

Purpose (feat. G Herbo)

Calboy

I found my purpose
Niggas know I'm in first place
Niggas broke, can't get no bread, that boy a bird brain
Niggas dissin' me, might catch him in the
worst way
Kash, turn me up a little bit
Niggas know I'm in first place
Niggas broke, can't get no bread, that boy a bird brain
Niggas dissin' me, might catch him in the worst way
And my shawty gon' blow his candles out like birthday
And my shooter's gun squad might pull up to your workplace
Oh, yeah, ayy, I'm tryna count these bands
I ain't talkin' 'bout bird gate, but I'm tryna hop in this bed
On the block we lurkin', shoot a fuck nigga in the head
Broke niggas make me nervous, I just wanna count these deads
Fucked a bitch off this Perky, I ain't even count my meds
Bitch, I ain't lackin',
I grip this 30, nigga wan' tweak it', I'm sprayin'
And I slide up in the trap and I found
My purpose, I was tryna move these grams
Had to scrape that pot,
Did it way too perfect, Unc like, "I'll be damned"
I just been smokin' Gelato, I got a drill full of
hollows
I got a bitch, she a model, she wanna suck it and swallow
Woke up one morning and [?] my niggas had popped me a bottle
Now the whole gang pullin' up in them
Bentleys, we used to be deep in the Tahoes
I'm the man with the plan,
With the bands in my hand and I still don't give no fuck
If you stuck in that jam,
You'd tell on your mans, don't talk to me 'bout no trust
Rounds, rounds, we let 'em bust, wanna get wild? Then, nigga, it's up
Smoke out the pound, nigga, I'm stuck,
Them killers around so you can get touched
Fucked a bitch off this Perky, I ain't even count my meds
Bitch, I ain't lackin',
I grip this 30, nigga wan' tweak it', I'm sprayin'
And I slide up in the trap and I found
My purpose, I was tryna move these grams
Had to scrape that pot,
Did it way too perfect, Unc like, "I'll be damned"
Fucked a bitch off this Perky, I ain't even count my meds
Bitch, I ain't lackin',
I grip this 30, nigga wan' tweak it', I'm sprayin'

And I slide up in the trap and I found
My purpose, I was tryna move these grams
Had to scrape that pot,
Did it way too perfect, Unc like, "I'll be damned" I'm in my bag and my Birkin, hope you don't
take shit personal
A nigga had to get rich on purpose, been tryna make shit work with you
I was in too deep with gorillas, walk in the means with killers
Now I'm in [?],
Tryna figure out somewhere the youngins can eat in the winter
Born sinner, foreign whipper, Dior prince
Had to switch up my old image, I'm a cold nigga
I was frontline with most my hittas, I prolly roll with you
Pussy, hangin' with who told, you ain't no different
And when I get in mode, I can feel my soul shiftin'
I been through so much shit, you might feel involved listenin'
Gotta duck cops, know they wanna give us all sentences
But I'm on a mission,
The money gon' come [?] 'cause niggas was riskin' it Fucked a bitch off this Perky, I ain't even
count my meds
Bitch, I ain't lackin',
I grip this 30, nigga wan' tweak it', I'm sprayin'
And I slide up in the trap and I found
My purpose, I was tryna move these grams
Had to scrape that pot,
Did it way too perfect, Unc like, "I'll be damned"
Fucked a bitch off this Perky, I ain't even count my meds
Bitch, I ain't lackin',
I grip this 30, nigga wan' tweak it', I'm sprayin'
And I slide up in the trap and I found
My purpose, I was tryna move these grams
Had to scrape that pot,
Did it way too perfect, Unc like, "I'll be damned"

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>