

Ayy

Berner

It's about four in the morning
Got a trunk full of bags, yeah
We just ridin' 'round dirty, tryna get the bag
You already know what time it is
YG, what up?
Big Bern, Mozzy, talk to 'em
Yeah

Twenty pack in the trunk of the low
Kids trip tryna fuck with them hoes
On the corner, sellin' nothin but dope
Love life, we were struggling though
Sentimental, when it counted a fold
You ain't ever gave me nothin' to hold
Freight trailer, finna fuck up the road
Quarter milli, you ain't done it before
Big Cuban link, hugging it though
Bernie nigga been a hunnid for sure
Every debit card a hunnid or more
Made a hunnid K in front of the stove
Count up the money and go
Another play for like thirty or sum'n
Chain worth like a birdie or sum'n
Cali nigga, where they murder for nothin'
Yeah, they still on the turf with them youngins (Yeah)
We pull up swerving the bucket (Yeah)
If they get behind us and tuck it (Yeah)
If she 'bout some hoein' and runnin' (Yeah)
That nigga hate for nothin'
I came up from nothin', remember them days?
Hey kill all that rappin', I'm not with the fuckery
You can get hit with this K
Crack open that pack
This that shit you can only get from the Bay
Y-Car, twenty bricks in L.A..
How you paid but ain't been to L.A.?
Stitch livin', I'ma keep it that way
I ain't phased with a yuke in my face
Yellow tapes should've seen how they did it
Forty shells, really eat up your face

Run up the play (Play)
But know we don't play (Play)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Ayy)
Niggas know I'm on-call (On-call)
Give the homie a K (A K)
Told 'em make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Ayy)
Niggas love to hate
Rolls Royce two-tone, black and grey (Black and grey)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Ayy)
When you elevate
They gon' start to separate (Separate)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Ayy)

They love me still
The money come and fuck a hunnid mill
I wanna build and playin' with my chicken shit, I wanna kill
Fresh frozen work
We let the honey spill
And baby know the drill, she say she hate the way the rubber feel (I'm sorry
, mama)
I'm underground
The sound of the crowd, it give me chills
And really real, I used to rob and steal before the vacuum seal
Twenty grand inside the candle, yeah export
I'm shaking K9, all through the airport (Sheesh)
Flood Atlanta, hit London with a Box
They hit my OT knock, I'm just glad he didn't talk
We move different
Mozzy with me, got the tool with 'em
Hot shells, blood spillin' out your new denim
I'm 'posed to be low-key, with all these jewels drippin'
(With all these jewels drippin')
My crib mainey, huh? We got a few screws missin' (Yeah, we lost)
I'm on a mission, it keep pullin' me back
Yeah, I'm married to the game
And fell in love with the trap

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Give the homie a K (A K)
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Rolls Royce two-tone, black and grey (black and grey)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Ayy)
When you elevate
They gon' start to separate (Separate)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh" (Yeah, yeah)
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Yeah)

Bobby Boy chillin', whippin' that exotic
I got her sippin' on that tonic, we smokin' that chronic
They know I'm iconic, it's kind of ironic
I'm runnin' this, gunnin' this
We havin' fun in this bitch
Livin' my life, motherfuck that I'm rich
Now they know the name, but just Logic
I keep it G, 'cause I'm a good person
Givin' my everything, up in these verses
Smokin' that Goldilocks, when it disperses
Stoney Bob feelin' it, Berner be killin' it
We feelin' crazy, we feelin' brazy, we feelin' breezy
Run up in it, get up in it and make it look easy
I'm gonna drop a shoe bigger than the Yeezy
'Cause I, feelin' my own shoes
Ain't nothin' that I won't do

(Italian leather)
Run up the play (Play)
But know we don't play (Play)
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"

Make 'em say, "Ayy'" (Ayy)
Niggas know I'm on-call (On-call)
Give the homie a K (A K)
Told 'em make 'em say, "Uh-uh"
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