

# 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.

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