Dope Boy

Berner

(She wanna dope boy, dope, dope boy...)
Hey yo, big Bern', what's good?
We ain't get up in these hills by accident, nigga
Lotta niggas talkin' it but ain't livin', man
But we ain't got nothin' to talk about
We see everything, nigga
Meet me at the dock, we gon' race for Yachts, nigga
Water wave you move better, you do better (facts)
Dipset
(Kill, kill)
(Kill, kill)
Let's go, uh

I get to it, see I'm not the one to lollygag, body bag
You gettin' money, word? Take a polygraph
I don't believe you, the cars ain't matchin' your stories
All startin' to bore me, I'm in the clutch like Horry
I was clickin' chicken and had the season like Lawry's
You still sellin' three-point-five for the forty?
Please, outlet call me Felipe
Keys of That means Killa turned nerds into guerrillas
Turn wave right into skrilla, cocaine to chinchilla (yeah, I did)
I've retired but sometimes its still a hobby
You only drugged someone when you was on your Bill Cosby
Nigga

The ex made a million of a job
Wrapped it up and let it sit behind the sheet rock
Black bag bandits

I'm runnin' through these M's
I'm sick from the dust, I'm naucious
These rubber bands around these twenties all stuck (it's old money)
I could fit a hunnid fifty boxes on the truck
Yeah, that's forty-five plus if it get there untouched (forty-five mil')
Pick me up from when the jet lands
Black bags in my Louis bag fresh from San Fran' (straight from the Bay)
What's a ticket? Stop askin'
All three trucks pulled up, I'm try'na bring back Branson (what up, legend?)
Bust down dancin', never been platinum
No gold plaques but I got a gold handgun (handgun)
I used to lose boxes and struggled 'til I land one
Fuck it, send a half ton
I swear this is my last one
Yeah

She want a dope nigga that do numbers
She want a dope nigga that do numbers
She want a dope nigga that do numbers (facts)
She want a dope nigga that do numbers

She want a dope boy, told her I'm a dope man
Foreign cars I love those, whippin' 'em with both hands
Waitin' for the pack to touch, lookin' for the postman
We was in momma's hut cookin' up the coke grams
Trips to the Bay comin' back with the load
Niggas from our gang, you know the mac will explode

If it wasn't for the rap, I'd probably trap across the globe
These niggas say they gangsters, a star stackin' on the code
Had my '97's on runnin' through the housin'
We was still sellin' drugs through the early 2000's
I drop a few thousands on water and the peace
Ain't nobody ridin' shotty, just my forty in the seat

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