

Intro

G Herbo

I do it for the haves and the have nots
All he had was a half and a glass pot
Gotta race till he the first one with the last rock
Everyday you see his face just like a mascot
Trapping out the Honda, no he never had a stash box
Stuck to armed violence, that was at the last spot
Ever since a kid he seeing coke all around him
Born to hustle, that's his only hope all around him
Went to school stylin', middle schools wildin'
He ain't care for school 'cause he knew his true talent
How he gone survive in a world full of savages?
Born to get some money but'll kill, gotta balance it
He can't fold under pressure, uh-uh
Life full of challenges
He know how to move, he a fool with analysis
Seen dudes in a pool of his fluid leaking out of him
He breathing but his body cannot move like paralysis
Really seen catastrophes
I be rappin' average shit
Homie had some tragedies
Pro'lly why he act like this
But back to the shit at hand
Rap till you get advanced
Holmes got a different plan with 550 grams
Strapped with it in his hand
Trap just a ceiling fan
Finger on the trigger, take a tap just to kill a man
Push em to the limit, watch him snap just like any man
Steady poppin Percocet, he blacked off them milligrams
You don't live how he live, you don't feel the man
Ain't no lil bitty pill, just gone heal a man
He can't chill, he need a pill, guess he too militant, uh
Oh, you just like us, they robbed you of yo innocence huh?
Real menaces, we grew up like Dennises' huh?
Played with pistols, we ain't have no Sega Genesis, uh-uh
No curriculum, can't punctuate our sentences or nuthin'
Niggas 'posed to been on prom, doing sentences, that's fucked up
Better get yo bucks up
Remember I was fucked up
Daddy said I lucked up
But it wasn't no luck for us
Nobody had nu'n for us

I was with some real niggas but it wasn't enough of us
Held the whole hood down, niggas had to toughen up
He gangsta but can't ride with my crowd he ain't rough enough
I'm humble but my city in a head lock n' a uppercut
Don't talk about no millions or nun 'cause you ain't touch enough
My head race, I'm riding alone
Just my mind and this chrome
Used to live in all apartments, now I'm riding to a home
And I spent like 1.5 on my diamonds alone
Only count on who gone still be by side if its gone
Just a hand full
You can't never have no win if yo mans lose
Exploitation off yo mans, that's a fan move
F&N have that man doing dance moves
Keep yo friends cool
Don't be no damn fool
Gotta stay ruthless in the streets 'cause ain't no damn rules
Just staying free, gave half a million to them damn Jews
Now why the club just let us in with all these damn tools
And all these bamboos, sticks
We ain't worried bout no opps
Yeah they could suck a dick
I just stayed an extra 30 minutes taking pics
Trigger happy, we been buyin' licks since jits
G-Money always been the 1 that had a sixth sense
We ain't never get pinched
No coincidence
We was supposed to get rich
'Cause we was meant for this
Now all we know arithmetic
But errbody' with the shits
I hope it ain't no incidents
'Cause errbody' in some whips
And we a trip rip clips, flip shit, dip split
Switch whips with new tints like ain't shit happen
It ain't no niggas in this shit doing shit like this cliq'
Ain't no more room for you pussy boys, quit rappin'
PTSD

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