Pac Vibes

Berner

You understand? We had to
We either had to become tough guys or fall by the wayside

You could ask your big homie 'bout us, we run shit
Got a car full of killers on some dumb shit
Learn young how to hustle and make the funds flip
Mafia ties, you move wrong and the gun click
Lay low where the hollows and load
Where we from we don't talk, nah, we follow the code
Ain't no coming back once you cross eyes
I got mob ties, no lie this beat giving me Pac vibes

I could get a million with my eyes closed (yeah)
One day, I'm in three different time zones
And, really, I don't like phones I'd rather me in person
Three hundred thousand dollar bags, no Birkin
Pull the bags out and merk 'em, they smelled a little fresh (a little fresh)
I shoulda paid a little less
I'm connected round the world, you should see the roller decks
Five pounds to the head, my growers are the best
You ever put somebody on and watch it go to their head?
Or look someone in the eyes when they knew that they were dead
If they fucked up the money, didn't come back with the bread
Flip the funny vibe, when you text me, left 'em on read

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I just made a million with my eyes closed
I pray when my time comes that I don't die slow
I'm up thinking, it's like I hear the clock ticking
Let's see who fall when the plot thicken
Ask your big homie, we really call the shots
He just went down in Vegas, made us all hot (damn)
Keep your mouth closed or never breathe again
It's all family round me, I don't need a friend
Offshore accounts, I put a good amount in Switzerland
Fuck a middleman, we go direct when we get 'em in
They want me in the cage, I'm just trying to prove my innocence
I'm vigilant, I won't stop until we all hit again, Bern

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