

# Harder Way

Berner

You know what I mean?  
I'm just a little dizzy and shit, man  
Twenty six bottles make the night clubs sparkle  
Two dabs wax of that light gray chuckle  
I'm pulling in the treasures and leave them with the car full  
Throw back AP and drawing up was awful  
Higher than I've ever been when off you  
I'm looking out the window solo in the carpool  
Thinking about these cases and this time that I'm facing  
My bitch is miss D, I told her to be patient  
Constant elevation, heart great medication  
Jenny with the KK, Jim without the chaser  
I'm running through this paper and gunning down these haters  
The price is on your head, he just did it for a favor  
Twenty different flavors, I'm looking at my neighbors  
I'm pulling out the driveway, they're throwing up the tailor  
My money comes in bundles, and bitches by the dozen  
We're getting them girls a Budda day, sucking around and fucking  
Yeah, I started out with nothing and ended up with everything  
I'm so in love with Marry Jane and them zenny things  
I was 16 when the candy came  
She let the cold grip like the candy pain

This is how the game goes, a Every day making pesos  
I came from the bottom, I took your heart away, heart away  
Now every day is a holiday, holiday  
I came from the bottom, I took your heart away, heart away  
I do what I want, I don't make apologies!

Yeah, baby that rich city fuck fifty  
And my pocket trying to get it  
And I did it, young Suzy  
Real nigga from the bay  
HB To the K that's my gang!  
Time to turn up, me and Berner we out here in LA  
Smoking on Kesha, talking about that real shit  
And it's nice to meet you, better pull out that pocket  
Book if you're talking about a feature, I'm a creature  
Don't know! Do your research  
Half of the game I went crazy  
Fuck the I pray for the real!  
No matter the place, no matter the skills  
I'm real, I done you for fun  
Girl, how you fell, huh?  
Always been a G, and I'm still one  
From a home of a hyphy nigga still gum it  
Can't rap about that bullshit, till you build something  
Can't talk about being real until I feel something  
So for now I call this man a Huh, rapping the game until it's over, smoking

I like to watch the cockroach crumble  
I miss that next bubble, you shout out to my uncle  
I came from the struggle, I took your heart away  
Bullets make your face hurt, I'm looking for a heart to break  
Cold than I know, how that long road ends?  
I miss my daughter, but at least I'll see my momms again  
It's nothing, I turn fifty down to a hundred

White goes on me, trap house feel Fast life catch up, you done it  
I take two hundred and I blow it  
I'm late, and I'm dipping  
H town and I'm slow living  
I black out and wait up next to four women  
Still sinning and I'm spinning from champagne sipping  
I'm SF bound first class seats chilling  
I'm waiting for this to kick in, I'm slow now,  
I don't want to listen  
I'm so blow!

[Chorus:]