

Changes (feat. Mistah F.A.B.)

Berner

Another day another dollar to flip
My phone hot when I talk there's a click
Feds pull me off the plane, went through all of my shit
This is right around the time that my mom got sick
She was strong the whole time and I just wanted to flip
I tried to feed her ice chips and rub water on her lips
Her little hands turned cold, I told her please don't leave
Your granddaughters two years old
I dropped two albums in the same month
Doing anything for cash, plus my trap dried up
Mom passed, then my babymomma left
It was hard for a while and I was down for a sec
Fab put me on to Wiz I was back to the pack
Chillin around the gang had me really thinking about rap
But nah
Red eye flights to atlantic club mansion me and nice pouring mud in the phantom
Mayoko I was on tv, a couple months later I signed with TG
Two weeks later the F.E.D.'s had my bank on freeze plus they just hit E
Life changes, I got my own clothing and a five bedroom home
All alone chain smoking, nights passed
I remember that call, I saw the bentley on the news I used to ride in that car
I'm on tour this the life of a star
I'm in a small town trying to hide from the law
I ripped open the seal, in the hotbox
About to smoke out with B-Real
I made two EP's before DS3
Man Rest in Peace to Jack, it's been hard to sleep
Life changes I'm thinking about my daughter
How'd I go from selling blow to selling hemp water, man
I did an album with Cam, and woke up to a letter from Gucci Mane
Shit's a trip, bring nice and Jack back, I miss talking to my mother
Where's my lighter at It's time to smoke This here's for grown folks
I sit alone in my room with a long stare
In the same bed that my momma lost her life, Yeah
Tossed and turned havin dreams, it was just a dream
Daddy died when I was young or was just a teen
Got a quiet son I can't even speak about it
Inner demons on my mind I gotta deal with
Signed in '07 down the drain where that deal went

Radio banned me, they don't even mention me
Can't ignore the fact that I made Bay area history
Stress what size of it, thought he would rise from it
But it ain't no love lost shit he still a big homie
I was doing runners, to him it was your business
Fans left me for dead, guess they thought I was finished
I never wanted credit for hooking Berner with Wiz
I just connected my brothers, I'm just glad they handled they biz
Doing for they kids what I be doing for lid
Hoping my baby momma hardest room to forgive
Momma talk to me often I can hear her voice
"Don't give up Stan"
Mom I ain't got a choice
Just a bought a Maserati, fresh off the lot
In a house in the hills with a three car garage
Six bedrooms overlooking the bay, with my plaques on the wall, you'll love where I stay
I can drop the CD momma
And you're on the cover, dedicated to you, daddy, and my brother
I'm getting older and wiser making smarter decisions
You grow through what you go through, it's all about living
I want to say keep your head up to my people in prison
To all my dreamers out there keep holding your vision
No matter what, God gotcha back
Rest in peace to my big brother Jack
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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