Niice (feat. Quavo & Paul Wall)

Berner

Money comin' in
Money comin' in
Money comin' in
OhI love this shit
Hella drugs and shit
Her pussy so tight, made the rubber rip
Real D-boy, I got a dub to flip
And the coke so clean, I don't cut the shit
I'm young, fuck your life
I got a hundred lights
I got a dirty ass bottle and a cup of ice
When it's dry in the city then I up the price
Why you got a gun on you if you tuck your ice
I took all fifty but one was light
When you ridin' like this then you run the lights
I'm in the H-Town, I miss Mr. Niice
The good die young, you better live your life
Now I'm back in the city where the shit don't stop
I'mma blow the house up 'til my shit get popped
My stomach get to hurtin' when the shit get lost
We do the touchdown dance when we get it across
Two girls in my S-Class
Twenty pack in the black bag
Hundred grand in my backpack
Yeah, we get real trap money, fuck a rap check
Dog, I don't ever wanna be broke again
I take two big puffs and I hold it in
I'm on the Golden Gate Bridge on my way to Marin
I been in the game, I just pray that I win
Ridin round with the burner
I'm with Berner
Ridin round with the bags on me
'Bout to serve 'em
Got all these blue Benjimans
Yeah, I earn 'em
Yeah, I earn 'emThat money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'
That money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'
That money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'
Money on my mind like a pair of shades
Grind all week, I ain't slept for days
Paper routes, I know many ways
I got plenty traffic, no need for waze

Stay prayed, get paid, hustler made
My money too dirty, I need a maid
Broke boys talk down, throwin' shade
But real hustlers are never fake
High grade twist up like a braid
My money keep comin' like porn star
Tight grip, mine sharp as a blade
I got all the game like a sports bar
For the money I go real far
I gotta get it today, I'm not promised tomorrow
Look for it, I don't beg or borrow
I'm worried about mine, homie, not about your's
Wake and bake and get straight to the cake
Never talk down on the next man
Never ever do it for the Gram
Nah, stackin' up bread is the game plan
Wrist light up like an ambulance
Satellite plant got my eyes on slant
28k stashed in my pants
And I keep my mind on bands, babyRidin round with the burner
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That money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'
That money keep on comin' in and comin' in and comin'Money keep comin' in
Put it in mattress
Not in a pipe though
Fuckin' an actress
I'm the new graduate
Yeah, that's how we actin' now
She want some Cookie, Lean, and Molly
Now dat bitch passin' out
I got that flame with me
Like I stay in the dragon house
Remember the Bando
Trappin' that gas out the boarded house
I might supply them ounces
Beat the pot, Ronda Rousey
Feel like I'm on the mountain
I'mma rich nigga
No, they can't doubt meRidin round with the burner
I'm with Berner
Ridin round with the bags on me
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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