

High Speed

G Herbo

[Intro]

Ray to 2-22

I got one not stoppin' (Uh)

10-4, 1-5-59, for report

DJ Victoriouz with me in?the?buildin'!

[Verse]

I was in?a high speed with my broski

It?was me and him, just him and me

Ridin' with two felonies 'cause we got one apiece

Glock 27 Compact, kept that one with me (Yeah)

Anyway, we was just out ridin' (Out ridin')

It's like 3AM, I don't even know why we still outside (I don't even know)

Think we was on our way in the house, too high off lean, I keep goin' in and out

Bro on bond for somethin' right now, that nigga keep goin' in and out

Nineteen, move my mama out the city, so we been in route

And everybody always wonder why we swerve and ridin'

'Cause if they followin' us, we gon' see just how far they drivin'

And he doin' 120 in the Audi, we get a lot of money

It's a cop behind us beam, I think somebody comin' (What?)

And they switchin' lanes like us too, I think somebody want it

Now he talkin' to me like, "Lil' bro, look in the mirror, who that?" (Who that?)

Thinkin' that it's an opp or somethin', clutchin' the Glock and I'm on it, I wanna do that

Start lettin' my window down, might slow down, let 'em get on my side

They flash the lights, damn, I'm ready to blare, they did that just in time

Another high speed for this week, now this the second time

Already on the e-way, so fuck it, we rollin' now (Fuck it)

And we in route (Skrrt), and now they goin' whatever we goin' to out

Now either we go get home or you know what else, so, nigga, we goin' for ours

Turn and bussin' U's, now the strap done fell from off my lap (Damn)

Tryna find it, just in case we gotta park this bitch and get out

Broski say he got us, I ain't trippin', I already shut my mouth

But if he go to jail, he on double bonds, he won't get out

I had made a million dollars and I still ain't changed the route

Voices in my head sayin', "Man, when you gon' chill this shit out?"

And I know I'ma take the charge, like I ain't already made it far

I was just gettin' ready to let it spark, like I ain't already became a star

Soon as we gettin' off the expressway, missed a curb, I'm thankin' God (Thank you)

If we had of touched it in the slightest way, would've flipped the car (Woo)

Now we gettin' away, they far, can't see the plates, it's way too dark

And I'm used to being in chases, but my heart beatin' a lil' way too hard

Somethin' fuckin' with my conscious, I ain't trippin', am I, dawg? (Am I?)

I ain't gettin' tired of this way of living, am I God? (Am I?)

Thought I could do this shit forever, I went hard from the start (Hard from the start)

If I tap out this shit with you, I ain't trippin', am I, dawg?

I ain't loyal no more, like I wasn't just drillin' with my dawg?

Like I ain't fuck off a quarter-million chillin' with my dawg?

On the ride home, I ain't noddin', feelings from the lean gone
Thinkin' hard for real long, man, I gotta put my team on
Don't nothin' come to no sleeper but a dream, nigga, dream on
I'm up 5AM, you ain't doing a thing, nigga, so you ain't on
To calm my nerves, I fill a Backwood up, now I'm like Cheech & Chong
Opps hit us, we hit, hit back at us, shit goin' like ping pong
But we hear somethin', we rackin' up
Run the score up and we packin' up (Uh)
6AM catch a nigga lackin' us
Fire the block up and we backin' up
(Do it again)

[Outro]

DJ Victoriouz with me in the buildin'!
I beat the streets
You know that was a story about my last high speed, man
I was on for real
Shit was only like two years ago, you know what I'm sayin'?
But it changed me
So close
So close but not close enough

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