

Drown

Berner

Ayy, man, I can't lie, man, this week been super mainy though
Enjoy a lil bottle of yac

My fingertips numb, I been bagging all night
I went from coke to the weed and brought a bag on the flight
They hear the hunger in my voice shit I went broke twice
4,000 lights at a real low price
Big rock bezels got played out quick
Especially when you still take trips, they don't work though
I'm back in Nebraska like break down this
I'll be here for a week, I got a show and a fifth
Fresno California I'ma be there soon
The 209 love Bern I'm a real tycoon
I got a drawer full of prepaid phones and roll on
Stacks of money orders from my [?]
House on Hollywood, Calabasas too far
I'm too hard for the radio, I used to move tar
I feel like Joe Pesci I move around in two cars
Cats get to beefing, take the shit too far

I'm tryna drown the pain in a bottle of Priv
This shit is therapy, I can't bottle it in
They got me waiting on the mail again
Waiting on the mail again
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They want that old shit tell that lady I'm back
I went broke got a telly brought baby the sack
They got me at a dummy address just waiting for the pack
Back in '09, I went crazy with The Jack
We're OT tripping in Missouri Wells (What up Wells?)
Gunshots ringing then a young man fell
The whole crowd cleared out saw a high-speed chase
Kansas City get it like we do in the Bay
Look I'm back to the basics, unfamiliar places
Blue bags wrapped in the black and yellow cases
Black glove throwaways, I pray it all go away
The rap game was cool but I can't except a lower pay
Guns over Gucci
Drugs over Louis
Bitches back to setting up goofy male groupies
I'm waiting on the mail yeah I'm nervous as hell
I was good a month ago now and now I'm stuck this hell, damn

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I don't know how it came back to this
You know all the work put in, I did my best
But I know what I'm good at too
It's for the dope game
Hey trappin' ain't dead, it's just scared
You already know what time it is, big Bay Area business