

Running Numbers

Berner

(Look like all my players seizing)
(A coward dies a thousand deaths)
(A real man only once, nah mean?)
Oh, it's family affair

Got, back to back lacks new stash in my dashboard (new stash)
What? New stamps in my passport
I always dream big but be careful what you asked for
'Cause power got me naughty, I'm riding dirty 'cause I'm at war
Block with no serial, wrap the bitch with duct tape
Just slide to Hawaii, different level run rate (deep shit)
It's hard to have faith with all this nonsense
All the back and forth been fucking with my conscience
Table full of convicts, three or four bosses
Boxes full of cash, take it home and wash this (wash this)
Crib in the hills now, even grab the lake house
Girls doing blow in the bathroom at the steakhouses
I bust all face down, used to ride the greyhound
I buy my own bus, I'm always out of state now
The city was my playground, shout to the dope fiends
That cleared the car windows when I visited with home team
Whole team got hundred on their left hand (left hand)
Blue beach in the cuts with the red sand (red sand)
Car service for the day cars what's the plan
I step on hold blocks you barely touch the ground

Me and fam had it lit 400 summers
Real ones you ain't taking nothing from us
On the blocks watching out for the undercover
God watching above us, we running out
Now we off to the races (races)
Yeah, run anonymous (run anonymous), run anonymous
Now we off to the races (races)
Yeah, run anonymous (run anonymous), run anonymous

Well I didn't call you the adios, this is the God's flow
Hopping up the Maybach, coping, working, nobody's off
When I was broke having doubts, I had to tap it out
Work on the way just got the call, that the package out
Spent my last when I ain't have it tryna kill the gang
You could never feel my pain, we ain't built the same
Took a loss, had to find a new grind but never hate
'Cause I knew I'd get mine in due time
Told my wife, "Forgive me I ain't know who to love"
I was out moving drugs me and my Cuban plug
Real talks with killer's, I never leaked a word
My little homie copper zippy tryna reach a bird (bird)
You coul hear the tires screeching through the city nice
Invest my money and flip it twice I did it right
No one to trust, I riding solo 'cause they all fake
I'm going out like the last scene in scar-face
Pacino riding dirty with a hundred pack
Put a couple point on top then I run it back
Move low key dog I stay to myself
I'm focused on equity and generational wealth, yeah (that's Gotti)

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(I-I feel all baby)