

Reminiscing

Berner

I got my arm all the way inside the bag, I need it
I gotta fit my arm in mine, even more that's on the ground (Bern)

While they fightin' over crumbs, I'm on the interstate (I'm on the road)
When the circle get smaller, then you got a bigger plate (Uh)
I'm tryna run some bigger plays, couldn't fit it in the safe
So I took my old cash, turned it into real estate (Into real estate)
Shoot the box out of state, they playing with the prices (With the prices)
They really go for six now, I'm fuckin' with the paisas (With the Mex')
The screens in the SUVs are feeling timeless
Heavy-ass doors just in case they try us (Just in case)
Riding 'round the block, they pulled up for the drop (For the drop)
Wild in my pop, got extra clip for the Glock
Used to bury money 'til I found out that it rot (That it rot)
This a million-dollar spot, I had to keep the Benz stock (All stock)
From the game, I learned a lot, bury me in guap (Money)
How we keep winning, I just pray it doesn't stop (Hope it doesn't)
When you tear the city up, no one even talks
That's how you know you got a lot, you getting comfy at the top (Damn)

Yeah, this game'll drain you, but I ain't complaining
So I hustle hard 'cause these kids gotta eat, that's a fact
Before I leave, I'ma roll me up some weed, grab the strap
Niggas bipping for a living, grab the keys and the bag
Niggas left me in the dark when I just needed a chance
I was broke and underwater, but I'm breathing again
I been focused on the money, I ain't needing a friend
Reminiscing 'bout the come-up while I speed in a Benz

I dozed off on a flight, reminiscing 'bout life (Reminiscing 'bout)
Hope you living in your purpose and you doing shit right (Doing shit right)
Hope you never get blinded by the money and the fame
Let these lil' bitches get you just because you got a name
Tossed the keys to my homie, I reclined in the back (I reclined in the back)
I stepped in to the show, niggas crying from my raps (Niggas crying from my)
Man, it's crazy, I was just down lying in the trap
Now we five-star dine any town that we at
When it start going down, ain't no time to react
Had to learn the hard way, keeping mine in my lap
Got love for the Bay, put the mob on the map
Now I'm in the cut with Berner, smoking caviar batches
No more small fry, you gotta think big, you wanna win
Used to drive a car, now it's G-Wagens for my twin
I'ma keep it real, boy, it's hard handling them M's
Gotta keep your head high when you in this life of sin, for real

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On the E-way
Sliding
'09