

# Ayy (feat. YG & Logic)

## Berner & Mozzy

It's about four in the morning  
Got a trunk full of bags, yeah  
We just ridin' 'round dirty, tryna' get the bag  
You already know what time it is  
YG, what up?  
Big Bern, Mozzy, talk to 'em  
Yeah  
Twenty pack in the trunk of the low  
Kids trip tryna fuck with them hoes  
On the corner, sellin' nothin but dope  
Love life, we were struggling though  
Sentimental, when it counted a fold  
You ain't ever gave me nothin' to hold  
Freight trailer, finna fuck up the road  
Quarter milli, you ain't done it before  
Big Cuban link, hugging it though  
Bernie nigga been a hunnid for sure  
Every debit card a hunnid or more  
Paid a hunnid k in-front of the stove  
Count up the money and go  
Another flight, feel like 30 or 'sum  
Chain worth like a birdie or 'sum  
Cali nigga, where they murder for nothing  
Yeah  
They still on the turf with them youngins  
(yeah)  
We pull up swerving a buggy  
(yeah)  
They think it be hot as Kentucky  
(yeah)  
If she bout some hoe and then run it  
(yeah)  
That nigga hate for nothin'  
I came up from nothin', remember them days?  
Hey kill all that rappin', I'm not with the fuckery  
You can get hit with this K  
Crack open that pack  
This that shit you can only get from the Bay  
Y-Car, twenty bricks in L.A.  
How you paid but ain't been to L.A.?  
Stitch livin', I'mma keep it that way  
I ain't phrase with a yuke in my face  
Yellow tapes should've seen how they did it  
Forty shells, really eat up your face

Run up the play  
But no we don't play  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy"  
Niggas know I'm on-call  
Give the homie a K (My K)  
Told 'em make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Told 'em make em say, "Ayy"  
Niggas love to hate  
Rolls Royce two-tone, black and grey  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy"  
When you elevate  
They gon' start to separate  
Make 'em say, "Uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy" They love me still  
The money come and fuck a hunnid mill  
I wanna build and playin' with my chicken shit,  
I wanna kill  
Fresh frozen work  
We let the honey spill  
My baby know the drill,  
She say she hate the way the rubber feel  
I'm underground  
The sound of the crowd, it give me chills  
And really reall used to rob and steal before the vacuum seal  
Twenty grand inside the candle, yeah export  
I'm shaking K9, all through the airport  
Flood Atlanta, hit London with a Box  
With my O.T knock, I'm just glad he didn't toss her  
We move different  
Mozzy with me got the two with em  
Hot shells, blood spillin' out your new denim  
I'm supposed to be low-key, with all these jewels drippin'  
My crib mani-huh, we got a few stools missin'  
I'm on a mission it keep pullin' me back  
Yeah, I'm married to the game  
And fell in love with the trap  
Run up the play  
But no we don't play  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy"  
Niggas know I'm on-call  
Give the homie a K (My K)  
Told 'em make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Told 'em make em say, "Ayy" Niggas love to hate  
Rolls Royce two-tone,  
Black and grey  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy"

When you elevate  
They gon' start to separate  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh" (Yeah, yeah)  
Make 'em say, "Ayy" (Yeah) Bobby Boy chillin', whippin' that exotic  
I got her sippin' on that tonic,  
We smokin' that chronic  
They know I'm iconic,  
It's kind of ironic  
I'm runnin' this, gunnin' this  
We havin' fun in this bitch  
Livin' my life, motherfuck that I'm rich  
Now they know the name,  
But just Logic  
I keep it G, cause I'm a good person  
Givin' my everything,  
Up in these verses  
Smokin' that Goldilocks,  
When it disperses  
Stoney Bob feelin' it,  
Berner be killin' it  
We feelin' crazy, we feelin'  
Brazy, we feelin' breezy  
Run up in it, get up in it  
And make it look easy  
I'm gonna drop a shoe  
Bigger than the Yeezy  
Feelin' my own shoes  
Ain't nothin' that I won't do (Italian leather)  
Run up the play  
But no we don't play  
Make 'em say, "Uh-uh"  
Make 'em say, "Ayy"  
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Give the homie a K (My K)  
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