## Get On

## **Berner**

Smoke, hold that shit in till you choke If you really tryina get on Smoke, hold that shit in till you choke Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, I'm loaded, I feel like I could float My finger tips are numb, my finger nails are full of coke I'm solid under pressure, ain't now way that I would fall This is for them bitches that I fuck on the road How you been, tell your friends that, that man is cold I'm better yet, I'm on, them z's got me dizzy I don't know, how the fuck I got home from my show I wake up in my bed, next to 2 chicks I never met I'm in France, mixing bubble hash with my cigarettes Amsterdam for the day before I fly home 2 zips of kush got my mind gone Mushrooms, I'm gone, everything I needed I wake up and I'm drinking, I fall asleep early in the evening I ain't leaning, yeah they asking what I'm breathing That shit they can't get, 17 reasons for his ass Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke Yeah I'm really tryina get on I'm faded tryna stay awake, I love the A but I'm really tryina stay away They say my name's buzzing crazy when it come to way

Clip full of carbon bullets flying at the throw away

Fed cases they don't go away They let you dig your own hole, we sold our soul for 100k I'm on this yellow, fuck a purple spray I wake up in the morning like damn I missed another flight I tell the pretty bitch to turn around Let me see you popping pick the money up from off the ground When it's dry you know I got it popping in a couple towns 20 pounds, that's 120 thous, I'm really counting money now I went from blow money to this hoe money I went from hoe money to this show money Half a mill in a waterproof duffle, blowing kush out the sun roof I'm loving how I really hustle Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone Yeah I'm really tryina get on Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone Yeah I'm really tryina get on Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone Yeah I'm really tryina get on Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone Yeah I'm really tryina get on Yeah I'm really tryina get on And smoke, hold that shit in till I choke Yeah they wonder how I got on, see I got on selling dope 17 with a quarter ounce of coke

Yeah I got a few raw, and I'm just tryina get back in my zone
Yeah I'm really tryina get on.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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