

OG Bobby Johnson

Que

[Hook - Que:]

Word on the street I'm a suspect
Hangin' with the killers in the projects
Potato on the barrel keep quiet
Catch a nigga slippin' from behind
O.G. Bobby Johnson!
O.G. Bobby Johnson!
O.G. Bobby Johnson!
O.G. Bobby Johnson!

[Verse 1 - Que:]

I'm still hanging with them killers and them convicts
Push start, no key, don't need a locksmith
Pop shit, split your top lift
Top stick, still knock a nigga right up out that rocksmith
O.G. Bobby Johnson - catch a nigga slipping while he joggin'
Tater on the end of the Ruger
Bottom of the stick, hangin' out there, Mr. Cooper
Word on the street I just signed here a thief
Your partner got him stealing radios every week
Told you once jealousy, that's a bitch nigga trait
Better keep the grass cut, so you can watch out for the snakes

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Snoop Dogg:]

Jumped out of bed with a bitch
Right hand on my heat, left hand on my dick
Seasalt, he robbed than a motherfucker
OG Bobby Johnson? Nah, nigga, never love him
OG LB City is the town
Run up, get gunned down
Nigga, we don't fuck around
Ask Ray-Ray, Jay-Jay and Kay-Kay
Shot a nigga in the daytime with the AK
Nigga ain't even on the run, get loose
Turn stick, quick tip, bang mine with the deuce, what it do?
All my niggas is realer
But Bobby Johnson is a bonafide killer
Mama was a ho, step-daddy was a dealer
Yellow brick motherfucking bitch purse stealer
Never, nigga, better raise up
Dip my stick, nigga, when I blaze up
A's up, K's up
I'm from the dub where the homies say trey's up
I am crippling with the niggas in the projects
Goin' down where the homie sell the bomb at
And don't get caught out of bounds
We get touchdown, shut down, nigga get cut down
Real game, kill game
Bobby Johnson, that's my motherfucking real name, deuce

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - A\$AP.Ferg:]

Just got off a call with the homie Gino
That's my manager, he be really boosting my ego (hello)

Said "you crack, nigga, and every line is a kilo"
I said "stop playing, stop drinking the Clicquot"
Stay out them bars, nigga
But really I could kill them with these bars, nigga
Really give them stars, nigga
I chips on the tooth like Nas, nigga
Make me spit cold verses too, all these odd niggas
But 50 my favorite rapper, he got shot
8 bullets like Leroy and then he got hot
I feel bad, I met 'Premo before he got knocked
Cop 4 jackets right out of my pop spot
That Ferg apparel, this life will lay down
Cee-Lo with grown ups stacking a Burrough
I can talk about my life, but that ain't the hour
Rather Shabba Ranks with a skank and skeet in her mouth
My daddy in heaven, I try to keep him smilin'
And take his little brother out to eat Italian
That's my big uncle T Ferg, used to be wildin'
But now he getting rapper money, he should be proud of him
I got a thing for dark skin and big booties
Just got into model girls, some slim cuties
I'll fuck ya industry bitches, say I did it
Piece of pie, but industry bitches really with it
Sha-Shabba Ranks, Sha-Sha-Shabba Ranks
Trying to hop a model chick, probably Tyra Banks
Put the potato on the hammer, let it bang
Cause I'm OG Bobby Johnson, A\$AP Mob be the gang

[Hook]

[Verse 4 - Pusha T:]

OG like it's South Central
Nigga had a brick in a rental
Since I ain't dead or in jail from it
Put my life in this instrumental
(OG Bobby Johnson) like I'm straight out of Compton
See my boys in the hood, we a menace, it's a problem
Nigga only know about a kilogram
Old school, I could just kill a man
Kids running up to my old school
Get a hundred dollars from the dealer man
I ain't gotta lie in my music
Give you game, teach you how to use it
If he ain't trying to help you come up
Leave his broke ass suck a new dick
My numbers don't lie when the feds taking score
Cellphone in my name, that's it, nothing more
458 in the driveway
Niggas can't see me on the highway
Got the house sitting on the water
Pulling up looking like Somali's
I heard one time from a rich nigga
These niggas' hoes like a bitch nigga
Like the last song on my album
Stay the fuck away from a snitch nigga

[Hook]