

# Mainey

Berner

Time goes by, smoking on pie, hoping that it get me high  
The dope game drove me crazy, I feel mainey  
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Can you picture my wad thicker?  
Two bitches in the car drinking hard liquor  
I don't smoke no fucking raw paper, let the vibe burn  
Car so cloudy, man, my eye hurt  
When I come through, I pull up with a trunk full  
Take a hundred pack and float it to my young bull  
Everybody eat or I don't feel right  
Hand count a milli', this is real life  
The dope game drove me crazy but the streets saved me  
The streets thanked me, my trees wavy  
The grenadine burning, and it's so tasty  
Time been flying lately, yeah

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Coolin' like a motherfucker, pressin' my line  
I'm a hustling ass motherfucker, I'ma get mine  
Got bitches in my ride digging my designs  
I put in hell a time, got incredible shine  
Pulled up super high in my blue '65  
Two feet on the ground with my head in the cloud  
Couple pounds in the studio, we laying it down  
Crafting sound harder than that shit out now  
Sucker moves ain't my style, I be on the moon  
Fuck what y'all got goin' on, dude, I'm way cool  
Dabbling in these flavors, weed menu  
Like I got a motherfucking caterer, what you been doin'?

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When I die, I hope they bury me close to the turf  
Got a lighter with no fluid in it, hoping it work  
Bad bitch in the front seat givin' the brain  
GP off in my vibes while I'm swerving the lane  
Drop gas on the beat, swear I'm curving the game  
Spent my life in these streets, hell, that ain't gon' change  
Some know me for the verses that I did with Pac  
Others for the way that Cutlass came and slid the block  
I been smokin' before this shit was cool to do  
Even though I know this weed shit is new to you  
This gang made it, so sit back, listen, and learn  
Roll something, and fuck with me, Spitta, and Bern

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