

# Niice

Berner

Money comin' in  
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Oh

I love this shit  
Hella drugs and shit  
Her pussy so tight, made the rubber rip  
Real D-boy, I got a dub to flip  
And the coke so clean, I don't cut the shit  
I'm young, fuck your life  
I got a hundred lights  
I got a dirty ass bottle and a cup of ice  
When it's dry in the city then I up the price  
Why you got a gun on you if you tuck your ice  
I took all fifty but one was light  
When you ridin' like this then you run the lights  
I'm in the H-Town, I miss Mr. Niice  
The good die young, you better live your life  
Now I'm back in the city where the shit don't stop  
I'm a blow the house up 'til my shit get popped  
My stomach get to hurtin' when the shit get lost  
We do the touchdown dance when we get it across  
Two girls in my S-Class  
Twenty pack in the black bag  
Hundred grand in my backpack  
Yeah, we get real trap money, fuck a rap check  
Dog, I don't ever wanna be broke again  
I take two big puffs and I hold it in  
I'm on the Golden Gate Bridge on my way to Marin  
I been in the game, I just pray that I win

Ridin round with the burner  
I'm with Berner  
Ridin round with the bags on me  
'Bout to serve 'em  
Got all these blue Benjimans  
Yeah, I earn 'em  
Yeah, I earn 'em  
That money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'  
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Money on my mind like a pair of shades  
Grind all week, I ain't slept for days  
Paper routes, I know many ways  
I got plenty traffic, no need for waze  
Stay prayed, get paid, hustler made  
My money too dirty, I need a maid  
Broke boys talk down, throwin' shade  
But real hustlers are never fake  
High grade twist up like a braid  
My money keep comin' like porn star  
Tight grip, mine sharp as a blade  
I got all the game like a sports bar  
For the money I go real far  
I gotta get it today, I'm not promised tomorrow

Look for it, I don't beg or borrow  
I'm worried about mine, homie, not about your's  
Wake and bake and get straight to the cake  
Never talk down on the next man  
Never ever do it for the Gram  
Nah, stackin' up bread is the game plan  
This light up like an ambulance  
Satellite plant got my eyes on slant  
28k stashed in my pants  
And I keep my mind on bands, baby

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Money keep comin' in  
Put it in mattress  
Not in a pipe though  
Fuckin' an actress  
I'm the new graduate  
Yeah, that's how we actin' now  
She want some Cookie, Lean, and Molly  
Now dat bitch passin' out  
I got that flame with me  
Like I stay in the dragon house  
Remember the Bando  
Trappin' that gas out the boarded house  
I might supply them ounces  
Beat the pot, Ronda Rousey  
Feel like I'm on the mountain  
I'm a rich nigga  
No, they can't doubt me

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