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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