

Next Up

Berner

Yeah
It's your boy Cause
Back on that reality rap
In case you missed
Took a break
Gotta get my weight up
Make sure my fam's good

Real money leave suckas with a sour taste
Outta state, tryna' dump out-door sour grape
I'm in the coke white drop, next to powder flake
Kill a snitch, take a piss on a cowards face
Inside of the raid look like outter space
I'm feelin' tired, late night, still countin' cake
Fuck a fake, tuck your chain when you come around
We run the underground, clips with a hundred round
Bags with the good smoke, yeah
Old schools with the gold spokes, dumb whips
The streets love Bern, I made my plug rich
I hit the club and highside on a young bitch
Hunnit's fallin' out my jeans
Henny spillin' out my cup
Hundred-k retainer got my lawyers ready, fired up
We just want a chance without all them other mans
Tryna' get a piece of what we work for
For our fam
True

Pedal to the metal 'til we crash
Quick cash
Got me on one
Why we gotta live fast
We the next up
We the next up
Run around work in the stash
Money come and money go
They say it won't last
But my ends up
Yeah, my ends up
We the next up

I look at life a lil different now, my son older
Kinda like a dope fean tryna' become sober
Finally reachin' my dreams, I couldn't come closer
But I could still picture my homie slumped over
You never know who it's gonna be to come for you
Same one to carry the gun for you
That's why my soul done closed
The one's you love a lot, you knows you hurt the most
But I still search for hope
Got a son to raise, how could I serve the dope
Rather be hurt than broke
Been on the curb with coke
Still feelin' nervous though
I got the urge for dough
Put in my time, I'm ready, now I have to serve the blow
Yeah, I'm not a killer, I'm far from it

The weed in this cigar done it
I panic, didn't see the car comin'
Life's a race, we all runnin'
The money, the power, and respect, we all want it
I'm up next

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Cat's reachin'
Speakin' on the Berner's name
Mad we don't earn the same
I tell 'em run the game
He don't deserve a chain
You cats is actin' like bitches, now
I taste good Lemon when I burn the J
It's gettin' hard to focus
You know my bag the dopest
They runnin' with the game, I think they know they owe us
I'm just another grower lookin' for the money pile
Love me when I'm here and when I'm gone I think I'll know you smile
Yeah
We the next up
Don P' in my red cup
Playin' with her mind got her head all messed up
But baby girl when and got her ends up

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