

Street Lights

Berner

Sometimes the road get vicious on the road to riches
Fake cats will sell their soul for these hoes and bitches
We live the, mafia life, exposin' snitches
Have a bitch get you hit and then blow you kisses
When the street lights come on that's when the guns come out
And you know who's really real, when them funds run out
When the street lights come on that's when the block get hot
I got a call from the city, said a cop got shot
They say, time is money, so I copped that watch
Been stashin' dough, in my shoe box since Pac got shot
Now, I'm havin' money like Bill Gates, it feel fake
Wake up, blow a couple hundred and I'm still straight
Feel like I'm dreamin', but reality is
Half these dudes wouldn't believe what my salary is
They say my name out in Houston when they movin' them units
'Cause they know who was the truest to do this
Rip Niice, a real legend who influenced my music
A couple years passed they still tryna copy the movement
Still remember them late nights in the A, up in mansion
Hoes dancin', packs movin', we bringin' bands in
Couple stripper hoes, countin' money, sniffin' blow
Ready to die about mine, I'm on that Biggie flow
Tropical islands, private chefs, we eat right
Ridin' dirty
Under the streetlights

We cop dope at a cheap price
And live a life you won't see twice
Underground legends in the street life
Rollie shinin' on the wrist, we tryna eat right
That's what it be like, under the street lights
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A hundred-pack in the back of the whip, watchin' Paid in Full
At the crib got me back on my shit
I turned nothin' into somethin', yeah, I mastered the gift
Laid the blueprint, how to cop, package and ship
Got the rollie in the cut now, wrist all bust down
Cookies worth millions, dope comin' by the truck now
Followed my dreams when they told me it was impossible
A job was illogical, being broke wasn't optional
Lookin' at life from my rear view, tree blowin'
Voices in my head sayin' stop, but I keep going
There's money on me whatever it is I double that
Keep some shooters with me
Then circle round and double back
Crazy to think I lost homies over a couple stacks
It wasn't meant to be it just show you where the love was at
I was gettin' money in the trap, where the plug was at
Anythin' touchin' out of state I was pluggin' that
Weed strain kingpin, flow like coke too
Money comin' in, gotta watch those I'm close to

Under the streetlights they'll kill you for a gram or less
They say the secret to life is how you handle death
Cuban cigars, smoke blowin' out the sunroof
All this money on me, got me feelin' like I'm gunproof
Let one off, then reload
The streets know, you won't last long if you ain't livin' by the street code

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