Dealin

Berner

See, I've been down, so I know shit
Came up on that broke shit
Whippin' up, tryna get a buck
All my homies making that coke flip
Now, I ride in that ghost, bitch
Diamonds shining on both wrists
Blow a hundred quick, I ain't frontin' shit
Still got beef with my old bitch
Ride around with my top down
Extended clip hold a hundred rounds
Came up from the bottom, for real
Never thought I'd see a hundred thou'
Now, I sit back let the money pile
Just got a call for a hundred pounds
Times was hard, but I grind with god
And the money just won't stop comin' now

From eights, quarters and half ounces
Dirty couches in the trap houses
In a big grow, got half a mountain
And I had a great year, just a bad accountant
Tax money, bad bitches, flextime, my bag different
Drop top, new foreign, big bus, I'm with Snoop touring
Late nights, early flights, no sleep, crazy life
Why you worried about me? 'Cause your paper light
Talking like that we don't take it light
I crack a white bar before I take a flight
I'm too hard headed, I don't take advice
If I want it, I'mma' get it, yeah, name the price
Dick so good, I think it changed her life

Them late flights and them long nights and them long trips on the road
That money come and it go, that money come and it go
I lose it all and get it back 'cause this hustle's all that I know
That money come and it go, that money come and it go
You dealin' with a hustler baby
That money come and it go, that money come and it go
You dealin' with a hustler baby
That money come and it go, that money come and it go

See I've been down so I know shit
A hundred pack on that road trip
Break bread with the whole clique
I ain't never been on that ho shit
Roll the weed then I ride out
This street life I die about
'Till my time out, I'm going hard and really live what I rhyme 'bout
Trappin' the action, money and hoes it all comes and go
I rap with a passion, look at my life
The money and fame ain't worth the pain
I'm trapped in the madness
Loyalty to my whole team 'till is die is all that I know
The same ones since day one 'cause that money come and it go

My mouth piece on ice cold
New watch, do a light show
I don't trust no man, nah, he might fold

Take trips up top with a blindfold
All hundred dollar bills
So on, let me tell you how it feels
It feels like it's not real
Shit, we had a blast 'till he got killed
I’m on burner phones drinking purple jones
Won't leave the spot till the work is gone
5 am and I'm getting dome
Don Julio, we don’t sip Patron
Stack up quick, we don’t live for long
I was on a good one when we made this song
My only fear in life is to die alone
Another long night, I’m tryna' make it home

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