

What Happened To Virgil

Lil Durk

Banger

Oh yeah, I'm finna make a banger with this one

Last time you told me you proud of me, you wasn't proud of me, you was the niggas who doubted me

I was too mad at you, you let 'em come kill you, my brother, that shit was a tragedy

But magically, I got the strategy, I was so sick and tired of niggas keep asking me

"Who was the killers between the hood?" (DJ on the beat, so it's a banger)

Bro, I'm a king, that mean we good

Talked to my tete about my problems

Learned to survive, I carry my chopper

Before I was twelve, I went to the doctor

Fucked on a stripper and I took me a Roxy

How you my blood and you say you gon' pop me?

Fall over loyalty, never 'bout thotties

Don't mention my name if you mentionin' bodies

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Stopped taking drugs, had to sit in a sauna

How you gon' blame me? I gave her Gabbana

Bitch, I'm a star, gotta use condom

Don't drink Par, only like Wocka

Sippin' on Wocka, I feel like I'm Flocka

Shit in my pocket, that shit'll go blocka

Say that I'm mean, what you mean? I caught you

Get away from her, high speed, no tossin'

Called you a bitch, I'm sorry I lost you

Head down, X pill, Percocet, off it

Bitch, my phone died, pass me a charger

Ain't have a coat, walked to school in a thermal

Bitches you lookin' up to, they'll burn you

Get out my business, that shit don't concern you

I get to diggin' this shit when I learn you

I love the trenches, this shit is eternal

Oh my God, what happened to Virgil?

I wish my brother had made it out surgery

I be up thinkin', that shit do be hurtin' me

If they're gon' catch me, them niggas gon' murder me (Oh no, oh)

Gave my bro twenty, he caught for a burglary

I love the bitches who say they ain't heard of me

Ever seen blood? That shit'll turn burgundy

Oh my God, what happened to Virgil?

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Fresh like the first day of school, I'm a scholar

Found the solution and got some more problems

We from the sandbox, my dawg since a toddler

Sixteen years old when I shot my first chopper

Flew out of Van Nuys, landed in Opa-locka

Quit flyin' in G5, fly helicopters (Fly helicopters)

I count every blessin', they count every dollar

I'm 'bout to go factory plain

I treat all of my dawgs the same

Take care all of my bitches the same

I just hope you financially sane

Never turning my back on the gang
From the A, we was taught to be brave
Had to squabble and take a few fades
Stay rock solid, you'll get through the phase
Damn my nigga, what happened to Virgil?
Talked to God, I don't wanna get murdered
I got style, I don't know what you heard of
You lil' pussy, you soft and fertile
Only real ones throughout my circle
Only real ones throughout my circle, oh
R.I.P. Prince, I'ma pour up some purple
600 Maybach, the one with the curtain
Young GunnaWunna, the boy bought the Birkin
I'm goin' hard, know you proud of me workin'
Ridin' 'round the town sippin' and swervin'
Hold it down, do this shit with a purpose
Louis down, man, this shit came from Virgil
Oh my God, what happened to Virgil?

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