

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:]