

Set

Berner

Yeah

Nigga, you know what this shit is, uh

Yeah (Yeah)

Listen

On my mama, on my daddy, on my sister, on my brother (Yeah)

On my motherfucking set, yeah

On my mama, on my daddy, on my sister, on my brother (Yeah)

On my motherfucking set

With the bag, I'm the illest

Competition wanna kill us

Got the price back up, grabbed the mini-
van and filled it (Yeah, I filled it)

Dior button-up, gang got me fitted (Yeah, what else?)

Shoutout to my bitches, but her neck game the realest

Rare grapefruit, I'm on the island, private chef and all

I only pull up if the check involved (I need a check)

Yeah, I show up with the smoke bag

Put the cup down, don't end up with the toe-tag

What happened to your girl? She out shoppin' for a whole bag (Now she a lil'
how)

I used to be an until the blow land

Yeah, they talk about money

Countin' thirty twenties got my nose all runny

I'm ridin' in a Yukon, stash full of fishscale

My haters still sick, I'm hopin' that they get well

A hundred-twenty grand, that's what the other watch cost

Three karat pair on my pinky like a mob boss

Listen, on my mama, on my daddy, on my sister, on my brother (Yeah)

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Diamonds 'round my motherfucking neck

Nigga, if you repping gang-gang-gang, throw the set up

I'm workin' every night 'til the motherfucking sun up

Pussy-ass nigga, I'm still movin' like, I'm still on the come-up

You run up, pussy, get done up, I'm number one stunter

Bitch, I'm the shit, ain't no plumber, you dumb, dumb, and dumber (Yeah)

My diamonds glist in the summer, it's raining and thunderin'

If you talk down on the gang then the chopper is rumblin' (Bah)

I heard you had the sack, dawg, but ended up fumblin' (Yeah)

I'm the type to show I can rap, dawg, but ended up mumblin'

...somethin' and somethin'

I know that I'm the shit, man, it's hard to just stomach it

On my mama, on my daddy, on my sister, on my brother (Yeah)

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On my motherfucking set

Yeah

Told your bitch, "Slide headfirst, my dick is home base" (Yeah)
You know that I stay around a tech like a phone case
Make your jaw shatter like the screen on a phone brakes
All gas, no brakes, all nugs, no shake
Smokin' out the whole place
Bass make your soul shake
Nothing but the whole cake and you can't get a piece, bitch
Breaking down a pound, makin' profit off of each zip
Your bitch wanna jerk me like a motherfucking beef stick
Yeah, shout out Stingy, that's my bro
Berner got me for the low when I'm out in Frisco (Yeah, yeah)
Mix that Gary Payton with my Limoncello
You actin' real funny, I'll call you Nick Crow (Yeah, yeah)
Skinny motherfucker movin' weight, pockets swole
All these daps got lost like gorilla soul
It's me and Trippie Redd and we came to let 'em know (Let 'em know)
You think of me and him, when you think Ohio

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(On my momma)

(Ohio, what up?)

(On my momma, on my daddy, on my sister)

(On my momma, on my daddy, on my sister, on my brother, on my—)

(On my motherfucking set)