Lord Knows

G Herbo

Yo Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you
Metro Boomin want some more niggaI got some problems only Lord knows
Came up from the bottom off my own road
Yesterday I bought myself my own Rolls
It had diamonds in the bezel with the rose gold
Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'
Can't ask me for nothin'
'Cause you don't help me with nothin'
Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'
Can't ask me for nothin'All I know is this hustlin'
All I know is this strugglin'
All I know, I can't trust him
If you ain't with me then fuck 'em
You ain't game then fuck 'em
You ain't see me then fuck 'em
If you ain't need me to fuck her
You ain't got no business here
This shit mine now, finna win this year
Ain't no timeout, gotta kill this here
Better watch my mouth when you enter here
Uh, and we don't show no feelings here
It's a whole bunch young niggas lit in here, yeah
Off the rip hide your bitch in here
'Cause a rich nigga bout to put some shit in the air
Bitch we the boydem, bitch we the boydem
You know we smokin' that doison, that fuckin' doison
Metro Boomin on the track man, it's fuckin' golden
Every time I'm up to bat man, I hit a home run
Herb what you told 'em?
And everybody round me holdin', passin' drugs out
Everybody round me rollin' and we thugged out
Now order up 100 Rosies if you from the struggle
Hold up your fuckin' Rollie and order up a doubleI got some problems only Lord knows
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Can't ask me for nothin'Got some problems only Lord knows
Sometimes I need a break but I got more shows
I was fucked on that my Rollie gold
Get an AP when my Rollie old
I was 18 when I hit the road
Fuck around and hit 800 hoes
It's me, Joey, and Metro Boomin
Me, Joey, and Metro boolin'
Bitches be buckin' me all on my back
And these Balmain jeans makin' me bougie
Bitch I only fuck with exclusives
Keep on callin' my phone, you a nuisance
You ain't cutting the check fuck your two cents
Why you hate ese? Nigga, I knew sense
Ridin' down Pico I'm smokin' and cruisin'
Niggas be bluffin', they losin'
Your ho low, she just suckin' no condoms
She came with a Fanta watch me, pour the juice in
Studio full of backwoods, we boofin'
Drugs on us, we dealing and using
Guns on us you stealin' we shootin'
Lord knows that I didn't wanna use it
50 bands, 100 bands all I understand
All that Alexander McQueen got another pair
All that Alexander McQueen all I wanna wear
And my homies keep askin' for cups of the lean, I don't wanna shareI got some problems only Lord knows
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