

Yoko

Berner

Bust a couple bands
Blow a 100 fast
I just made a hundred off of 50 pay
Where them bad Asian bitches holdin down my city at?
Where them girls from the A with that pretty face?
Round thing, yeah I'm on that loud thang
Pop another bottle, shooting corks at the crowd: dang!
Yeah, I'm a stunna, nah, I ain't Baby tho
Young dude with the lazy flow
Watch all these ladies go
Crazy when I pull up right beside em
I do a buck 30, I'm just into flying
I smell like dirty money, plus this cookie that I'm lighting
Bucket's full of ice and bottles on fire inside em

Call em Yoko Ono
Only ride solo
Mission for the dolo
One look in her eyes, she'll eat you alive
She's a man eater, ski mask diva
She might up 'n leave you, but you can never leave her
You ain't never had someone, you can never keep her
Tricking on the next man, he can't have her either...
I Call her Yoko Ono

Look, got a boatload of them Asian hoes
On vacation steady bakin with Jamaican hoes
I got cash boy, I don't care what you makin ho
50 thousand on my wrist: I'm feedin eskimos
Damn! Put VA on this shit
Buy 100 fuckin bottles, let em spray in this bitch
My money flow real long, I do relays in this bitch
And you know I kill songs, it's Burner, CB & Wiz
Alrighty now, ha, look at me, rose, I'm on nigga
15 grand on a what, That's just my phone, nigga
Northern California, where blunts look like cones, nigga
Two up, two down, make that switch, yeah

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Shades on, Polo white T
Me leaving here alone? That's unlikely
Not a stoner bitch, but she like me
Tryna get that final cut like Spike Lee
I jack them hoes, direct them hoes
Take 'em home and let them hoes go live out their fantasies
They're popping pills, I'm rolling weed
Even got a couple bad bitches overseas
Out the back, as ain't no tags when I'm shopping

And my bad filled with options so don't ask what it cost
I'm in a Maserati coupe going so fast that I lost 'em
And my bitch got so much swag that these bad bitches on us
Ah! Killing y'all, pow! (dag) get a a coffin

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She should like that, kush it up and write back
When you send her messages talkin' bout a nightcap
She tell you she like rap
You tell her you might rap
She pretend your shit jammin', really you quite wack
She just want a nice bag, wrist game, ice pack
Prada clutch, price tag
What you spend? twice that
Put her in the game cause you hoping she'll hype that
So you can go along, OD, catch a spike that
You can never wife that
Never ever pipe that
Good enough to make her settle down
She ain't like that
Punch a nigga in the mouth, dare a nigga fight back
Roll a nigga weed up and ask him where the light at

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