

Patient

Berner

(Man, I ain't doin' shit
Just rolled up a jackhammer for The J-A
Mob)

They didn't see the vision, they was trippin' off the old shit
My phone keep clickin', we ain't shippin' 'less it's whole bricks
I tried to turn him onto tree, he just want his stove lit
He get a rush cookin' crack, pull up with the Cookie pack
Best friends fallin' out, they stuntin' on they Instagram
I keep my head down and keep winning 'cause I been the man
Pinky ring going crazy, yeah, a soft twenty grand
My mind racing wild, I'm just staring at the ceiling fan
Drugs numb it all, temporary but the pain deep
He tryna be like me, he a lame, gang fee
They don't get no money, why he smokin' out the same P?
In the same tee, B of A is what they named me
I cash checks and check neck on the regular
I rep the Bay Area, I'm tellin' you, they scary, bruh
RIP to The Jack, this shit been funny lately
Why I keep chasin' death? I'm glad my lil' girl saved me
Flight to Sinaloa, lil' lobster with the cartel
We global with it, it ain't hard to tell, them people on my cell
We ain't worried 'bout the feds, where my homies at?
Gelato 42, I'm smokin' weed and drinkin' cognac

It's raining game where I'm from, to the pain, your boy is numb
Seen it all, can't complain, I'm patient 'til the paper come
I ain't scared to get my hands dirty, go on, make it run
I'm plugged in, take a ton, I'm patient 'til the paper come
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The flower sets in, yeah, it't fuckin' with your eyesight
You turn the leaf flawless, yeah, all my jewelry shine bright
We took a trip in '09, it got my mind right
The Midwest held me down before I learned to rhyme right (Before I knew how to rap)
All I ever wanted was an S class
And a minibar at the crib for the head stash
It rain game in North Cal, look at all these plays
My rolodex crazy, I'm just glad I found another way
Jealousy and empty hands, vac bags and rubber bands
I'm a legend in the trap, a few don't really understand
The farmers love to Cookie cut, we make cats rich
Just throw it in a blue pound bag and watch that bag flip
Sick to my stomach, seein' legends smokin' base rock (Damn)
Quarter mil' worth of ice, dawg, I'm takin' faceshots
Before I take a chain off, he'll take a life quick
They tried to get my cousin in his cell with an icepick

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(Yeah
I'm talkin' 'bout real paper, too
My first million was cute
I want the biz
I want the biz, yeah...
Wipe up...
El Chivo)