

In the Mix (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Chevy Woods)

Berner

Good weed, pretty girls in my whips
We be really in the mix
Cardboard boxes, say a prayer before we ship
We be really in the mix
Big ass stones in my chain, there ain't no chips
We be really in the mix
I be all in the club, drunk, talkin' shit
We be really in the mix Yellow tabs on my tongue for the journey
I just threw the homeboy a quick 30
Splash City, Steph Curry
I'm sick of watchin' friends gettin' burried
It got me livin' in a hurry
And I was blowin' F1 before I had the cherry, legendary
When I go, they'll be smokin' out the cemetery
Oldschools all up and down the street
Flash back, I'm seein' stars I used to get it by the sheet
Big house for a week, hella bitches in my pool
I'm almost outta smoke, flyin' another mule
Cartel's call me, they get money to this dope shit
This streets love Bern and they play my old shit
Whole bricks, yeah the fuckin' with the grown shit
Cold shit, I'm blowin' cash, I tuck back in '06
No limit like P and them, the cars rap about
Me and Wiz really be in them, it's gang shit
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I be all in the club, drunk, talkin' shit
We be really in the mix My life I'm livin', plenty fine dimes and women
Can't even count with how fast I'm spendin'
Rep my gang 'til the endin' and drive super sport engines
Doin' good long as my squad winnin'
I look at y'all like my children, the gang made my own division
We count cheese and we smoke religion
Took over rap, now we onto different ventures
Don't need awards to celebrate success 'cause it's a given
We all stood out while y'all chose to fit in
Now they bettin' on the game, put your bid in
Got some luxury cars, these girls wanna sit in

Wipe your feet off and roll a joint 'fore you get in
Gotta protect the crib, be careful who you let in
And don't shake my hand 'less you been down since the beginnin'
It's Taylor Gang over anythin' you defendin'
Lookin' for your girl, she in the distance
(With a young real ass nigga like me, young Wiz Khalifa, man let's get it)
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I be all in the club, drunk, talkin' shit
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Private location on vacation, let's be honest
In this villa on this killer with my niggas, just like bosses
Cost a thousand for the place that we feastin' on
Dinner on a beach 'cause now the money's so Nia Long
Ain't love me from the start but I'm like fuck 'em, I knew that shit
'Cause all they do is talk about it, never go do that shit
Look I just keep it Taylor, we them niggas, they in the stands
Used to put the jelly on the bread with the Peter Pan
I came up from the quarter on the corner, you know my story
My homie told me get it, ain't nobody gon' get it for me
Smokin' on these papers with your bitch in the meantime
She do it like a vac and pull it out when it's cleanin' time
Nigga, throw it up, you know I stay on that gang shit
Seat 3A, quick service, this plain lit
They hatin' but it's cool, they just mad ain't no bad comin'
It's all bitches in, Brook boy, you ain't bagged nothin', fuck outta there
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