

# OG

King Iso

I really live this life  
Ain't none of that fairy tale shit homie  
Iso

I'm riding bumping Nipsey Hussle, fucking with the locs today  
Them niggas got all the guns, I know they tryna smoke today  
My first strap I ever had, I bought it from the other side  
The way I'm good in every turf, you'd think a nigga colorblind  
Lately I been beefin' on some in my inner circle shit  
The same strap you give a nigga be the one they merk you with  
The streets sold me all the game, what that mean? I purchased it  
Blood I kept it bracking from three seventy to Irvington  
Fuck you niggas learned me then, y'all wasn't concerned with him  
They locked a OG up, that bridge you had you burned it then  
Then my ass got hit, laid up with a dirty bitch  
This time I had coming, I done prob'ly did like thirty six  
Instead of money on my books, I ain't talking nerdy shit  
Not a dollar from you niggas, y'all left me on some thirsty shit  
Putting all this fuck shit on my name up in the turf again  
Said fuck respect right, I guess I wasn't worthy then  
Fast forward a few charges, homelessness and murder shit  
The big homie caught word like, "ISO, you heard of him?"  
Taught a nigga how to go legit and keep it permanent  
Y'all was still hating on a young nigga earning his  
Now I'm on tour hitting hella cities thirty in  
Making money every night, that's how it go, you on you spend  
Same niggas claiming they was down tryna work again  
Make a nigga wanna move and never hit the turf again

Y'all ain't show a nigga nothing  
Solo while I'm pistol tucking  
A little jail then prison fuck it  
Y'all niggas don't know me  
Thought they was family but them niggas fronting  
Went to the other side to get me something  
Show me love when you niggas wasn't  
But y'all supposed to be my OGs

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Note to self: Who was there with you when you did ya dirt?  
Five seats, one person in the whip to get the work  
Legit days, who did you depend on to get to work?  
And who put the money in yo whip when it didn't work?  
Starter went out, hit the ignition, it didn't jerk  
Who got you over that barb-wired fence when you ripped ya shirt?  
When you hit a lick with the homies, who got the shit to work?  
And when them boys slid with them questions nigga who didn't smirk?  
The same nigga who took all the time to rip this verse  
I'm more than true, them undiscovered words fuck it's picture perfect

Swimming with piranhas, all you other niggas Phin and Ferb  
I drown while you other niggas watch me but I clench the surface  
I really made it out the hood this shit ain't inadvertent  
I'm really living what I rap when I spit these verses  
The same nigga on these tracks when you click and purchase  
Be the same nigga autographing all them pics in person  
You rap niggas turn to cold cases, missing persons  
My girl died, she a cold case, I miss her person  
My soul cried the whole pain so the semi bursting  
It was '05, eleven years past, her killer lurking  
The homie told me, "You knew who did it? We'll freakin smirk him"  
It took time but death the only thing that's really certain  
We can't choose our own view, just pick the curtains  
I taught myself that nigga, through some wicked learning  
Damn

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Man, shoutout to my nigga Snake  
Shoutout to all my real mo'fucking OGs out here  
Showing niggas how to get it the right way and not the wrong way  
There's not a lot of goddess out here no more you feel me  
Shit, shit is not the same no more homie you feel me  
Taught a nigga how to invest, go to a G  
Get up out that bullshit that mo'fucking system nigga  
Ain't nothing in these streets  
Just trying to get this money, provide for our family nigga  
If a mo'fucker ain't helping you do that  
Shit he ain't yo OG  
He yo mo'fucking enemy nigga  
Brain...