

Berner "The Plug"

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[Intro]

Berner, what up, nigga?
It's that urban farmer shit
It's that driving slow in a fast car
Burning weed, the zip underneath the seat
Oh, oh, oh

[Verse 1]

I'm drinking two bottles at the same damn time
Placing orders and can't even finish all of it
No fold in my loot, no holes in my crew
No flaws in my chain, my car got no roof
Them riders with me everywhere and all of them shoot
Probably heard some things about me man all of them true
Bout how we came from nothing to something,
Niggas eased up in the game, I just jumped in
I was 16, selling cds and hustling
Had to learn fuck niggas, not to trust them
Made a way, so now they're treating me like royalty
And fuck the money, niggas riding over loyalty
But when it come to money, I'm all about it so to speak
But on for my dogs, do anything for my queen
For her eyes rest I'm living the dream
Wake up to marble on the floor, heated toilet seats
I'm balling hard, you should enjoy the seats
I bet this hundred thousand cash will make sure you believe
That if you work hard, then this is what you could earn,
As the kush burns, oh, oh, oh
Hehehe..
Let me hear it..

[Verse 2]

Fresh picked from the hills, red eight inch heels
on my new bitch, she brought me all big face bills
In my chevrolet dizzy, you don't know how it feels
To lose a mil' in two months, shit's way to real!
I saw my mom last night, one hell of a dream
She told me keep your head up, and follow your dream
Empty bottles of lean and white cups in the hand
Looking half dead, sad, but I don't try to understand

I rock louis cause I can, I brought 84 grams
And only fuck with bitches that put money in my hands
I'm playing hundred dollar hands 20k at the palms
And drink all day, long and throw some dank in the bar
And my whip is too clean, I bet they hate that I ball
I throw two shots back without a chaser at all
I let the stones in my pinky ring talk for me, dog
And I don't talk numbers with random cats in the club
I throw fifty pack on the back of the truck
And get a crazy rush when I get to wrapping 'em up
No fingerprints, bought a fresh package of gloves
I'm blowing bud in the club, come fuck with the plug

[Verse 3]

I stay mine fucking bitches, baby give me the cash
I'm still haunted by my past, bullets shattered the glass
Them shells on the floor, caught up with 'em fast
I'm watching time flying coke tucked tight in the stash
My own head told me slow down before I crash
I try to listen, but I'm living like tonight is my last
In my all black fit drunk and ready to shoot
And the coop is so dope, I don't know what to do
And the crib is so big, I can't get to my room
I crashed out on the couch, in my jeans and my shoes
Drinking booze in the afternoon, smoking on hash
Two hits off the dab boy I'm gone off wax
Cartier frames and my 501's
I'm in the slums with a millionaire, high and drunk
They try to stay tied in with the high end plugged
I'm like a king with his weed bitch, I am bud
Six slugs in my 38, I told lil momma go and get her
money straight
I told Wiz break the weed down and I roll up a
shameless
And watch fools run away when we finally blaze it
I'm so high!

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