

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>