

Young OG II (feat. Abir Haronni)

Fabulous

- Abir Haronni:]

Troubled tears, they'll land you there
Open your eyes it's all a disguise
The fear that you feel, is not real, not real
The fear that you feel, is not real, no
Similar sky, similar ties

But I know all about you, I do Look, the saddest story comes from those who once had the glory

Had the foreigners, diamond watches and the baddest shorties
Now they in their latter 40s, bunch of kids, scattered shorties
No respect from the neglect, they call they daddy Corey
I'm from a different cloth, that ain't the pattern for me
There's levels to this shit, it's different categories
Can't be like them niggas out here, looking fat and gordie
They ain't never won no rings, but be mad at Horry
Talkin bout, "Man that nigga don't deserve that shit"
Like "I was really in these streets, I used to serve that shit"
We started from the bottom, had to topsy-turn that shit
Get it while the gettins' good, after that preserve that shit
My ex texted me last night, but I curve that shit
Coulda end up hitting it, be too late to swerve that shit
That's a young mistake, Lord knows I made me some
I love getting brain, that never made me dumb
All that did was made me cum, swear these hoes made me numb
Only feelings for this bitch, you been shoulda gave me some
I knew some niggas who had some bread never gave me crumbs
Drink the whole fucking juice and never saved me some
I know how young niggas feel, I had to live through shit
See the world as constipated, nobody gon' give you shit
I learned that niggas gon be niggas, yeah we shouldn't do it
But hoes gon' be hoes, they just ain't admitting to it
Where I been? Gettin to it, goin' through and gettin' through it
Running round killin' shit and tellin' cops, "I didn't do it"
That's why they call me "Young OG"
And I'm a spit this dope shit until my tongue OD
I flew my shorty in from Cali and she brung OG
She got me chillin' in my city but my lungs OT, yeah
And fuck them niggas online, reply why
Broke niggas talkin', cause it's free wifi
My son gon' be a king, I tell him every morning
I put my chain on his neck, right now it's heavy on him
One day it'll all be his, so I'm forever on him
I test him all the time and I never warn him

I pop quiz him like stop listenin' and drop wiz em
Pops vision the bottoms crowded, the top isn't
We talk guap missions, cops prison
I help him see it clearly, I'm his life optician
Could learn from my experience but youngin' gotta live
Not with that mentality, that something gotta give
Cause that how we grew up, probably should of picked for boogers
Nah we was on them streets, juggin for that mugger
Still, scared that you could get killed
That fear that you feel, was that real
But I'm there like, I will not get killed
So that fear that I feel, is not real boy
I'm a true King, tryna raise a new king
I wanna show him stuff, how to do things
How to ride a bike, how to tie shoe strings
How to be a man, how to treat his boo thing
Gotta have a OG, to give you that "Go 'head"
I don't blame you niggas, I blame your old head
I know all about that, my poppa wasn't down
Poppa used to come through, Poppa doesn't now
Shoulda' protected me, but Poppa wasn't round
So now I got this 9, that pop-a-dozen round
Them kids grow up quick, usually grow you up too
Turn you to a big dog, that's what having pups do
Did a lot, but I know I ain't done yet
Before it does down, I make sure that my son set
You made so strong, you made this whole song
You made me Young OG, love you Johan

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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