

Advice

Berner

Pass me that doob baby
Alright
You niggas know what time it is
Trippy talking about my trippy niggas
All my hippy niggas, two thousand and fifty niggas
Trippy niggas
The gang, the gang
The gang, the gang

Uh
I'm high again
On my way up 30,000 feet, In the sky again
Gon' be gone, from here to the end of July
And somebody that I care for askin' me why again
Walking through the airport
Smelling like a pound
Was happy when we ain't have shit
Now they don't like us, not your ordinary guy
Cause I said fuck the rest, and showed you what my life was
And lil niggas got on, They tried to do it just like us
The niggas I know are the ones with the private flights booked
Whenever they havin' a party them niggas invite us
I'm rollin that Cali before I light up
Need a real nigga, call me and I'll be right up
And I'll be getting this money nigga despite all of these people hatin on me
Cause they don't understand
My niggas do everything you wanna do but I'ma just do everything that you ca
n't
Taylor Gang, What up?

No we ain't the same
Homie every show you gon' be going through lots of things
If you tryin' to live
My life, my life, my life, my life, my life
And you think you know
Wanting my advice I'ma tell you to get your own
Instead of tryin' to live
My life, my life, my life, my life, my life

I was raised in the city that the fish saved
Where little kids go to school, learn to get slaved
Niggas have work now it's time for shift change
Shit changed now I'm ballin' in a big way
Time to eat, time for all my team to get payed
Anybody got a problem with it, get sprayed
Anybody got some chronic leaf then get blazed
Started at bottom now we in a big game
Now my OJ go in my champaign
And its diamonds all in my damn ring
And my rollie matchin' my gold chain
And my shows come with they own bling

And my money come in the rubber bands
Niggas hatin' cause they don't understand
My homies do everything that you wanna do
I'ma just do everything that you can't
Pittsburgh, what up?

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Uh huh
Yellow roses in the ocean, tears drop for my mother
On the road for two months ain't seen my daughter all summer
Tonight I'm on cookies, please no sour
I step downstairs and watch my Kush plants flower
Two big houses put twenty lights in both of them
The PAX showed up I felt strange when I opened it
Pops came around, I finally got close to him
And let a hater talk and watch a fourty cal open him
Green thumb, two strains on my stick
Two chains on my neck, 30k on my wrist
My hands all sticky from this fresh batch of Kush
I came a long way from a cold hearted crook
Two Tuk, [?] block cell thats my OG
Me and Wizle man went and got the whole P
I went from a quarter kick to whole key
And got my car dirty like a Sprite with the Codeine