

## Dump

Berner

This bitch is steady jockin', shes beggin' me to kick it  
She's all on my dick and I know she want to lick it  
She's Wicked, I stick it. Right between her lips  
The ones on her face and the ones between her hips  
I dips and slips, she fucks then sucks  
She ridin' on my dick while she's holdin' on my nuts  
Lovin' how I treat her. Mad cause I won't eat her  
But when I'm lunch she's happy, she's lovin' how I geeta  
That first time was cool, then I had too slow up  
First I turned her out because now she tore up, from the floor up  
But know what? So What. Girl find another  
Think I'll try this potent maccin' mouthpiece on your mother  
Serve it to a mama, She's eatin up my drama  
She's smarter than her daughter, Cause she can tell that I am..  
Mac about his money, Baby was no dummy  
I slipped up, and tripped up and put one in her tummy  
Couldn't take my dick out, This bitch thick portioned  
Now she's in the clinic having an abortion  
She says that she too old for kids, and I agree  
Quickly took heed on the time she didn't bleed  
Now every time I bash it, I use a prophylactic  
Baby got to jockin' and shake moving drastic  
Had to let her catch me with her chink, friend Su-Chang  
Ooo she caught us fuckin' and turned it to a group thing  
I do things, new things, That we do throughout the night  
Never knew the chink hop, would ever be this tight  
Had to do this right, Cause I just owned this mic  
Beater started something, to keep my pockets tight  
Lace em for a week. Then I play the broke-road  
Two-weeks later, they had my pockets so swoll  
The whole stroll was oh-so, poppin' when I hit it  
Trips, who's getting' wit' it?  
Listen While I spit it

Bern break bitches for mucho guapo. (Shhhhh.)  
Salute El Chapo. I party all night on the beach in Hacko  
Lost 20 Grand on the tables in Tahoe  
Smooth operator I Don't rock no gator  
J's on my feet. Hot shell for the hater  
Make a bitch choose, Take her out a small town  
40 cal, long round make em all fall down  
It's the B-A-Y we don't aim for the sky  
I put a grow room in every crib that I buy  
Still get my hands Dirty, the whole thing cost 30  
Coke so clean, Look so pearly  
Yeah I let it grow out, I never pull early  
Young guys die, with my cutthroat furly  
Packs in the trunk I got weight for sale  
No banks please, no paper trail  
I put 8 in the mail, I hope it make it there  
AMG, Ima race you there. Don't hate the player  
But my mouthpiece crazy, talk the bitch out of 80, baby girl don't play me.  
(Uhh)  
Big bag, smoke good, where the lean at?  
Pop two Xans take a wing-nap  
Still right here where the cream at?  
Where the city, where the bitch, and the v at?

Man, this shit got me all lazy, In a new Mercedes, with two fly ladies  
Coke plug show a broke bitch no love  
Might slide in it with no glove  
Hold up, bundle so thick it don't fold up  
Rolled up, smoke on stuff, I'm a stoner  
Weed head, from the SF City  
Where my buds so good and my chain so pretty  
Boy!