

# Die Young

Berner

I'm so North Cal, you can tell where I stay  
Everywhere I go I'ma rep the big bay  
I got big stones on, don't let 'em get close  
Cats like you get burned with the toast  
Hopped out the Benz, gave a dope fiend a roach  
Got my homie in my ear tryna give me a quote  
Bern touch weight, get a rack on each one  
We don't stop, fuck the cops, I'm gon' take 'em on one  
I got rich of purp, used to love the OG  
When you eating like this you gotta be lowkey  
Work in the whip but I still ride mainy  
Hit Las Vegas, make a bad bitch pay me  
I'm a beast with the price, I don't leave 'em no room  
If you want all twenty, I'ma need to know soon  
ATL, I be at the Days Inn  
A whole week straight, I ain't let the maids in  
It be hell when the money get lost in the air  
Where I'm from you can hear the gunshots in the air  
Life ain't fair but you can't be scared  
Fuck around and get left in the woods with the bears  
Big wheel shit, real cake in the duffle  
You be walkin' 'round like the AK can't touch you  
I been the game, that's just what it is  
Rule number one, don't ship where you live

The good die young, the good die young  
The good die young, the good die young, yeah  
The good die young, the good die young  
The good die young, the good die young, yeah  
More life, more wins  
More money, yeah more fake friends  
More money, yeah more fake friends  
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More life, more wins  
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More money, yeah more fake friends  
The good die young, yeah

Let's pop a bottle, let's make a toast  
I set the trends, act like you know  
Your bitch so nasty, I call that bitch gross  
Puerto Rican and black, she mixed with both  
Yeah, I like to trap, I love to count  
Fuck on that bitch then tell her to bounce  
Ayy, feed a bitch cum, the good die young  
Trap with my hundred round drum  
Fifty carats in my charm  
Sippin' syrup, smokin' weed out a bong  
Rich shit, that's what I'm on  
My lil nigga locked up but still FaceTime me every day on the phone  
Yeah yeah, the good die young  
The good die young  
The good die young, for real

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Just vacuum sealed a fifty pack at Ritz Carlton  
Where the price jumpin' back, I can't bargain  
Good die young, strapped up with the carbon  
Packin' muscles, thirty rounds in the forty Glock  
Paint a case too with the bomb, still trap it out  
No he don't gangbang, fuck it, still pack him out  
Shoot out the whole thang, we resell whole thang  
Want a date Benjamin Franklin green, check the salary  
Header repellent, can't see me, Hellen Keller, yeah  
They say the crippin' make you worship the devil  
I pray to my god and I worship my bezel, bitch  
My palms stay itching, I shoot at whoever  
They only can shoot 'til I level my levels, yeah  
Your face on the shirt, got your ma at the funeral  
Your daddy who, like fuck you, nigga made his own rules  
On a mission, smoke some cookie with the Berner  
Before I hit the door I gotta have the Berner  
Fuck around, have your name in obituary  
I'm tryna chase a mil, wish me well  
Ain't tryna pay the bond, nigga scream fuck 12  
He be bullet pulin' 12, count the shells  
Niggas snitching, let the Kill-Tech tell  
That why the good die young, what it is  
Longway bitch

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