

DEEPER THAN RAP

YG

As a look in the mirror, takin' this fucking selfie
I'm tired of helpin' niggas, who gonna help me?
Fine bringin' in the bag, how we gonna eat?
What type of species is that? A fucking leech
I need help myself, I gotta call myself
Can't lean on nobody else, I gotta fall on myself
Self, self, self, self, self, self
This all I got but all I hear is help (help)
Since a youngin' I been getting used to sex, money, and guns
Bitches wanna fuck who they want because I been number one
Use me for the dick because they love fuckin' a blood
Her ex was a Crip she fuckin' me just because
Tequila I drink, the deeper I think, 'bout people I meet
Slow down on the drink, bitch I'm from the street
You on the outside lookin' in, tell me what you see (shh)
You look on and rich as fuck to me

Now it's deeper than rap, deeper than rap, deeper than rap
This shit get deeper than rap, deeper than rap, deeper than rap (oh)
This shit be deeper than rap, deeper than rap, deeper than rap (oh)
This shit get deeper than rap, deeper than rap, deeper than rap
This shit get deep

Ay, what you know about the homie fucking on the homie bitch
And we all from the same clique, there ain't no homie shit
Ay, but I'm a real homie to the homies (to the homies)
I'm passin' out choppers and big .40's
You say you a street nigga, you gotta be on some street shit
'Cause soon as you stop, niggas gonna try to sneak this
But fuck that, that's why I keep the heat tucked by the seat bitch
To my last day, I'm forever on some Tree shit
Gang bang politics, turn me into a politician
The way I move my shit now, niggas think I'm actin' different
Come to me you better come correct
Don't come to me mixin' up stories like you DJ Skrillex
I'm trippin', I got anxiety, mental problems
I don't like that rap nigga, I told the homies that rob him
Instead of Box Stanley, fuck it, I don't give a fuck
You judgin' me on one verse, in real life I'm sicker, bruh

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I got a daughter now
I'm, barely around
Ah, that shit fuck with me
She gonna understand 'cause I'm gettin' money
Did I choose this life? Shit, I don't know
But fuck it, it's life now, and it's just how it goes
Put her in a good school, make sure she in honor roll
What you gonna do when you on tour?
Bring her to [?] shows
I'm dangerous, I know I live by the gang code
I'm dangerous, I know I'm in love with stank hoes

When I say stank hoes, I don't mean stank
I mean the ones that fuck the first date, dick all in they face
Told my granny I don't know if I'm really Christian, I really did
Just don't know whose story to believe, the Muslims, yours, or his
They told me to talk to a therapist and I did
But that don't change the crazy shit I do, did, and lived

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