

Hard Headed

Berner

Yeah, 2010
This the White Album baby
Pure, dope
None of that bullshit you sniffing
Pure dope
It's that Colombian shit though

This that cream music
That dope boy theme music
Sweet tooth I got candy watch the fiends use it
Fresh bag fresh batch of that hard
My eyes lazy white lady but I back on them bars
I'm like the mirror with the coke on it
I got dope on me
White Benz with chrome big rims on it
I'm outta state getting love, I'm in Kansas City
And got a fly bitch that I flew out from Philly
Touchdown in New York I got a room in Queens
I'm rolling KEM up, I'm out here moving keys
Coke Wave but I'm not French Montana
I'm VIP club dreams in Atlanta
Phoenix Arizona when I leave Minnesota
I'm in Denver Colorado with the Coke-a-Cola
State to state with the pure like I'm in tour
Will I make it home safe? Well I'm not sure

Another day another brick to push
I'm outta state with the grapes and the bubba kush
A big loss in the air another package took
But I'm hard headed, so I wrap them up and put them back on the truck
And it's getting old I've damn near had enough
But I had it rough, all I know is bagging up
Crazy life but the money keeps adding up
I'm ten steps ahead of you, try catching up

This that crack music, that real life trap music
Bag up ride dirty and trap to it
Bought thirty this morning, and ran through them
Get my hands dirty, I'll let my man shoot them
We live for the minute forget about tomorrow
I almost died twice, so this time is borrowed
Middle finger to the air saying 'Fuck the world'
Today I'm broke but I'm feeling like a couple mill
Hit the spot like 'Lil homie, what's the deal? '
I'm ready for a lick tell me where they got it at
I lost another knot I'm praying that he's not a wreck
It's dry again but I'm a bring the water back
This is real life baby ain't no stories told
The streets are cold, the more he got the more he owed
And then he disappeared, he tried to steal a load
The next day they found him dead from an overdose