

Real Shit

Berner

Yeah
This some mob shit
Yeah from the Bay Area LA you already know what time it is

They want that old shit, I been the same this whole time
I can't lie, I'm really missing '09
Playing with the coke price
They ain't got no stripes
My diamonds get to dancing in the low light
Yeah, you buy a bag still
I grow mine
My backyard is a goldmine
That fuckshit irrelevant
Crime is adrenaline
I still get busy handle mine like a gentleman
Louis V Letterman
Gone off the sticky bun
You got cash baby, give me some I'm still hungry
Yeah I want it more than anyone
R-Mean let me know when the Henny come
I got a thick bitch, bust it open baby
All the Covid shit been fucking with my mind lately
I'm on the grind non-stop
If they growing what I'm growing Ima buy the whole lot

This that Real Shit
Big bag crack a seal shit
Independent yeah I got my own deal shit
If I get a bag Ima move it real quick
This that Real Shit baby
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This that real shit
Movements we gon' build quick
This that R Dash & Bern
Iron sharpen iron
Stainless steel shit
I be up at Cookies Melrose in some teal drip
With these diamonds that be blinding have you on some Braille shit
Paid my dues and showed you real grit
Shouts to B-Real for no fucking reason except for being real, shit
It's hard to keep up, I be smokin on my own pace
Bern, I got the Henny, Nas just send us a whole case!
Salute the God
Ya'll be throwing them sevens
I'm blessed to be in the presence of these legends soaking up lessons
I'm respected by some GOATs
Fuck whoever hates
Opinions of some strangers?
Fuck outta my face

I don't deal with losers
Only build with bosses
Got some steal grip shooters
That don't feel shit
Cautious!
I salute my brothers real quick
Bern, I appreciate this opportunity and that's some real shit

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This sound like early 2000s, like I'm ridin' to Cam
Purple Haze on replay, gettin' high in the van
Back when me and the homies would throw down 5 on a gram
Long before dispensaries controlled supply and demand
Yea them simpler times, wish I could hit the rewind
In that VHS machine that live in my mind
Back when getting signed was the biggest dream that we had
Now I'm signed to myself and I can see that they mad
I get the bag yeah that Scrooge McDuck dough
Excuse the gusto
My dude I'm just so happy that I made it, Momma look at ya son go
Watch the fans singing every word in the front row
Just here with a blunt rolled and thinkin' 'bout life
And that real shit the only shit I ever write
So just hit me when you cookin R
Berner bring that cookie jar
And we gone show 'em how we took it far
Real shit