1 to the brain and go get high,
and regardless of the pain I ain't gon cry.
Cause I cant neva let a fuck nigga, see me stuck nigga,
hustle hard for the bucks nigga, thats a must nigga,
I done lost so many real niggas, I cant trust niggas,
so I keep my distance from niggas,
squad with me, bet I wont get touched nigga.
Got shots for him, shots for him,
niggas said fuck Rocblock, send shots at them,
10 to 0 on the scoreboard, send shots again,
keep goin non stop till we drop lots of men,
And I swear I lost so many of my guys,
so I'm sippin remy, smokin 50s for my guys,
never let a nigga go on any of my guys, ain't nobody fuckin with No Limit in my eyes.
Missin my niggas, Kushy and liquor, 4s of the lean,
R.I.P. Richie, hand me a swisher,
paint up a picture of me and the squad, still on the block before it was wrong,
and Kobe was gon, and Joc was still home.
Man I remember, now my heart is cold as December,
gettin money is the only thing on my agenda,
cause its too many gone, but I'm still livin on,
stay strong for my farewells in this song.

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I'll give the money, fuck the fame, all the jewels,
all the hoes, all the clothes and then all the shoes,
just for my niggas back,
but I know I'll never get em back,
so if a pussy disrespect then he gettin wacked.
And I heard niggas at my neck,
Im like where they at,
cause I be right there on the set with the biggest gatt.
And so many niggas thats hatin, I don't even know em
And so many fellas, the hatred I don't even show em.
Can I just get some money,
cause I know niggas broke and bummy, that ain't even funny.
I know they prolly wanna rob me, they hatin prolly,
but they gon only make Marley come catch a body,
they wont get nothing from me.
From the hell hole, where its full of zombies,
where they kill the most bodies across the country,
where they took all of my homies from me,
man R.I.P. my homies, gotta get this money.
Squad.
R.I.P. the L's, free the L's, all you niggas wanna be the L's,
No Limit MB bitch we the L's,
R.I.P. white folks, I cant see a L.
Squad.
And we gotta stay winning, rolling on fours with them semis and they tinted,
pull up on the oppers, buss a beater and they hittin,

cause we scored when we ain't have them heaters and they didn't, ah.

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