

Clockin (feat. French Montana)

Berner

Yeah
Clockin' paper
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Clockin' paper
From Cali to New York City
Clockin' paper Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper
We be breakin' down the work on my mama table
All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper
Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper
All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple
All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you
All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind
All day, shawty do it for the Vine
Ridin' clean, smokin' purple
Play with me and they gon' hurt you
Ain't no squares in my circle
Mixin' Xans with the dirty, smokin' purple
Stripper bitches burnin' out bank accounts
Yeah, we wrap raw cut with wet paper towel
That's grow talk, I bought a whole block
And I ain't talkin' 'bout blow, I got grow spots
I pulled 23 mil out my old spot
I came a long way from the stove top
I still get busy, count money 'til I'm dizzy
Load a full truck up, it's a quick 650
Bullet-proof truck in a S5-50
Got lemonade pounds out in New York City
I'ma flex with the pack, I get 5 grams for 'em
Right across the street when I land in the mornin'
Coke boy seats, not a damn stain on 'em
Throwin' bitches in the crib, pour champagne on 'em
Yeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper
We be breakin' down the work on my mama table
All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper
Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper
All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple
All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you
All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind
All day, shawty do it for the Vine

Ridin' clean, smokin' purple
Play with me and they gon' hurt you
Ain't no squares in my circle
Mixin' Xans with the dirty, smokin' purpleBrown bag money, stuff it in the wall
Dirty money, I'm a LAX tryna duck the dog
I'm still dirty, fuck a rap check
I was first class chillin' when the pack left
I need a fresh pair of gloves and a address
I got 6 cellphones, hope the pack flex
I still get money, bitch, you're weed man love me
Yeah, I keep the big bills, re-cop with the 20s
I'm a real street cat, in the drop with the bunny
Xanax bars and the cup's all muddy
I hit the A-Town, we got rich in Atlanta
I'm in the H-Town with French Montana
Cook smoke in the air with the coke boys
Young motherfucker, yeah, I'm a dope boyYeah, fuck you talk if you ain't talkin' paper
We be breakin' down the work on my mama table
All day, high, drunk and clockin' paper
Fuck you talkin' 'bout nigga if you ain't talkin' paper
All day, ridin' clean, smokin' purple
All day, play with me and they gon' hurt you
All day, there's nothin' but paper on my mind
All day, shawty do it for the VineYou already know what I'm talkin' 'bout, man
Brown bag money, pickin' up 200, 3, 4, 500 thousand at one time
Ridin' round, cop keep behind me, I ain't even trippin' though
If he put his lights on, I'm dippin' yo
It's Big Bay Area business
You know I went from coke money to hoe money
Grow money to show money
To Hemp2O money
Yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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