

# Come On

Berner

Taylor gang over everything  
Drugstore Cowboy

Where I'm from we just live a little different  
Flip European whips and get bitches  
Come on (Get some money with me)  
Yeah, where I'm from we just live a little different  
Flip European whips and get money outa bitches  
Come on (Get some money with me)

Got a call from a renegade bitch  
Yea she said she wanna come home  
I told her come on  
Bring me my money I'm in my own zone  
A lot of squares on my nerves, I tell them die slow  
Ride slow, ziplock full of fly smoke  
White Gold looking crazy when the lights low  
I might blow 40 grand in this nightclub  
And make a few haters sick, step your life up  
Or get knifed up, Hoes getting wifed up  
Dope fiends holding white cups  
Shit trippy, ain't it? How the game switched  
The Weed game's fucked up, back to Caneflips  
And my main bitch brought me thirty G's, she had a great night  
Fuck em all let em hate life  
Yea I stay right  
Yea I been had money  
The type of bread that make your friends act funny  
Come On

I'm just washing dirty money like dishes  
Grown men sub-tweeting like bitches Come On  
I'm on my own shit  
.40 with the long clip  
Snakes in the grass  
Need to get the lawn clipped  
All in my bizz  
Worry bout yo own shit  
Foreign bitch new Foreign whip  
Kat sick without pourin sip  
Gimme more bricks  
Double down gimme more chips  
I'm in a morgue Sick  
Looking at his body dead  
Why'd he have to go so young  
They tried to rob him  
Friends keep goin  
Happens often  
My ho bitches keep me sport ridin  
I'm sittin in a Ghost at six in the morning  
Just left the Club with Wiz all the Champagne pouring got my head hurtin  
Yea I look like a dead person  
My money's right  
You been hurtin  
Come On