

Godzilla

Berner

I was brought up on the product, drug dealin' kingpin
Shit I'm on exotic, all white seats. no lease, yeah, I bought it
Bulletproof truck just in case we get shot at (look out)
When it drop, I'm the first one that got it
I told that bitch go on put it in my pocket
I be up early in the mix, phone ringin' all the time
Said he wanna cop nine but I only brought five
The other four went to Livermoore
Twenty-Six bricks on my kitchen floor
Nightmares of the Feds, I don't sleep right (don't sleep)
Send that bitch home on a cheap flight
Carry-on bags full of cream envelopes
My baby, she don't speak on my telephone
You say a prayer when it leave
I bet it go quick when it get to Tennessee

Naw, for real, niggas know what's up
It's buckshot, A.K.A. the cookie monster
Soon as it touch down, we C.O.D. niggas
Cashville, what up!

Trappin' lemon Jell-o in the ghetto, nigga
Roll a quarter ounce in a cigarillo, nigga
Every order counts, watch what you gon' sell a nigga (what'chu doin?) '
If I send it to your house, you bet not tell a nigga
They got all these German Shepards runnin' round this Wraith
Fido couldn't find it if I put it in his face
Boy hittin' home-runs, niggas still on third-base
Gettin' it by the tons puttin' it up in her place
Fellow rapper and a promoter, I book you 'fore it's over
My bitch about to bring another box of Bakin' Soda
And I got a couple niggas' addresses and a photo
I'mma pull 'em out and pull up when the time right
You penny-pinchin' niggas make sure every dime right
You know that Ruger with the red light'll get a nigga mind right
Berner, anything land you know I have it gone
And I fly out to the Bay and come and wrap my own
Buck

Ay, it's Philthy, nigga
You know I'm walkin' 'round this six bedroom mansion, nigga
Eatin' Top Ramen with a plastic fork, nigga
Look

Versace on my bed but demons in my head (yes)
Niggas want me dead are probably in the Feds (suckas)
Instagram really hurt a nigga heart (ain't that right?)
When I heard he make a statement, it really hurt my heart
Smokin' good cookies'll kill It's four G autos, ten-
thousand, bitch, watch the pothole (bitch)
Have you ever had your clothes taken for evidence? (homicide)
Niggas sneak dissin' 'cause he ain't relevant
Hey, shout out to them niggas that ain't believe in me (salute)
Them the same niggas mad 'cause they ain't seen with me
I'm still in the hood 'cause I ain't never left (nah ah)
Wish my brother Dre Fetty could take another breath (rest in peace)
Word around town there's money on my head (chump change)

Must be a broke nigga talkin' because I still ain't dead (broke nigga)
I put this nigga on the lick and I ain't ask for nothin' (I ain't ask for sh
it)
But the last time I seen him, the nigga was actin' funny
It's Philty (It's Philthy)

Yeah, man you could do for a nigga a million times
But he only gon' remember that one time you tell him no
Keep them squares out your circle and your grass cut It's Philty