

# Hercules

Lil Gotit

(ATL Jacob)  
(Pyrex, turn me up)

Let's go

Been rocking double G's, feel like a girly girl (on God)  
Feel like I'm Hercules, in a boy's world (boy's world)  
Lil' mama multi-fee (what), on the views trust  
And yeah, you earned your keys (uh)  
That car got a lot of horse (skrr)  
For F stand tall (say what?), 'cause you my all (my all)  
Yeah shell, son (shell), and you made a blessin'  
Took me through lessons (on God), protect the foe from me  
'Cause you know I run these streets ('naut)  
Yeah I gotta get this bread, yeah, that whole wheat (lil baby)

I'm on low-key, I live my best life (that life)  
Feel like it chose me  
All the doors start opening  
In a dark room, walls closing (start closing)  
I'm getting big enough (big)  
My pockets fully stuffed (on God)  
I ain't a local joker (no)  
Go giving your life to Poker (giving your life)  
Apartments we was laying, no sofas  
So why I'mma act like I don't know ya  
Always act slime  
Jay Die, be slime my kind  
But I know shawty ring  
Rocking 23 carats

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Gotta get that bread, yeah, I ball hard (ball hard)  
I rock Margiela, like this shit some Carhartt (my dick is-)  
Grra-ta-pa-pa-pa, no na-na  
We don't talk long (vrrah), uh  
I can't fuck that bitch if she got socks on  
Socks on, you gon' lead  
Chopstick in the Coxon  
OG gas make me bop my face up like I taste hot-sauce (woo)  
Slanging slap, lil' bitch, dread hang like a rasta  
Card, yeah they impostaers  
Chanel my neck, they petty, girl

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