

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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Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope
17 with a quarter ounce of coke
Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone
Yeah I'm really tryina get on
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