

Still Rich (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Lil' Kim)

Berner

Yeah
Young Khalifa and Bern
Real niggas in this bitch
Everybody drunk, the fuck they wantUh,
It's not a thing we can't afford
Walk up in the club
Bitches is what we want
It's not a thing we can't afford
Don't even say my name
We just rep my gang
It's not a thing we can't afford
We roll that good weed up
Tell em meet with us
It's not a thing we can't afford
So get in my car
Tell your friends you tryna roll,
Splash
Pretty bitches give me cash
Pull up, hop out, 40 in my pants
Bag full of gas got the whole crew lit
I'm on the twenty third floor with my best friend's bitch
Just smoking, thinking about the world, dice rolling
Police behind me, blue lights glowing
Keep going, I ain't gonna stop, Hell nah
Fuck a cell, I don't wanna rot
I keep pretty bitches choosing
They love me, I'm really neat
If she wanna stick around, she gonna need to bring a few
Dom PÃ©rignon, we gonna burn a little weed
She just sucked off Ren, now she want Ricky P
We get money, and shake fake friends that get funny
Pull the old schools out when it's sunny
Big papa, they love to rub my tummy
Got the renegade hoes running from me
It's not a thing we can't afford
Walk up in the club
Bitches want free bud
It's not a thing we can't afford
Don't even say my name

We just rep my gang
It's not a thing we can't afford
We roll that good weed up
Tell em meet with us
It's not a thing we can't afford
So get in my car
Tell your friends you tryna roll Wanna kick it with me
Twist all my trees
Watch Apple TV, take trips over seas
She told me she feening for a reason
This dark tint, all this weed sick, you can't see in
Get hoes home and get em out they clothes
Smoke marijuana by the O, our eyes low
My pockets covered in zero's
Bitches run up to me like a hero
My niggas rob like De Niro
He know, she know we high, we smoke
The whole bowl load, call the weed man
To bring some more
And tell them bitches I don't need they digits
I got a bunch of women from other continents coming in
Smoke more weed, pass on more things
Reflect on all the good shit this cash and this joy brings
And for them hoes, I got room in the back
Fit four if your small, fit two if your fat It's not a thing we can't afford
Walk up in the club
Bitches want free bud
It's not a thing we can't afford
Don't even say my name
We just rep my gang
It's not a thing we can't afford
We roll that good weed up
Tell em meet with us
It's not a thing we can't afford
So get in my car
Tell your friends you tryna roll I'm a shop a holic, I need help
I'm an addict
With the same working twice, I forgot I had it
To grit this figure, need at least six figures
It cost to watch me, so watch your nigga
I used to move base like Jeter
I'm a fly bitch out the barrel
But I'm leaving out teeter
Talking private sex on a private jet
I'm a more scheme no hoe, with a valentino flow

These cost me thirty three hundred
I pop a Dom P while my niggas get blunted
Tell Berner break up the P while Wiz roll up the weed
Wanna be my main squeeze, nigga please
To fill these shoes, you gonna need big feet
We never looking at the tags we just throw it in the bag
Fifty bottles of Cris, thirty bottles of Mo'et
Twenty...and keep the tab open
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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