

# Goapele (feat. YG)

## Slim 400

[Verse 1: Slim 400]

And I was sleeping on floors

And all I thought get the dough so I made the shit happen

And after ten, I bang Tree Top

Banging on wax, but night fall and got jacked

Checked the morning side, next day I got packed

But I ran it like a real one so ain't nothing to say to that

Niggas was really on some hood shit but I was still banging Bompton

When I got to the hood, real missions, who with the popping?

Man I done did it at my BM shit so who really with the nonsense?

Man I done did hella shit, my niggas can't tell me nothing

So I'm on with this rapping, Lil Buddha got me bracking

So I'ma show them what I'm here for, 4Hunnid records, no option

I'm going to do it like Tania do it, stay in the booth

Swear to God it's from the heart, niggas know it's the truth

Niggas know it's 4Hunnid, and with this stress on my brain

Parents the only thing keeping me sane

[Verse 2: YG]

Keeping me sane, this bulletproof keeping me safe

Killing the vibe, these fraud niggas keeping it strange

Keep me away, I could do better away

Made 80 in a day, Lord keep me away  
Keep me a bank with a mil plus, keep me a safe  
They say dirty money only, but I blow it with faith  
But I fuck up a check, bet I crash the Wraith  
I be on some fuck it, spend it cause I'm mad today  
Look, 4Hunnid records, 4Hunnid necklace  
The top models love me but think I'm too reckless  
So she fucking with me from a distance  
But the squares ain't really what she want  
But jeopardizing her career is what she want  
Her friends think I'm bad for her image, but she don't  
How could I blame her coming from where I'm coming?  
And this Bompton snapback just solidify I'm thugging  
But fuck it mama, I'm a CEO  
Got real opportunities to get this dough  
Your life start to change when everyone know  
That lucky number you get in one night for a show, yeah  
Some niggas switched on me, touched my soul  
I had real opportunities to fuck they hoes  
But I'm a real nigga so you know how that go  
I see you devil fucking up my flow, no!  
Tables turn, bridges burn, niggas learn  
Fake text messages started with bro getting curved  
Cause when I got word I wanted to splurge  
Seen all y'all subs on the gram that shit for the birds

I told B what's gonna happen before it occurred  
Then it happened so now I be trusting my word  
Counting pockets on the low, shit  
Gimmie got shot when I was a kid so I'm "Oh shit"  
Fourth quarter, star of the team, I still throw assists  
Not Kobe, I would have taken a cut to get my team a win  
Never ever is a new nigga supposed to fuck up the clique  
Fuck up the play, yeah they fuck up some shit  
But it's bool, not really, but it's bool  
Niggas tired of standing next to me I assume  
Damn, shit went bad so soon  
But as a man you got to move, so it's bool  
Just got the house in the hills, Maybach in the driveway  
On my "got to get it by myself" mind state  
I been ducked off, getting my mind straight  
The homies on the four block boosting up the crime rate  
Life in the fast lane, it's brackin'  
Call some bitches, about to rent out the mansion  
I never thought this would happen  
But shit, shit happens  
They had me outside in 1 OAK  
Man, fuck 1 OAK (fuck 'em!)  
They must not respect what I represent  
But we know Hollywood niggas so irrelevant

[Outro: YG & Slim400]

Yeah, fuck 'em, fuck 'em, fuck 'em

Let it burn like Usher, nigga

Uh, Slim400

Ay Slim come holla at these niggas, fool

Y'all know we on

We doing what we doing, you know what I'm saying

We paved the way, for everybody, everybody

(Everybody!) At the end of the day, you see what I'm saying

Nigga going to do what they do

Fuck it, my nigga YG like we swagging right now

Like fuck all that, what you got on right now bro?

He said what I got on? You already know

Red bottoms, I'm on my fleek shit, you feel me?

Big stacks in my pocket, shit, iced out Rolex and shit (ay)

Me and Slim, these niggas act like they don't see us

Niggas pulling up in they Maybach thing

We pull up bitch, stop playing with this shit bitch

Bool nigga, we could come through, feel me? (turn up)

Yeah, shout out to all my niggas

All my bitches, off my bullshit, nigga

400! 400!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>