

Talk Is Cheap

Berner

They don't know what's it's like
To lose your whole life, in a box overnight
Lookin' down the barrel of a chrome pipe, over white
But really I just played the weed game and caught a price
I just took a few blunts, imported juice over ice
I ain't heard from him, on the road, I hope he's alright
When he touch, we gon' talk, good work from the Bay
I used to charge 48 for the Perc in the Bay
I used hate to have to get it there, what a pain
When you get that missed call and get the text, it ain't came
When it rained and it really hails
Now they lookin' at my banks, I ain't left a trail
Yeah, I count numbers, on a throwaway phone
Pocket full of cash, neck full of stones
I blew Dolph off another 20
And told 'em move 'em fast, I got plenty, the streets ain't ready, preach

We get love in these streets
'Cause we really plugged in these streets
Hear 'em talk shit on the net but it's love when we meet
Catch a slug when we beef
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They don't know what it's like
To be pulled off the plane, it happened twice in '09
Real gritted, used to rock Hilfiger, I peel strippers
I found online in Tennessee, this is for my real dippers
Where your gloves? I got people on the trucks
Workin' on the inside, get it there and double up
I still love to touch the pack
Even though I barely fuck with rap, streets hustle to my tracks
Switch lines every now and then
More bags to put the flour in
I got 2 rooms flowerin', they both look great
I got rich outta state, preach

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Different city, same nigga
Ain't nothin' changed, just my bank bigger
Dope dealer, might pull the Porsche out today, that's my hoe getter
Backwoods rolled paper, no swishas
I light my weed up and let my top back
Pulled off in the hood with a whole lotta that
Left without the hood on a whole lotta racks
Be careful in the streets, it's a whole lotta rats
Yup, I smoked a blunt and came up with a million dollar plan

We played the game, we stack that money up as fast as we can
My diamonds shine and my money dirty
Uh, and this Glock.40 hold 30, preach

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