

## Vision

Berner

A lil' cold rum  
I'm tryna smoke the pain away, my heart is so numb (So numb)  
A couple old guns, I'm on a cold run  
I roll the perfect joint up, but bet it don't run (Bet it don't)  
They say I'm top, dawg, I move big waves  
I got everything you need like a mix plate  
My chain a kilo, it make my neck hurt  
I'm only in the nightclub tryna network (What it do)  
I pay with old cash, you can tell 'em so  
When I opened up the bag you can smell the mold  
I bury M's now, they kicked me out the bank  
I'm a fucking kingpin, there ain't no higher rank  
I want a spot at Manhattan just to stash my work  
And I'm back to the pack if the rap don't work  
Ain't no black card on me but this backpack full  
You should place a bet on Bern, 'cause that man can't lose, yeah

It don't matter where you came from  
'Cause we know where we're headin'  
Wanna claim that, we change that  
'Cause we stay with the vision  
Stay with the vision  
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I'm in the cypher, I need the lighter  
You got the queen up your sleeve, fighter  
I kill in night, I'm a nighter (Yeah)  
I got the weed game sold, I'm Pied Piper (Ayy)  
You wanna follow me? Swallow all your praise, sir  
No bitterness smokes, I'm apple cider (Smoke)  
Johnny Appleseed talked a I'm a five paper roller, step aside sir  
I will provide ya a new experience, it's serious  
Check my history, mysterious and curious (Delirious)  
If you let me in, it's glorious, I promise this  
You don't get me tricked, you don't get Flavor upon flavor, call me 31  
Got your test back man, fuck another 31  
For anyone's comin' out a room now you want some  
Here it comes, you want the phenome, never son, ever son

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Ahora fumo lo mejor, voy arriba de mi Porsche  
Rumbo a la casa de Scott Storch (¡Scott!)  
Pa' mi mamá un cantón, pa' mi hermana un medallón

Pa' mi papá el carro que siempre soñó (Ferrari)  
Siempre he tenido la visión, me junto con puro campeón (Yeah)  
Tú no te animas porque eres culón (Culo)  
En verdad que es un honor, un saludo pa'l señor  
Gracias por toda la escuela que me dio (Estos vatos)  
Ahora el turno a mí me toca, la clica prendida en la troca  
Traemos buena mota y no es poca, huele a cafecito con moca  
Ah, parezco un capo de la coca  
Yo quiero fumar mota, yo quiero fumar otra  
Controlando todo el ruedo, Alemán en México  
Esa mota ya se prendió, mira cómo vuelo al espacio

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