

# Get On

Berner

Smoke, hold that shit in till you choke  
If you really tryina get on  
Smoke, hold that shit in till you choke

Yeah I'm really tryina get on  
And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke  
Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope  
17 with a quarter ounce of coke  
Yeah I'm really tryina get on  
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And smoke, I'm loaded, I feel like I could float  
My finger tips are numb, my finger nails are full of coke  
I'm solid under pressure, ain't now way that I would fall  
This is for them bitches that I fuck on the road  
How you been, tell your friends that, that man is cold  
I'm better yet, I'm on, them z's got me dizzy  
I don't know, how the fuck I got home from my show  
I wake up in my bed, next to 2 chicks I never met  
I'm in France, mixing bubble hash with my cigarettes  
Amsterdam for the day before I fly home  
2 zips of kush got my mind gone  
Mushrooms, I'm gone, everything I needed  
I wake up and I'm drinking, I fall asleep early in the evening  
I ain't leaning, yeah they asking what I'm breathing  
That shit they can't get, 17 reasons for his ass

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I'm faded tryna stay awake, I love the A but I'm really tryina stay away  
They say my name's buzzing crazy when it come to way  
Clip full of carbon bullets flying at the throw away  
Fed cases they don't go away  
They let you dig your own hole, we sold our soul for 100k  
I'm on this yellow, fuck a purple spray  
I wake up in the morning like damn I missed another flight  
I tell the pretty bitch to turn around  
Let me see you popping pick the money up from off the ground  
When it's dry you know I got it popping in a couple towns  
20 pounds, that's 120 thous, I'm really counting money now  
I went from blow money to this hoe money  
I went from hoe money to this show money  
Half a mill in a waterproof duffle, blowing kush out the sun roof  
I'm loving how I really hustle

Yeah I'm really tryina get on

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17 with a quarter ounce of coke  
Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone  
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