

# Life Goes On

Berner

More money  
More crime  
More dirt  
More time  
Life goes on

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f\*ck a shoe deal  
I move weed and blow blue bills  
My shooter Shotgun, he got a few kills  
It sounds like a bomb when them guns bust  
Three or four blocks in my closet, and it's uncut  
f\*ck around and try to fit a hundred pounds in one trunk  
And we don't leave the studio until the sun comes up  
Pretty bitches got my name in their skin  
Got my safe full, cold lemonaid with the Gin  
Then my heart's cold plus this bundle don't fold  
Too much cash in my jeans, another twenty p's sold  
And tell these ugly mouth bitches to drown  
And tell these fake drug dealers stop taking my sound  
And I don't give a f\*ck if you're real or not  
My lil' homie got life, he try and kill a cop  
More money, more crime, I'm tryna seal a block  
And send it out to Tennessee  
Wake up, is it there or not?  
I'm having bad dreams  
They tryna freeze my bank account  
I got twenty mil tucked, I have to thank the drought  
You hate the drought  
I bust a few savor bags open and I pulled the flavors out  
Yeah, I put a twenty light grow in my neighbors house  
And I need cash up front, I don't play around

Lay em down if they ain't ridin' with the Mob  
Six chains, twenty-three bitches, yeah I'm on my job  
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f\*ck a broke bitch  
I play mind games  
I make a hoe sick  
Back in 06', I had a cold lick and had my whole team on  
I really sold Crys. back to back Beamers, yeah the whole shit, damn  
I had my carry on fool, before nine-eleven  
Touch down in Arizona, break 'em down to seven's  
Now I'm chillin' in Hollywood, I grab the whole floor  
Gold chains for my crew, whatchu hustle for?  
Three cribs and a kid, I want a couple more  
I cut a few friends off, I really wasn't sure  
Will they ride, will they lie on the Mob?  
I bought another foreign car, real talk  
I'm on my job

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