

Spin The Block

Berner

Shit, shit got me paranoid
(CashMoneyAP)
Hold up, hold up
Ayy, 'fore you park, you know you gotta spin that block

Spin the block, come back 'round
Hard top, let that down
You an opp, don't want no smoke
Can't stop, no matter how hard they hate
Hey, I gotta wake up and get it
I can't be waitin' on others
Can't spend the paper on Benjis
Ain't no way to stop the feelin'
I brought the pole and the gat, y'all don't be payin' attention

Told her to stay out my mentions, my niggas came from the trenches
Go to the grave with my riches, y'all niggas beggin' for pictures
[?] mission, I'm in your VIP tippin'
Ride with them OG's and real ones
Hit my phone, better be about business
My diamonds the clearest
I ain't impressed with you niggas
Spin the block and air shit out
I got a vendetta, I like her friend better
Bottles of gin, can't count what I spent
Oh Lord, this ain't Louis luggage, this is Goyard
I just got an Audemars, it's wet as a waterfall
I fuck, but don't call tomorrow

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I'm double-
dippin' and I'm still eatin', I'm right here if you still need 'em
I thank God that I'm still breathin', the streets love me, I still feed 'em
No Gucci in my coke-white, rose gold, no ice
Plain jane with the passport, I'm in NY at the Gansevoort
Big face, forty-ones, big plays, more to come
Big dog, I'm bag-grabbin' with two bitches in Manhattan
Spin the block, come back around, trunk full, best back around
When we slide through, they don't pat me down, one week, burnin' half a pound
The car cloudy, don't roll them windows down
I'm tryna fill it up with smoke 'fore we turn around
I brought cash, but I turn 'em down
Big spender, yeah, they ask me what I purchase now

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