Countin' 100s

G Herbo

I ain't never had shit. I don't know why niggas hating' on me cause I got something'
They won't here when i had nothing
You won't want me hating if you had some thin'Fell asleep countin 20's, woke up countin' 100's
Thinkin' bout them old days when I wasn't countin' nothin'
Don't talk about it, you talk about it, we are about it
I see muggin' at these forgienrs when we hop up at them
You might catch me out of town rockin' crowds wildin'
All my block walkin' round with a lot of thousands
Fell asleep countin 20's, woke up countin' 100's
Thinkin' bout them old days when I wasn't countin' nothin'When you call my phone for verses, I need 50 hundreds
I can't take no shorts or nothing, I feel like I'm hustlin'
I'm from the streets, my whip from Tokyo, my tec from Russia
My shorty's off them hitters bustin', be so quick to bust ya
We VIP, don't show ID, slide in all the poles through me
I'm a self-made boss, no employees, everything gotta go through me
Killers around me, every nigga you seen been day one niggas around me
Broke niggas can't sit around me, fuck niggas don't sit around me
Used to leave school, go straight to the block
I'm about to buy a watch for the time I used to waste on the block
And I just bought a Glock for niggas try to hate and what not
Send hollow tips right through his shirt
And that's picks on the lot
And why you hatin', cause I talk bout what I got, I ain't braggin'
Niggas know I grindin' to the top and I'm still grinding
It's shinin' like my diamonds
Benji's, [?], Jacksons
Fuckin' drop your bitch off, you could trick off me, I'm stackin'Last summer man I ran through like 800 hundreds
Almostly nothin' so this summer just watch how I'm coming
Ran through at least twenty with the game and that's on Roc
In the game every day the shit the same, it never stop
I buy 30s glizzies for the block but all my homies getting guap
They hustlin'
[?] our block
We don't even let 'em get off no shot
Smokin' dope, still turn up the spot
Started from the bottom, not a dollar I remember
Roaches in the kitchen nigga, no heat in December nigga

Livin' with my granny, mother, sister, aunty, and her children
All apartment buildings nigga, I don't think you know the feeling
But this money don't mean shit to me
Never let the fame or no bitches get to me
And every time I breathe, I keep smellin' victory
Countin' 20's til I sleep like I'm sippin' easter pink, nigga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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