

Gangsta Shit

Berner

Baggin', homie, P'd up, ship it
Berner a hard-head motherfucker, don't listen (I don't listen)
Yeah, we smoke different and my gold drippin'
You see the Old School driftin' and the gold spinnin' (Gold spinnin')
They say, "Bern, you got a couple more bags of float?"
Hell nah, I need more cash to blow
It's a young millionaire on bullshit (On bullshit)
Slime of the month, full clip (Full clip)
Two bottles and a bag of the best (Of the best)
If the shit smoke good, then I'm grabbin' the rest (I need it all)
I'ma weigh shit, that mean my cake thicker
That mean my bitches 'bout it, 'bout it ('Bout it, 'bout it)
Go grab a bag and count it (Yeah)
I'm a O.G. cat when it come to the pack
Take a flight down south, then I drive it right back (Skrtrt)
My fuckin' ice cold, it's a light show
Yeah, I'm doin' 95 with my eyes closed (Yeah)

I smoke big, homie, it'll split your wig
I'm so cold, my neck game, wrists is froze
The heavy weight, pushin' it from state to state
'Cause we eatin', needin' more on my plate
I'm so fly, flyer than an eagle with wings
Yadadamean? You know I'm so fresh, so clean
I stay high, nobody out smoke me
'Cause I'm a fiend when it come to gettin' the cheese
I'm O.G.

Comin' through the cut bangin' Daz and Kurupt
Got a six-trey rag on the back of the homie truck
Trailin' it to Vegas for the SuperShow, player
Tamper switch lead, put the frame in the pavement
On-time payments, dope we be slangin'
Art, you should frame it, G's maintain it
Outside, all time, bitch, that's not changin'
Stayin' the same way from the day that I came in
Go against this, yeah, niggas can't win
In my Z28, let the fuckin' tires spin
Money that's spent, vacation trips
Places we done went, big dollars make sense
Clean, wash, and rinse, keep yourself fit
'Cause the motherfucker can't hop the fence'll get bit
Stay on your shit, can't afford to slip
Fuck around, get your name scratched off the list

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D'usse bottles and brand new cars
I'ma live it up 'cause I been goin' hard

I could spend the cash or I could swipe the card
I'm headed outta town so the coupe is at large
Hit the switch, nigga, don't fuck around with bitch niggas
What you see around me is a gang of rich niggas
Hangin' at South Park 'til all hours is dark
Then I skrrt off in my brand new Trackhawk
You know that gangstas live and gangstas die
So why all your gangs just keep multiplyin'?
Saggin', double G'd up, Crippin'
Motherfuckers nervous 'cause I'm too ambitious
These niggas really don't want no money
I'm out the round table 'bout to launch my new company
If you ain't thinkin' big, then you gotta go
If they hatin' in your hood, you either rich or you a ho

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I put it down for that west coast
We smoke the best, we choke the most
Can't nobody come close
Y'all smokin' on that okey doke
We hustle everyday to get this grip
Stay away you broke bitch
I'm from the Cali code where we ball hard
And we hustle harder on the boulevard

La-la, la-la, la...