

# Clockin

Berner

Yeah

(Clockin' paper)

You know what I'm talkin' 'bout

(Clockin' paper)

From Cali to New York City

(Clockin' paper)

Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper  
We be breakin' down the work on my mama table  
All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper  
Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper  
All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple  
All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you  
All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind  
All day, shawty do it for the Vine  
Ridin' clean, smokin' purple  
Play with me and they gon' hurt you  
Ain't no squares in my circle  
Missin'  
Stripper bitches burnin' out bank accounts  
Yeah, we rappin' raw cut with wet paper towels  
That's grown talk, I buy a whole block  
And I ain't talkin' 'bout blah, I got grown spots  
I pull 23 mil out my old spot  
I came a long way from the stove top  
I still get busy, count money 'til I'm dizzy  
Load a full truck up, it's a quick 650  
Bullet-proof truck in a S5-50  
Got lemonade pounds out in New York City  
I'm a flex with the pack, I get 5 grams for 'em  
Right across the street when I land in the mornin'  
Coke boy seats, not a damn stain on 'em  
Throwin' bitches in the crib, pour champagne on 'em

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Missin'  
Ground bag money, stuff it in the wall  
Dirty money, I'm a LAX tryna duck the dog  
I'm still dirty, fuck a rap check  
I was first class chillin' when the pack left  
I need a fresh pair of gloves and a address  
I got 6 cellphones, hope the pack flex  
I still get money, bitch, you're weed man love me  
Yeah, I keep the big bills, re-cop with the 20s  
I'm a real street cat, in the drop with the bunny  
Xanax bars and the cup's all muddy  
I hit the A-Town, we got rich in Atlanta

I'm in the H-Town with French Montana  
Cook smoke in the air with the coke boys  
Young motherfucker, yeah, I'm a dope boy

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You already know what I'm talkin' 'bout, man  
Brown bag money, pickin' up 200, 3, 4, 500 thousand at one time  
Ridin' round, cop keep behind me, I ain't even trippin' though  
If he put his lights on, I'm dippin' yo  
It's Big in it  
You know I went from coke money to hoe money  
Grown money to show money  
To havin' too much money  
Yeah