

Sit Down

Berner

I seen 6 black trucks on camera, they can't stand us
We the ones with the work, all my guns got Bananas
I'm a legend in Atlanta, bring that Perp price back
Bern ran shit, fell off, bounce right back
Had 30, ran out quick, I need the re-up now
I got a stash box poppin, just a few blocks down
Bay shit with the Pitsberg sound
We got Miami in the building, this a vibe when the mob sit down
I'm still active, I ain't give up yet
I just want more cheques, walk in and let the Rolex flex
I'm a Bay boy baby, keep the UHall for ya
Took a trip to Jamaica, just me and my mule
I smoke good in every city I'm in
2 bottles of Jin
2 pounds in the room of the win
Throwin dice in the city of sin, I can't lose
When I step in the room, another bad bitch choose
All I need is a light
And Imma get the vibe right
Me and the bag all night

We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down

The neighbors keep callin the cops, they can't stand us
White Ts, we on the block with Bandanas
Got niggas dieing over these blocks that they own
Find out like the arber, this is not like home
Stearingweal, he got popped, and his whole brains blown
I'm from a place where you know you gotta keep that chroom
It's crazy round my way, you know I came from the bottom
So when he told me it was business, I told Bern I got him
Got a bad white bitch in the kitchen, she making Pestos
Doing it from scratch, I spend it and make it back
Get a couple dollars, they don't know how to act
This is boss shit, got 30 hollos in this long clip
With my dogs, so it's mob shit
You know we all lit
She miss a nigga, she keep callin
I know they hate to see me ballin
She let me hit it in the morning
You think you know me, you don't know shit

We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down

Up on her, I'm good with the fingerroll
Good with the get and go
Bitches want the money, I smash, they come and go
I'm blown up, no artillery
Flocka in the trap, heavy artillery
Coad 9 Hillery, talkin bout Rico
Load on the speedboat, causin the keelo
Drop game without Cheefo, blowin, smokin
Choakin, shhot please

Top down ocean
Hit the pilot Gs
That's like a blue face, make us 2 face
Got your girl going 2 ways
You can't save her
It's too late
Look at they face
You can tell they jealous
All this blue face, cost the Marjellas
Move like we fellins
Yeah all of them fellins
Ain't shit you can tell us
Got Kush in the metals

We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down
We talk money when we sit down