

Dump

Berner

This bitch is steady jockin', shes beggin' me to kick it
She's all on my dick and I know she want to lick it
She's Wicked, I stick it. Right between her lips
The ones on her face and the ones between her hips
I dips and slips, she fucks then sucks
She ridin' on my dick while she's holdin' on my nuts
Lovin' how I treat her. Mad cause I won't eat her
But when I'm lunch she's happy, she's lovin' how I geeta
That first time was cool, then I had too slow up
First I turned her out because now she tore up, from the floor up
But know what? So What. Girl find another
Think I'll try this potent maccin' mouthpiece on your mother
Serve it to a mama, She's eatin up my drama
She's smarter than her daughter, Cause she can tell that I am..
Mac about his money, Baby was no dummy
I slipped up, and tripped up and put one in her tummy
Couldn't take my dick out, This bitch thick portioned
Now she's in the clinic having an abortion
She says that she too old for kids, and I agree
Quickly took heed on the time she didn't bleed
Now every time I bash it, I use a prophylactic
Baby got to jockin' and shake moving drastic
Had to let her catch me with her chink, friend Su-Chang
Ooo she caught us fuckin' and turned it to a group thing
I do things, new things, That we do throughout the night
Never knew the chink hop, would ever be this tight
Had to do this right, Cause I just owned this mic
Beater started something, to keep my pockets tight
Lace em for a week. Then I play the broke-road
Two-weeks later, they had my pockets so swoll
The whole stroll was oh-so, poppin' when I hit it
Trips, who's getting' wit' it?
Listen While I spit it

Bern break bitches for mucho guapo. (Shhhh.)
Salute El Chapo. I party all night on the beach in Hacko
Lost 20 Grand on the tables in Tahoe
Smooth operator I Don't rock no gator
J's on my feet. Hot shell for the hater
Make a bitch choose, Take her out a small town
40 cal, long round make em all fall down
It's the B-A-Y we don't aim for the sky
I put a grow room in every crib that I buy
Still get my hands Dirty, the whole thing cost 30
Coke so clean, Look so pearly
Yeah I let it grow out, I never pull early
Young guys die, with my cutthroat furly
Packs in the trunk I got weight for sale
No banks please, no paper trail
I put 8 in the mail, I hope it make it there
AMG, Ima race you there. Don't hate the player
But my mouthpiece crazy, talk the bitch out of 80, baby girl don't play me.
(Uhh)
Big bag, smoke good, where the lean at?
Pop two Xans take a wing-nap
Still right here where the cream at?
Where the city, where the bitch, and the v at?

Man, this shit got me all lazy, In a new Mercedes, with two fly ladies
Coke plug show a broke bitch no love
Might slide in it with no glove
Hold up, bundle so thick it don't fold up
Rolled up, smoke on stuff, I'm a stoner
Weed head, from the SF City
Where my buds so good and my chain so pretty
Boy!