

## In the Mix

Berner

Good weed, pretty girls in my whips  
We be really in the mix  
Cardboard boxes, say a prayer before we ship  
We be really in the mix  
Big ass stones in my chain, there ain't no chips  
We be really in the mix  
I be all in the club, drunk, talkin' shit  
We be really in the mix

Yellow tabs on my tongue for the journey  
I just threw the homeboy a quick 30  
Splash City, Steph Curry  
I'm sick of watchin' friends gettin' burried  
It got me livin' in a hurry  
And I was blowin' F1 before I had the cherry, legendary  
When I go, they'll be smokin' out the cemetery  
Oldschools all up and down the street  
Flash back, I'm seein' stars I used to get it by the sheet  
Big house for a week, hella bitches in my pool  
I'm almost outta smoke, flyin' another mule  
Cartel's call me, they get money to this dope shit  
This streets love Bern and they play my old shit  
Whole bricks, yeah the fuckin' with the grown shit  
Cold shit, I'm blowin' cash, I tuck back in '06  
No limit like P and them, the cars rap about  
Me and Wiz really be in them, it's gang shit

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My life I'm livin', plenty fine dimes and women  
Can't even count with how fast I'm spendin'  
Rep my gang 'til the endin' and drive super sport engines  
Doin' good, alls in my squad winnin'  
I look at y'all like my children, the gang made my own division  
We count cheese and we smoke religion  
Took over rap, now we onto different ventures  
Don't need awards to celebrate success 'cause it's a given  
We all stood out while y'all chose to fit in  
Now they bettin' on the game, put your bid in  
Got some luxury cars, these girls wanna sit in  
Wipe your feet off and roll a joint 'fore you get in  
Gotta protect the crib, be careful who you let in  
And don't shake my hand 'less you been down since the beginnin'  
It's Taylor Gang over anythin' you defendin'  
Lookin' for your girl, she in the distance  
(With a young real ass nigga like me, young Wiz Khalifa, man let's get it)

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Private location on vacation, let's be honest  
In this villa on this killer with my niggas, just like bosses  
Cost a thousand for the place that we feastin' on  
Dinner on a beach 'cause now the money's so Nia Long  
Ain't love me from the start but I'm like fuck 'em, I knew that shit  
'Cause all they do is talk about it, never go do that shit  
Look I just keep it Taylor, we them niggas, they in the stands  
Used to put the jelly on the bread with the Peter Pan  
I came up from the quarter on the corner, you know my story  
My homie told me get it, ain't nobody gon' get it for me  
Smokin' on these papers with your bitch in the meantime  
She do it like a vac and pull it out when it's cleanin' time  
Nigga, throw it up, you know I stay on that gang shit  
Seat 3A, good service, just plain lit  
They hatin' but it's cool, they just mad they no bad comin'  
It's all bitches in, Brook boy, you ain't bad nothin', fuck outta there

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