

Life Goes On

Berner

More money
More crime
More dirt
More time
Life goes on

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f*ck a shoe deal
I move weed and blow blue bills
My shooter Shotgun, he got a few kills
It sounds like a bomb when them guns bust
Three or four blocks in my closet, and it's uncut
f*ck around and try to fit a hundred pounds in one trunk
And we don't leave the studio until the sun comes up
Pretty bitches got my name in their skin
Got my safe full, cold lemonaid with the Gin
Then my heart's cold plus this bundle don't fold
Too much cash in my jeans, another twenty p's sold
And tell these ugly mouth bitches to drown
And tell these fake drug dealers stop taking my sound
And I don't give a f*ck if you're real or not
My lil' homie got life, he try and kill a cop
More money, more crime, I'm tryna seal a block
And send it out to Tennessee
Wake up, is it there or not?
I'm having bad dreams
They tryna freeze my bank account
I got twenty mil tucked, I have to thank the drought
You hate the drought
I bust a few savor bags open and I pulled the flavors out
Yeah, I put a twenty light grow in my neighbors house
And I need cash up front, I don't play around

Lay em down if they ain't ridin' with the Mob
Six chains, twenty-three bitches, yeah I'm on my job
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Am I right or wrong?
They try to tell me
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f*ck a broke bitch
I play mind games
I make a hoe sick
Back in 06', I had a cold lick and had my whole team on
I really sold Crys. back to back Beamers, yeah the whole shit, damn
I had my carry on fool, before nine-eleven
Touch down in Arizona, break 'em down to seven's
Now I'm chillin' in Hollywood, I grab the whole floor
Gold chains for my crew, whatchu hustle for?
Three cribs and a kid, I want a couple more
I cut a few friends off, I really wasn't sure
Will they ride, will they lie on the Mob?
I bought another foreign car, real talk
I'm on my job

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