

Smothered

Berner

Yeah

Sing that shit, bitch (Sing that shit, bitch)

Deactivating Instagram 'cause niggas catchin' R.I.C.O.s
Modified gleekeos, care package from primo
I don't answer calls from restricted, that's the P.O.
Probably never heard of they posse, but fuck three-oh
This Shmurda Gang, who proliferated the murder rate
Niggas talkin' bodies without one and over thirty-eight
Law libraries and tokens, I overturn the case
You don't put 'em on more than once, then they gon' turn to snake
That seventeen that he chargin' ain't even worth the cake
Niggas go to jail and they figure it wouldn't hurt to pay
Niggas go to jail, end up tellin' within them thirty days
This is not a game any you nerds should play, ay
95820, you know the zip code
Ain't start pointin' fingers, I promised to stand on ten toes
Neck and wrist froze, Urus, we be in those
Swappin' these galleries, what you hollerin', "What they hit for?"
All I know is ten-four, tell that nigga send more
Buy a nigga yeekies and gyros, they call you "Big bro"
Comin' out the closet like Budden, that's too much info
You ain't got that paper, you only pay me in crypto
In the name of Zoe and Peezy, we gon' sip slow
Opp died without a headstone that we can piss on
This Apple'll get you cooked, I need a flip phone
Ain't let this chopper bust a rhyme, but I'm in flip mode
These niggas actin' like they gangsters, but they been told
I'm 'a post the paperwork next time I hear a diss song (On Bloods)
After the bucanati, sent a bitch home
She get her blues from Mexico and smoke 'em. What this bitch on?
Yeah, it get dead wrong, it's HGM or nothin'
One of the fellas from my trenches, they don't play with him for nothin', wo
rd to mother
Why you ain't bond him out if that's your brother?
Let him sit inside that bounty jail and suffer
'Posed to be there for each other
Skeem ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered, nigga. Yeah
Ant the Beast ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered

You get one shot

One shot

I'm comin' for headshots, I want it all

Bern

DMT trips, R.I.P. to my ego (R.I.P.)

Exotic weed, smokin' on somethin' and pissin' Clicquot (Pissin' Clicquot)

Feds on one, everybody's gettin' R.I.C.O.s (Uh)

Million-dollar piece and I paid him with all C-notes (All hundreds)

This shit steep alone, own model won't work (Won't work)

Cats be plottin' on Bern, but my pockets don't hurt (Don't hurt)

Thirty-two whips, move around like Joaquín (Like I'm Chapo)

Five mil' wired to my account, it's all clean (All clean)

Tryna build around us just put you in a hole

Everything these dudes hype is stole, that's all old (It's all old)

Heard that shit don't move no more, it might mold
New set from AD go crazy on my skull
Fake friends with the opps. They always want more (They want more)
They brown-bag money, I'm bankin' offshore (Overseas)
30K a month for the spot on the top floor (The penthouse)
Fuck a price gap, pay me if you want more (If you really want it)
Modified switches for the Glock one-nine
Phone full of bitches I just knocked online
Tell me why they switch sides and beg to come back? (Why?)
All bark, no bite, he just bangin' on wax (Ha-ha)
Two-fifty, three posts, boy, I'm playin' with cash (With cash)
Roll the perfect joint up just to taste it with hash
Yeah, I pray that this last
Most cats get a buzz and then fade away fast (It's too fast)
I gave the Europeans back, I'm low-key in a bucket
Sell a pack, count the profit, and tuck it
I won't touch it (I won't touch it)
One thing I can't stomach (I can't stand it)
Tryna shop on a budget (Goddamn it)
Them thirteens used to be thirty-two
Used to be forty-eight, yeah, I'm pushin' more than weight
Buy commercial real estate and watch the money come back
Put a bullet in the head of a rat (Yeah)

Skeem ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered, nigga. Yeah (Talk your shit, Mozzzy)
Ant the Beast ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered (Yeah)
Mr. Niice ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered
The homie Jack ain't here to tell us that he love us
I'm 'a feel some type of way until I'm smothered