Berner

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They say an old dope boy don't exist
Everyone in my circle's winning,
3 whips, which should I get and
Shit done changed up, people keep singing to the law
Scared of fed time
The realest shit I ever saw, 2 killers turned snitches over fed cases
20 years for a phone call, outrageous
Tryina duck the reco, I'm chilling out in reno
Like fuck the weed, what's the price on the kilos
Quick money you ain't quick enough
One to the head, try and stick me up
2 bums pick me up, now I'm on these blue thangs
Fat lace show strings, cookies in my splif, juicy j on that blue dream
Ex fiend see my face to wanna smoke again
29 back to selling coke again
Back to sending hoes again, back to my crazy ass ways
In the days, day dreaming while this dope shit play
They say an old dope boy don't exist
They're full of shit, 2 bricks, new kicks, black chips on the table
Whisky on the rocks, johny walker blue label
A loafers no sock, bought head, fuck a fitted cap
Dogs tryina find where it's hidden at, ha
I let them try so high I can touch the sky
Coke so clean you can cut it twice
Og cream high, butter knife
I got og's doing double life
Playing with that mail, got them hot as hell
I told him keep it cool, he ain't listen though
Now his ass missing yo, heard he was snitching
And the homies had to slit his throat
Crazy like the shit I smoke, I'm sitting here tripping
And watch what you say on them phones cause they listen
They say I won't last, but I'm just living
I'm sposed to be dead by now, war in prison
I'm still here
They say an old dope boy don't exist
They say an old dope boy don't exist.
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