

Come On

Berner

Taylor gang over everything
Drugstore Cowboy

Where I'm from we just live a little different
Flip European whips and get bitches
Come on (Get some money with me)
Yeah, where I'm from we just live a little different
Flip European whips and get money outa bitches
Come on (Get some money with me)

Got a call from a renegade bitch
Yea she said she wanna come home
I told her come on
Bring me my money I'm in my own zone
A lot of squares on my nerves, I tell them die slow
Ride slow, ziplock full of fly smoke
White Gold looking crazy when the lights low
I might blow 40 grand in this nightclub
And make a few haters sick, step your life up
Or get knifed up, Hoes getting wifed up
Dope fiends holding white cups
Shit trippy, ain't it? How the game switched
The Weed game's fucked up, back to Caneflips
And my main bitch brought me thirty G's, she had a great night
Fuck em all let em hate life
Yea I stay right
Yea I been had money
The type of bread that make your friends act funny
Come On

I'm just washing dirty money like dishes
Grown men sub-tweeting like bitches Come On
I'm on my own shit
.40 with the long clip
Snakes in the grass
Need to get the lawn clipped
All in my bizz
Worry bout yo own shit
Foreign bitch new Foreign whip
Kat sick without pourin sip
Gimme more bricks
Double down gimme more chips
I'm in a morgue Sick
Looking at his body dead
Why'd he have to go so young
They tried to rob him
Friends keep goin
Happens often
My ho bitches keep me sport ridin
I'm sittin in a Ghost at six in the morning
Just left the Club with Wiz all the Champagne pouring got my head hurtin
Yea I look like a dead person
My money's right
You been hurtin
Come On