

## **Berner "Sleep Walking"**

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A real legends undergrounds king shit  
I wake up in the morning sometimes I don't need  
This just stay away from my lips  
'Cause she eat dick, forty count on my head  
We can in the beef quick  
I put fifty on the road and let the ay see blah  
I'm just seating in my room and I can't see more  
I'm counting money with wales and real factions like  
rich  
I'm in the streets like the square jar that doesn't exist  
My name is good in the air I'm at the mention with nice  
Two aces spare gold, magnum bottle on ice  
I'm in ohio for weeks, we ain't in being freeze  
Yeah flooded with weed so I flew in the cream  
I got shut town next on my list,  
Twenty bricks in the dudge make a car, make a sent  
me to chips  
I get drunk and black out and jsut trying forget  
On the shit I deal with the key I good weed lip  
I got famous in the streets they say you don't need rap  
They just love the girl scow in the og pack  
H town, great towns back on grabble was then  
I'm in the ass class benz pulling up to miran  
Next shining like a disco bar  
He taught me how to rip up...  
My whole click got the chips up high  
Champagne money for real  
Two gram for the mill, new pet in the grill  
I'm talking brand new land, cush plans by the feel  
A lot of brand new hands out after the deal

Hook:

I'm sleep walking, running from faces I see orphans  
Sometimes I feel lost don't wanna wake up in the cuffin  
Maybe I'm numb from the game now  
'Cause I don't feel nothing from the pain now  
I'm sleep walking, looking at pictures but they ain't  
talking  
Sometimes I feel lost don't wanna wake up in the cuffin  
Maybe I'm numb from the game now  
'Cause I don't feel nothing from the pain now  
I'm sleep walking yeah

It's the ghost with the burner in the ay  
Probably holdin on the burn up in the bay  
Cookies a sure burn up I wanna burn up every day  
Sweet walking never could shake the streets orphan  
Guns as attached couldn't take this piece often  
You know that boy need a piece pipe paper  
Dutches 'cause he's right by the street lights  
They wanna go on, they wanna go off  
They could bout the money in the sheet he could show  
off  
Nice car, nice watch, I'ma life pot to my life stop  
You know the ghost be on the heavy shit  
Earn baby earn and get a nigga a trippy stick  
A sleep walking I'm walking in my sleep  
Mother fucking I'm rapping on cuffin on the beat is  
sleep

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I'm sleep walking yeah

I sleep walk with the ghost three bags in my coat  
I slap em in the faces and take the forty count as throw  
I'm mw bound two bricks in the boat  
And got this little bitch trippin off the shit that I smoke  
And deep south too turn fuckin I'm young  
I only like it one time unless it's good with the tongue  
I keep shit, weed leat, shit dutches and road  
I take a quarter mill cashin fuck it I love  
I'm with two white girls on the bitch on brasil  
Drinking plum in my dreaming ain't no way this is real  
I got my stone shitting crazy and the sunlight  
You only live one life, three suns and gun fights  
All I need is one light, past me the smoke I'm chill out  
Until it's my time to go  
This time feel yeah I'm feelin like this life is a joke  
So I pull my weed out, break it down  
Light up and smoke I sleep

[Hook:]

