

Exist

Berner

They say a old dope boy don't exist Everyone in my team is winnin, 3 whips which one should I get in
Shit done changed up, People keep singin to the law scared of fed time the realest shit I ever saw 2 killers turn
snitches over fed cases, 20 years for a phonecall outrageous
Tryina ducka recall, chillin out in Reno like fuck the weed what's the prices on tha kilos
Quick money ain't quick enough, 1 to the head tryn stick me up 2 bumps pick me up
Now I'm on these blue thangs fat laced shoestrings Cookies in my spliff Juicy J on that Blue dream
Ex feins see my face and wanna smoke again, 29 back to selling coke again, back to sendin hoes again
Back to my old ass ways in a daze day dreamin while this dope shit play They say a old dope boy don't exist
They're fulla shit 2 bricks new kicks, black chips on tha table whiskey on the rocks johnny walker blue label
Loafers no socks bald head fuck a fitted cap, dogs tryina find out where it's hidden at
Let em try so high I could touch the sky, Coke so clean you can cut it twice
OG cream hot butter knife, I got OG's doin double life
Playin with that mail got em hot as hell, I told him keep it cool he ain't listen though
Now his ass missin yo, heard he was snitchin so tha homies had to slit his throat, crazy like the shit I smoke
I'm sittin here trippin, watch what you say on them phones cause they listen
They say I won't last but I'm just livin, I'm supposed to be dead by now or in prison I'm still here
They say a old dope boy don't exist
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>