

Different Tier

Berner

Leather suitcases full of big blue faces
Brought a pound to Peru just to let my crew taste it
I'm cool off that bag, man, that shit too basic
It's sad, a lot of friends probably got two faces
I made a hundred bands, went and bought a new bracelet
I went from turkey bags to little blue cases
I miss the BM
Mmh, they still slidin' in my DM's, yeah
The renovations cost three M's, yeah
Invest in the property, bad bitch on top of me
Friends want a lot from me, that's why I'm never here
Yeah, I'm blind to the bullshit, but the vision's so clear
And these stones so clean, it's like I'm looking in the mirror
If they really got bags, tell 'em bring 'em over here
Almost twenty years in, make a hundred mil' a year
When it come to the game, yeah, I'm on a different tier, it's B
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Them renovations cost my home, boy, three M's
That ain't shit to him, we really businessmen
Opening franchises, brands you could believe in
Cookies and Andretti OG, it's like I'm dreaming
But this is real, real as my gold wheels
Rolls Royce umbrellas for Mother Nature's tears
Tears of joy, she's so proud of your boy
Though I can't stunts, I still lift my people up
Smokin' kill in the lab full of dangerous niggas
That really got love for me, really don't want you nowhere near
me
Streets took another legend, I done learned a lesson
Though I smile
'Cause every day above ground's a blessing
Every day above ground's another chance to get it
Run another check up, do it better
Fur link leather, steppin' like I'm in the '70s
Big money ahead of me, grind steadily
East Side