

Cry (feat. The Jacka, Curren\$y & Smiggz)

Berner

I got a six four sting with the 302, bought it out
In the rap game got fame when I bought this house
Big seven thots swingin' when I barely bought it out
Seven three kellys, that's a college rally thought abouts
Six nine seven, O'Malley, that shit's not around
Six eight merril seven hunnid horses to the ground
Gammy's on sticks in the back come cruise around
Ride around cars like that while we movin' yay
We ain't have to do like that, then who is you fo' real?
Dope boy poke, Pyrex when they lose the wheel
Stackin' young Bern tyrone how I used to feel
Follow connects to their cribs and then we moved on them
Ya don't want them outta the shark, ya betta cool again
Riders with Beretta, we sharp, don't wanna lose no man
Lose yo live from a sniper's blast, got the wildest niggas
Treat my block like a diaper bag, I do it powderin' it
Doin' about 30 in the fliest whip
Windows up, got the Cartier shit
Rollin' up anotha joint, shot on a bad bitch
And all she wanna do is smoke you and smoke weed
Got me feelin' like damn, gotta be the man
I gotta be the man, she Swear that I'm the man
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Keep the licence plate on the golden gate
Interstate grace playin' high stakes
Dice roll when it takes all, tryna ball all, catch me if I fall
Risky business, stand on two feet, playin' in the quicksand
Can't sink a man, cause I'm way quicker
Every night tryna fall asleep, 20 grand richer
Paint lyrics, tho some niggas will neva get the picture
Standin' on the planet, an artist with the canvas
Caravans and Lamborghini and Ferraris Priceton
Nigga, please, you couldn't see me if you imagined
Wall Street wolf got caught in the bear trap
Snap em and half em, shit'll get critical, Captain
Whisperin' about what happened, get yo show canceled
More gas than you can handle, I done ran through
Gas like the station, ample to sample
I sent your bitch back with a handful

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I gotta be the man, she Swear that I'm the man They smell the tatter on my big face bills when I break em out
Used to call purple bounce lakers and [?] out
Sixty on my watch, might turn yo old lady out
Clouds in my eyes, two stons cost me 80.000
Dope boys luv errthing that I speak about
Wrap em up right ova night, yeah, they leavin' town
Dacks is call me daddy why ya trick on my main bitches?
I be buyin' change while yo main wanna play pimpin'
Why so fresh? Yeah, it's stuck to my fingertips
This right here, only real playas read on this
Exotic weed, fast cars, few handle bars
Paper bag, money buried deep in my family yard
Few mill out the streets, still trafficking
Oh nah, swared I'd neva touch a pack again
Half a ticket, hand, count it in my cookie duffle
Smoke out the turkey bag, throw uncle Snoop a couple
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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