

# Highway

Berner

I'm rollin' down a, lonely highway  
Asking god, to please forgive me  
For messing up the blessing he gave to me, I see  
Everything clearer now

Pulled up on her, she extra fly  
Got a brand new whip, might let her drive  
I'm on this Y, Cherry Pie  
Two pink cups, don't blow my high  
Hit the gas, I don't want her cash  
I got coke white bricks, stuffed in the dash  
I got coke white guts, watch where you ash  
I got ten hoe bitches, do the math, huh  
A few pretty bitches in my bed when I wake up  
All got the cake up  
In my brand new J's, rollin' J's up  
Got rich, but the money never changed us  
Too smooth, roll ahead while the bass knock  
Hold the KK in til' my face hot  
Pull up to the stop light  
I blew thirty-grand quick in the club  
But it's alright  
Gutted off from a bitch in the soft white  
White cup, but I'm stayin' up all night  
Three girls on my dick, what you ball like?  
Two pills sleep good on a long flight  
D-boy, Louis shoes cost eight-hun  
If she come home with money, then we'll make love  
Picky nail full of shit, make your face numb  
On one, buy the weight from the A1  
L.A., I got a number at the body shop  
I told lil mama lick it like a lollipop  
Blow money in the club, make the bottle pop  
All I wanna do is live, let a hater rot  
All I wanna do is bomb on a punk bitch  
Twenty-grand in my hands from a young bitch  
.45 on my lap, one clip  
Hundred pack in the back, one trip

I'm rollin' down a, lonely highway  
Asking god, to please forgive me  
For messing up the blessing he gave to me, I see  
Everything clearer now

She said she wanna jump into drop head, well drop dead  
Motha-thug, let them pops hit  
I'mma get the block bread  
Now top that, I'm far fetched  
Now don't be trippin', I'mma pop that, lock that  
Smokin' up while I'm cruisin' through your block bold  
A couple of hoes, a couple of shows, still on the block bold  
Smokin' it all, ready to ball, never a flaw, lil bit of floss  
Spendin' it all, iPhone shit, gotta make a call  
Still cold with it, flow with it  
She just a bad bitch, let me low hit it  
She pull up in the Phantom with the nose lifted  
Pull up, pull up, in the Phantom with the nose lifted

Because I'm so gifted, so gifted  
Got the rims on the Phantom like a small midget  
A couple of bands in my pants makin' em dance  
See what I'm sayin'? see what I'm sayin'?  
Now that we back, double my stacks, fall back  
I'mma fall back, let me get that  
Baby girl steady rubbin' on my six-pack  
She said she counted all the money, about six-racks  
Now come and roll with a player, let me hit that  
I think I'm ready to get my pimp on  
I'm in the pimp zone  
Ay, you go, grab my Cookie hoodie sweater  
Bring the loud back  
So, roll up the lye, let's roll, let's roll  
Then I open up the suicide doors  
Oh, oh, oh, then I hop out, all the bitches froze  
Oh, oh, oh, and the ten toes down on these hoes  
So, let's roll

I'm rollin' down a, lonely highway  
Asking god, to please forgive me  
For messing up the blessing he gave to me, I see  
Everything clearer now

When I'm rollin' down this lonely highway  
As I'm lookin' at the moon and the stars  
I be whippin' in my motherfuckin' Bentley  
That's my motherfuckin' brand new car  
All the shit I did done in my life  
I kinda regret it, but I was born with no love  
I keep it pimpin', everybody in to win it  
No, I gotta get money cause I'm a motherfuckin' thug  
Now, meet me at the alter  
We ain't gettin' married, but we can be friends  
Plus, I gotta check your file  
Cause we could be family, meaning we can be kin  
Then, we was headed to the condo  
Went to the bedroom, started nailin' her  
From the front, to the back, flip it back  
To the back, to the front, and she was yellin' uhh  
It feels so good, it feels so good  
It feels so good, it feels so good  
My cool is it  
Bitch, your number one OP, you know me  
D-low, once I got you at the factory  
Obviously, we could be, makin' bread, freak-show  
Better think that automatically  
Cause I'm a pimp, I gotta be  
And she think that automatically  
She just really have to be  
Fuckin' with a nigga top notch, like me  
She don't even really, really have to be  
Uhm uhm uhm  
This one  
Shh

I'm rollin' down a, lonely highway  
Asking god, to please forgive me  
For messing up the blessing he gave to me, I see  
Everything clearer now