

Lawyer Fees (feat. Polo G)

G Herbo

Now I'm the one who paid the bonds and all the lawyer fees
They gon try to take advantage of your loyalty
Drag my name all through the dirt, they tried to soil me
In this kingdom, teach my son he come from royalty
My brother gone, now he can't hop inside this Royce with me
How I keep escapin' death, like he avoiding me
He was in my head and I tripped every time I heard them voices speak
Been true to streets, my circumstances made that choice for me I'm so post traumatic (Stressed)
Yes I'm posed to have it (Yes)
Gotta stay close to ratchet
Cause bro'nem died when they ain't have it
September 3rd I lost a savage (Max)
I been through a lot so I walk with a 'matic
Shawty nem gone go they ain't talking about it
Lay on the house, we one up on whoever walk out that bitch
I been No-Limit I'm 'bout it 'bout it
Go like I'm pussy I doubt it
Walking on hits, we was scouting, routing
You see 4-7 then shout it (4-7)
But when I got some money, ain't stop wildin'
Running it up it's a lot piling
Running these streets I got mileage
That's bro mama car but he hopped out it
My new life ain't violent tho
Chrome & Hearts I'm stylin'
Paid some m's in taxes but made a lot so fuck it I filed it
Made some m's changed my surroundings
Then I bought some diamonds (Aye)
I ain't gotta ride up Stony no more to be on a island
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Been true to streets, my circumstances made that choice for me Shots fired again like last night
Back out on the 8 block you damn right
Age of 14, I was playing with pipes
We at war now
Made an attempt on my mans life
New to this shit gotta play it right

Whoever tote the pipe gotta stay in sight
 Get caught sacrifice, stay & fight
 Every body who know gotta pay a price
 Gotta get high, get my head right
 How the fuck you sleep? You ain't seein' faces every night
 And who want life doin' fed time?
 It's already hard tryna see my little mans now
 He owes like thirty, forty grand now
 Miss fifty of 'em, how you still got your hand out?
 Tryna execute what I planned out
 Help 'em move the sack, probably why I never ran out
 Basketball courts got fanned down
 Next thing you know, it's your man down
 Niggas I was on the court with, playin ball with got killed, probably why I don't play around
 Niggas I was growin up with, real savage, kill shit, don't run, they stay around
 I'ma say it like I'm from Terror Town
 I don't wanna front, I'ma spread it 'round
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 No matter what, when it get
 rough, can't let that shit break you
 When you faced with reality, it's hard to shake the truth
 You only real as them circumstances that make you
 Seem like they hate on you for everything that they can't do
 Growing up it was just hoop dreams and AAU
 Now it's county visits and burials while they take you
 So, let me guess, your homie's dead and you caught cases too
 Still paranoid from all the wars, 'cause every day they shoot
 And believe it, when you get that news, you wish that shit ain't true
 Them soldiers mamas breaking down, they took away my troops
 Wore my shit red for all my blood is when they paint my coupe
 I'm Gucci Gang, that's how we bleeding, but I ain't Piru
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