

# 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!  
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[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 criping 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]