

# Noddin'

Berner

You ever have a hundred ninety grand land on your steps?  
And lose a best friend, another candle is lit  
The dreams turn to nightmares, yeah, the money is nice  
But the life change quick when you caught in the light  
The bottle half empty, I'll be noddin' tonight  
Pour a couple hundred dollars in a bottle of Sprite  
The paint nasty on the Chevy, shit, this bitch look weight  
I'm glad the game did me well, I should've been up next  
Five bedroom crib, I paid four M's  
Don't respect him in the city, they extort him  
Yeah, Off-White's crispy but I'd rather wear J's  
And the drugs barely numb the pain, we really run the game  
Everybody hatin' on me, but they waitin' on me  
My next move'll make 'em sick, I'm takin' all the money  
They want smoke, I got a fresh run  
Yeah, move a couple boxes, let the rest come (Where it at?)  
I'm sick of politics, pocket watchin' gotta stop  
Put it in the water, rot, we don't really talk a lot  
Meet him at the parking lot, pull up and I make the drop  
Count the money, shake the spot, damn, this whole block is hot  
And we all got a firearm  
Do a show, set off fire alarms (Cloudy)  
Big Berner really clockin'  
2019, I want every single option

We really active if the check right  
I'm noddin' off at the red light  
Seen too many come and go  
But your boy still here, I'm just glad to see another year  
Yeah, lil' fifty thousand on my neck, right?  
VVS's fuckin' up her left eye, yeah  
Ayy, free the killers on the tier  
We done shed a hundred tears, Lord knows they ain't happy there

Yeah, we been on the road with the bags  
Got a load for that ass, fallin' asleep, finna crash  
Couple P's in the dash  
Slide mission, Lil Dime and 'nem died trippin'  
Ayy, you gon' get your hands dirty in this line of business  
Or you gon' get your shit noodled, you don't mind your business  
Two time strike offended, and you know we ridin' with it  
I just lost my youngin, watch 'em go from boys to men  
Stranded in the trenches, just tryna avoid the pen  
Tryna avoid the family too, hate me for what I did  
Tryna avoid my family who hate me for how I live  
You ain't talkin' 'bout nothin' if you ain't takin' no trips  
You ain't talkin' 'bout nothin' if you ain't bangin' no sticks  
Mercedes is on my wrist, authorities on my dick  
I'm bangin' off the rip, just regular gangster shit  
Starin' at your grave like, "Niggas gon' pay for this"  
It hurt to know your daughters won't see your facials again  
Lil' brother facin' like 10, he ain't takin' a 10  
I'll file with CPS, like, "You ain't takin' my kids"  
Them people finally see it, that's just how niggas is  
They killin' by where we live, it's killers who's truly missed  
I do this shit for my moms, so she ain't gotta wash the piss off the toilet seat

To see the way they slavin' been destroyin' me  
For real though, most importantly, I do this for my section  
It's the Fourth in me  
We gotta get it right and do it cordially

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