

Harder Way (feat. IamSu)

Berner

Na' I mean?
I'm just a little dizzy and shit, man
Twenty six bottles make the night clubs sparkle
Two dabs of wax off that light gray charcoal
I'm pulling in the treasures and leave them with a car full
Throw back AP, growing up was awful
Higher than I've ever been
And when you win they off you
I'm looking out the window, solo in the carpool
Thinking about these cases and this time that I'm facing
My bitches miss this dick, I told her be patient
Constant elevation, high grade medication
Xanni with the KK, Jim without the chaser
I'm running through this paper and gunning down these haters
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 that Taylor
My money comes in bundles, bitches by the dozen
We give them girls the boot if they ain't suck or ain't fucking
Yeah, I started out with nothing and ended up with everything
I'm so in love with Mary Jane and them Xanni things
I was 16 when the candy came
She let the coke drip like the candy paint
This is how the game goes, I'm made hoe
Every day making pesos
I came from the bottom, I took a harder way, harder way
Now every day is a holiday, holiday
I came from the bottom, I took a harder way, harder way
I do what I want, I don't make apologies!
I came from the bottom, I took a harder way, harder way
I do what I want, I don't make apologies!
(Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah)
It be that richy rich city fuck fifty in my pocket
Trying to get it and I did it, young Suzy
Real nigga from the Bay, HB To the K, that's my game
Time to turn up, me and Berner we out here in L.A
Smoking on Keisha, talking about that real shit
And it's nice to meetcha, better pull out that pocket
Book if you're talking about her feature, I'm a creature

Don't know, do your research
Hopped in the game and went crazy as fuck
Took her straight to the head while you niggas is peepers
I pray for the real, no matter the place, no matter the skills
I'm treal, I don't give a fuck. Don't care how you feel, huh
Always been a G and I'm still one, from the home of a hyphy niggas still dummin'
Can't rap about that boss shit till you build something
Can't talk bout being real until I feel something
So for now I'm cold as Minnesota, reppin' the gang until it's over, smoking on doja, ay!
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I like to watch the coke rocks crumble
I miss LX bubble, shout out to my uncle
I came from the struggle, I took the harder way
Bullets make your face hurt, I'm looking for a heart to break
Cold and I know, how that long road ends
I'll miss my daughter, but at least I'll see my moms' again
It's nothing, I turn fifty-thou' to a hundred
White ghost on me, trap house feel haunted
Fast life catch up, don't it?
I take two hundred and I blow it
I'm late night dipping
H town nights slow living
I black out and wake up next to four women
Still sinnin' and I'm spinning from champagne sipping
I'm SF bound first class seats chillin'
I'm waiting for this Xanni bar to kick in
I'm slow though
I don't wanna listen
I'm so blow!
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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