

Brrrr

Berner

Why they want me dead? That's cold
How they love me when my money get slow? That's cold
How we lose so many loads on the road? That's cold
BRRRR, brrrr
Two shows, more beautiful groves, that's cold
All these diamonds on my neck in gold, that's cold
All these bitches we fuck on the road, that's cold
Brrrr, brrrr

Below 30, that's ice cold
VVS's with the white gold
I'm dumb flexin, and drunk textin
Tryna fly home with my eyes closed
Gin and drugs, we been the plug
Got big guns up in the club
Got an ice chest where my heart was
Blue bag full of dark bud
We road trippin and still drippin
Old school with the ceiling missing
That gin shot got me feeling different
Old ways, I still don't listen
And they bark loud, till the bullit kiss 'm
I'm out late, on a crazy mission
Love the dope game, they just pay me different
In a big pool with 80 women
Made a hundred grand, then blew it off
Street cat, I been through it all
South cake, want two of those
Sell a pack, then go do a show
You need 16, call Hoolio
Real OG, that's my city for
Mustang with the gold smoke
Don't choak, then you don't smoke
Too lifted, and we still smokin
Taylor Gang, you see the chain glowin
Big spot where my strane growin
Know my x bitch gon stay hoein
Big Bern got a new wave goin
When it touch down, bust that thang open
I need that, let me see that
Got 18, they 3 fat

Why they want me dead? That's cold
How they love me when my money get slow? That's cold
How we lose so many loads on the road? That's cold
BRRRR, brrrr
Two shows, more beautiful groves, that's cold
All these diamonds on my neck in gold, that's cold
All these bitches we fuck on the road, that's cold
Brrrr, brrrr

Seen a lot, but I never change
Don't ever change, I never change
Lotta family, and a lotta love
They have me, I'm their everything
When you're down and out, you find out who really down for you
If you not a star, can't come around

All my niggas hold me down
Holdin weed by the pound
Said they couldn't see the vision, but I bet they can see it now
Takes a mission to be around
Since she love me, I beat it down
Every other week I'm in the clouds
I'm that nigga that you read about
Say you gonna hit me up, stick to the plan
Just left her man, goddamb
Doin the best that you can
Give him a rest, no hands
All your friends call me Wiz, but babygirl, you can call me Cam
Said she tired of that lame nigga, tryna get rid of her man
I can't describe the feeling
I'm countin up them millions, with all my niggas I started with
They don't make 'm like this, oh no
Everyday I'm lit, everywhere I go
Keep one lit, and another one rolled
Take bank trips, my pockets swole

Why they want me dead? That's cold
How they love me when my money get slow? That's cold
How we lose so many loads on the road? That's cold
BRRRR, brrrr
Two shows, more beautiful groves, that's cold
All these diamonds on my neck in gold, that's cold
All these bitches we fuck on the road, that's cold
Brrrr, brrrr