

The Plug

Berner

Berner what up nigga
It's that Urban Farmer shit
It's that driving slow in a fast car
Burning weed
A zip underneath the seat
Uh, uh, uh

I'm, drinking two bottles at the same damn time
Placing orders and can't even finish all of it
No phone in my loop, no holes in my crew
No cause in my chain, my car got no roof
Them riders with me everywhere and all of them shoot
Probably heard some things about me, man and all of them true
About how we came from nothing to something
Niggas eased up in the game, I just jumped in
I was 16, selling CD's and hustlin'
Had to learn fuck niggas, not to trust em'
Made a way, so now they're treating me like royalty
And fuck the money niggas riding over loyalty
But when it come to money, I'm all about it so to speak
Put on for my dogs, do anything for my queen
Four hours rest, I'm living the dream
Wake up to marble on the floor, heated toilet seats
I'm balling hard, you should enjoy the seats
I bet this hundred thousand cash, ensure your belief
That if you work hard then this is what you could earn
As the kush burn, uh, uh, uh

I'm fresh picked from the hills, red eight inch heels
On my new bitch, she brought me all big face bills
And my Chevrolet dizzy, you don't know how it feels
To lose a mil in two months, shits way to real
I saw my mom last night, one hell of a dream
She told me keep your head up, and follow your dream
Empty bottles of lean, and white cups in the hand
Looking half dead sad, but I don't try to understand
I rock Louis cause I can, I brought 84 grams
And only fuck with bitches that put money in my hands
I'm playing hundred dollar hands, 20k at the Palms
I drink, all day long and throw some dank in the bong
My whips too clean, I bet they hate that I ball
I throw two shots back, without a chaser at all
I let the stones in my pinky ring talk for me dog
And I don't talk numbers with random cats in the club
I throw a fifty pack on the back of the truck
And get a crazy rush when I get to wrapping them up
No fingerprints, bought a fresh package of gloves
I'm blowing bud in the club, come fuck with the plug

I stay mind fucking bitches, baby give me the cash
I'm still haunted by my past, bullets shattered the glass
Them shells on the floor caught up with 'em fast
I'm watching time fly, the coke tucked tight in the stash
My old head told me slow down before I crash
I try to listen, but I'm living like tonight is my last
And my all black fit, drunk and ready to shoot
In the coupe so dope, I don't know what to do

And the crib so big, I can't get to my room
I crashed out on the couch, in my jeans and my shoes
Drinking booze in the afternoon, smoking on hash
Two hits of the dab, boy I'm gone off wax
Cartier frames and my 501's
I'm in the slums with a millionaire, high and drunk
They try to stay tied in with the high end plug
I'm like a king with this weed bitch, I am bud
Six slugs in my 38, I told little momma go and get her money straight
I told Wiz break the weed down and roll up a shames and watch
Fools run away when we finally blaze it
I'm so high