

Turkey Bag (feat. B-Real)

Berner & Styles P

You start as lil' bro
Then you big bro
You start as lil' homie
Then you big homie
Niggas know me
The bitches know me
Salute to the Goonies
Do a stick up for me
When I die blow some weed
Pour some liquor for me
Know I keep working the whip
You couldn't get up on it
I've been skirting' off since nextels was chirping off
Looking at the stash house
Could tell you what the dirt is for
I could get deeper with it
Tell you what niggas murder for
All this fly shit that we living for
Superstitious hand is itching
I'm bout to get it though
Can't trust niggas
The UZI is by the kitchen door
Be careful what you be wishing for
Well to the well is empty
What is money for
Can't get nothing from nothing
I prove different though
But never say you gettin' the money
Cause they be snitchin' y'all
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Move the pounds, blow the funds, you lookin' at the chosen ones
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Never rat, love the silence, you lookin' at the golden ones
Handfuls out the turkey bag, I'm loaded
I'ma throw 'em 20 pounds, let 'em work with that
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Long live the king, be a king, word to the jack
This shit is dreamy
Got me weeding bout Nefertiti
Bora Bora for a week
When I leave Tahiti
Campin' ain't easy but the game still need me
Only reason I'm around still

I never got greedy
The trippy thing about life
Is you could live forever
Keep your name good
In the streets
I'm tryna' do better
Paper drip with sauce
Yeah burnin' nice and slow
Another million from the road
I'm tryna buy another home
I miss the jack, big forty on my lap
While I'm ridin' a lot of good keep dyin'
Half a pound to the neck
I'ma grind till I see the sunrise
We don't rest man
We don't even flex now
We just feel blessed to wake up
In the morning and take another breath
Handfuls out the turkey bag, I'm loaded
I'ma throw em 20 pounds, let 'em work with that
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Move the pounds, blow the funds, you lookin' at the chosen ones
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Never rat, love the silence, you lookin' at the golden ones
Handfuls out the turkey bag, I'm loaded
I'ma throw 'em 20 pounds, let 'em work with that
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Long live the king, be a king, word to the jack
Got my bottom bitch bliffin' paper
When all the neighbours got the flavor like an hour later
Fuck I hate her
Mind tripped in like a smoke cloud
When my loud niggas have it drippin'
From the joint up in my fingers
Dead ringers, Rig slingers
No blue dreamers
Our pants are gettn' fatter while your pockets gettin' leaner
Every pack of lit do bring a limoncello so much sweeter
Watch these bitches change up their demeanor
The grass is greener
A thousand lights, ladies bouncin' by the style in sight
If you lookin' for the doctor, got to know you pound 'em right
It's all gas, better haul ass like you got a hall pass
To the spot, payment, all cash
So let me light this one and make it smell lovely
No matter what you do you could never be above me
I keep pushin' till the Sun sets, until the break of dawn
Concentrate, I'm dabbin' to the song
Mind gone
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Move the pounds, blow the funds, you lookin' at the chosen ones

Handfuls out the turkey bag
Never rat, love the silence, you lookin' at the golden ones
Handfuls out the turkey bag, I'm loaded
I'ma throw 'em 20 pounds, let 'em work with that
Handfuls out the turkey bag
Long live the king, be a king, word to the jack
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>