

Sleeping on the Floor (feat. G Herbo)

Lil Bibby

Where your ass was at when I was sleepin' on the floor?

Where your ass was at when I was sleepin' on the floor?[Lil Bibby & G Herbo:]

That .40 got a drum, bitch I feel like Nick Cannon, ay

Raised in the slums so you know I'm still damaged, ay

Told her let me fuck, ho you know I'm real mannish

I get love from the plug, I be makin' shit vanish

And we from 79th & S but the migo speakin' Spanish

Sometimes he be talkin' plays, I can't even understand it

I'm like "Can you hear me, Manny?"

Don't you panic, double wrap and keep it landed

Have the pack gone when it land, I get the racks and rubber-band it"

Bitch don't get it twisted, I'm No Limits, I'm a savage, ay

Blow a nigga down if he pull up right here cappin', ay

Bitch I be with shooters, all my niggas don't be rappin', ay

Drop a nigga, tell a cop, cause I don't know what happened, ay

Got my .40 and it's on me, dolo, lowkey, I'm in traffic

Tony fly back to pay 100 off an oz, I was trappin'

That 800 I just spent it on Margielas, call it cappin'

Week before I had to show ya'll line G Herbo's niggas clappin', ay

All my niggas bout that action, quit that yappin' 'fore I slap 'em

We got .30s in on Rugers, how my shooters get to clappin'

And we don't got no love for you rappin' ass niggas

Up there pistol tell them strip, with your faggot ass nigga

I got boogers on my wrist, got your sister on my dick

Got your condo in my pocket, spent your car note on my kicks

And since I cut the lean habit, I've been shoppin' like a bitch

I just bought Givenchy T-Shirt shit that woulda been a 6, ay I'm just a trappin' ass nigga, you a rappin' ass nigga

And I'm still in the field with my savage ass niggas

You could catch me on the block got my youngin's totin' Glocks

We be ridin', flippin' blocks, see the opps, send some shots

Now we ridin' on the e-way gettin' high, bitches hot

Bitches on me everyday, they just wanna give me top

Yeah, you ain't gotta flex like you ain't fuckin', baby stop

You know my Balmain full of knots and your favorite rapper flop

And I be gettin' guap, ho

Tell 'em come and shop, ho

Hood name Poncho

I'm trappin' out my condo

Gotta make it happen, rappin', fuck up, I'mma rob ho

Real street nigga, I had a nine before Rondo, hah

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