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
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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 repellant, 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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