

Everybody

Polo G

(This Chicago, nigga...)

So everybody rappers, that's what everybody do now?
Everybody claiming with the shits, this what's cool now?
Everybody killers, everybody wanna shoot now?
Everybody real, everybody tell the truth now?
My city move funny, think it's time for me to move out
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Dropping T's or you drop the L's, better cool out
You tryna get wet up, have the gang bring the pool out
On our the way to heaven, but ya ain't ready for that cruise now
Polo on yo' ass, what the fuck is you gon' do now?
Polo, he gon' blast shit, you know I bring 'em 2's out
I used to be chill, but they say I act a fool now
They like Polo crazy, I'm missing a couple screws now
Bitches used to diss me, they lined up and I can choose now
I go a main bitch, some side hoes, and some booze now
Know I'm finna eat, they already got they spoons out
Feeling like I'm Bishop, yeah they say, "I got the juice now"
I got a dream team, so it feel like I can't lose now
Sould got the songs, spazzing out, I'm in my groove now
Bitch, I'm on a mission, all them haters getting tuned out
Opps gon' last, since a new patch coming soon now
Like big homie killer, I'm young and I bring 'em goons out
Slide when it's dark, we like to drill when the moon's out
Fuck 'em off, sweep my block my niggas, bring 'em brooms out
Chopper shooting loud, yeah, nigga, we bring that boom out
Bitch, hit this bitch, blowing clears the whole room out

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If you ain't real, I ain't feelin' you
My bitch drive me crazy and my OG, she be tripping too
Real hard headed, granny the only person I listen to
People with their hands out, fall back, I ain't got shit for you
Thotties want the guap, I can only get my dick to you
New day, different shoes
Mix, match and design and I got tail, that I'm dripping to
I'm living like if this was my younger me and I didn't get to do
Long live my niggas, bitch, the gang where they living through
Slide down West, I'm a genius when I hit the stu'
They say real G's move in silence, where I'm living proof
I ain't run my mouth, doing all that talking when I'm in the booth
And I ain't telling lies in them raps, all that shit is true
They tryna take my mama car shopping, tell her, "Pick a coupe"
Plotting on a mil, go get it and split it with the crew
Ain't no fake love, make sure it ain't none of my niggas fool

ODA my brother's day-ones, ain't no niggas new
My boys some animals, don't make me let them gorillas loose
Niggas get to say that pocket-rockets make a nigga juice
Foenem get to blow it, then I gotta squeeze to trigger too
This shit ain't a gang, but we will really get rid of you
Glizzy, like Mortal Kombat
The way that bitch had finished you, hollow tips get to ripping you
Catch you a lacking, it's crackin', even bitches get it too
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Bitch, bitch
Ayy, Polo, run it up, Polo, run it up
Ayy, ayy