

## Family 1st

Berner

I'll never understand dry snitchin' on the 'Gram  
Killers move in silence, then why do killers hit the stand?  
Everybody tellin', we threw his body in the lake  
And kept his thumb 'cause his fingerprints opened up his safe  
Bring the jack back, I'm slappin' pretty black  
And my truck hundred packs and up  
Yeah, plenty cash is tucked  
They came masked up and ran into bad luck  
I'm in my bag tough 'cause I never had much  
Grab the black gloves, get 'em bagged up, on the last truck  
This my last run, I'll be here 'til the cash come  
Cast want me paralyzed, there's prices on my life now  
And really I ain't scared to die, but damn I'm livin' right now  
Mozzy told me bite down, made everybody lie down  
Three shots cleared the room, I'm hidin' out, interloom  
Everybody wanna eat, yeah, I'm sure there's plenty room  
But fuck it, I am greedy, and the dope game needed Bern

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I used to watch mama sell dope, that was like nine five  
I swear that the time fly, next thing I know, I'm doin' drive-bys  
You know they gon' pull up lookin' for me whenever the crime rise  
So I'm finna pull off and get low in one of these highrise  
Ayy, check out the wide body, Hell Gang, yeah, die about it  
Hit his body, got him pop lockin'  
Nigga, base rock got the block poppin'  
Ayy, watch how I back in  
Pick up twelve-five on the backend  
You see with the rack then  
That's why the labels near him, tryna tap in, yeah  
These niggas be cattin', these bitches faggin', they try to be back friends,  
yeah  
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yeah  
He got the baby drake on him right now, tryna blab shit, yeah  
Go pop the trunk on the Escalade and bring all the bags in  
Stash box for the slapstick, real nigga, no rap shit  
Cook pack doin' backflips, came a long way from not havin' shit  
Ayy, shout out the savages, they'll sell a nigga fake Actavis  
Ayy, shout out the savages, they'll swiv' a nigga out his packages

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A-M-P, I'm dopper than your hardest rapper  
We used to take your starter jackets, now we servin' raw to addicts  
Woppin' niggas automatic, sockin' niggas, baller status  
We ball like the Mavericks, raw dog, I'm a savage  
Blastin' at your cabbage, the season of the sick  
The reason we was rich, we was lettin' niggas have it  
Gorillas in the mist, we took an oath to never breathe a name  
So much coke, ain't gotta cop until the seasons change  
Hustled in the rain, you never felt pain  
Well you never took a life or never dealt 'caine  
Or count a hundred bands on the jet plane  
A thousand grams of clam at a Nets game  
TEC's bang, or the FN with the Brazilian weave  
That's the extension, so niggas got rich off dealin' weed  
Murder the penalty, they wanna kill me in my sleep  
They won't remember me, I bring death to my enemies

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