

Bundle

Berner

"He was the druglord of East Oakland who made twenty to thirty thousands dollars a day selling narcotics in a slum"

"He cool, he real cool. I like the way he died you know, he died in style"

When you from where I'm from you look up to Craig Petties
Trappin' out a four door, Bordervilles and Box Chevies
I might score a hundred just to turn into a Bentley
If that traphouse boomin' you can probably catch me in it, ayy
You ain't got the money and you wanna get fronted
Okay leave your mama address and her phone number
Shut the spot down, switch it up, we been doin' numbers
Cut my bitch off then lost fifty pounds, that's bad karma
Smoked a blunt off lemon tree and ate fish and grits
Gave her a quarter mil and she jumped on the plane at six
Everything went smooth, I treat my salad up my wrist
All I think is hustling even when I take a piss
Couple hundred thousand in a shoebox
And I got a couple choppers in my toolbox
Dope boy, all white, party on the yacht (it's Dolph)
Man this shit too good to be true, I need to stop, ayy

Pack touched down, I just took off, uh
You shawty, I just call the boss
Bust down, now I'm tryna hit the block
Fifty for my watch, keep a Glock like a cop
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In my city we push weed and that cream
Fly money back and forth, the DEA they search my things
I bought a Porsche this morning, I was bored
So much cash I bought a stashhouse just to store it
You don't get no love out here, you get extorted
On Monday my phone going crazy taking orders
They need me by the borders, I ship it out to Florida
I'm the man in California, half a million to my lawyers
Michael Corleone Blanco, flew me out to Haco
I'm in Costa Rica having million dollar convos
Them suckers get they head bust, not the friends I can't trust
Talking all crazy, bulletholes in your Benz truck
Yeah they say dead or in prison's how we end up
Shit I could give two fucks, I got my bread up, yeah
I'm riding through the city smoking snowman
How many drug dealers become an old man?

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Masked up, then you got a better chance of living

'Cause if I'm barefaced kid, it's according to how I'm feeling
All my life I want a million, but I will accept a brick or board
Shot up a nigga's house mane for tryna sneak your boy
I'm blacker than a Reese's, cat too you mescs
Moving lames out the way, this draco telekinesis
Hustle 'til I'm dead, the money never ceases
Revolver to his skull, his drawers smell like feces
Black girl mixed would never hold keys to a tepees
Smokin' on my peace pipe while on her knees-es
Talkin' work over the phone like talkin' to police-s
Get indicted, need a bitch out here with knee Slick moves with the sick jewels
Foreign rides make your bitch choose
With a pimp, cruise through the neighborhood
I wish a nigga would, I'm pullin up that Berner
AK-47, and I'm unload the burner

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