

Choose Up

Berner

(This a Bay Area to LA thang)

Crazy girls love me, it's crazy, I love 'em too
She wanna choose me? Well, she know what she gotta do
Throw me a few dollars, put a spot in your name
Before I let her suck me off, she went an bought me a chain
I'm from the Bay Area, you know I play with her mental
Wouldn't duck a phone call when she back on her menstrual
But she did, and got my name tatted on her tits
I make baby put to bed and she just took a piss
Bitch, yeah I'm dope like a coke block
Call them bitch, smoke, post it up where the hoes watch
Yeah, they keep my name in their mouth
'Cause I pull up late night and I play wit' they mouth

Bet she gon' choose up, choose up, choose up, choose up on me
'Cause I'm like she Said she wanna do better
'Cause she gon' choose up, choose up, choose up, choose up on me
She's up like she knew better, said she wanna do better

That player Berner, he's with guy who is a former permer
Green curlers, tan khakis, baby, Ike Turner
Pimp party actin' real naughty, hittin' bodied
The Svengali on the city trolley
The freeway series got the bitch leery
Then they tell her it's Quik and bein' I'm the chick's cherry, yeah
I wanna split it down the middle, lick it down a little
I wanna make it hurt a little, make it squirt a little
Now we backstage, front page
Up days, smoke haze, broke days, no way
Your feelins they be so brittle, my game'll be so fertile
And you can't find my heart just like you can't find Lisa Turtle, milk carton
Still startin' somethin', water in my cell garden
Still gotta like a real robin [?], I keep her pussy throbbin'
I gave eyes up

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Yeah, somethin' 'bout my city made me hungry as hell
I never had a bag I didn't sell, they want me in jail
I'm too fresh for 'em, you see the fit on me?
She wanna crawl in my bed and let it drip on me
She smoke with me too, break the Henney out
I got her all out the windows with her titties out
If she don't give me no action, I should cut my wrists
I got a call from the big homie, DJ Quik
He said she's backstage, too drunk
Halfway dressed, lookin' she fresh off a backpage
My life is a movie with a red cam
All the drugs got me feelin' like a dead man
I'm on the freeway with a big ass bag
Doin' one-fifty in my brand new Jag
Yeah, I love California and the way I could leave

All the women and the weed and this money for me

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