

# Pack

Berner

Yeah, you know it ain't nothin but a buncha gang gang goin on  
Keep that thang  
Packs  
Uhh

Oh, oh  
The pack can't smoke and run  
Oh, oh  
Your hoes ain't knockin' right  
Oh, oh  
Your money ain't stackin' right  
Oh, oh  
It's why your bitch ain't comin' back tonight  
Oh, oh

Break it down, roll it up  
She a freak so she know what's up  
Hit up [?], all my diamonds cold as fuck  
Yeah, know I'm famous so she star struck  
Run a play in the clutch  
It ain't love, it's just lust  
Gettin' money is a must  
It be really hard to trust 'em  
I just take my time, no, I ain't the type to rush  
You hop up in my ride, you know everything is custom  
Let you roll a plane, rep my gang, it's no discussion

I been thuggin', I can get'chu plugged in  
I been takin' gang gang gang where I been  
Two cell phones, when I land, I'm spendin' Yen  
The pack ain't right, hit up Berner, that's my man  
All we do is win

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Half awake, I'm sleepwalkin'  
At the jewelry store, yeah, I'm tryna see some options  
It be hard to sleep at night knowin' that they watchin'  
Take 'em on a highspeed chase, yeah, I lost 'em  
The pack ain't smokin', I don't like 'em, then I toss 'em  
Got a pretty white bitch waitin' up in Austin  
Love to hit the road, groupie bitches used to dog 'em  
Now I got 'em waitin' on the pack, catchin' boxes  
Tell me how you livin' if I lose, then I'm right back  
Rollin' up the pack  
Yeah, Bern, all white ash, floor flexin', veg bloom  
Look at how that bitch stack  
Almost got four pounds of light, yeah, that's quick cash  
Why we all livin' fast?

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