

# Still Rich (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Lil' Kim)

## Berner

Yeah  
Young Khalifa and Bern  
Real niggas in this bitch  
Everybody drunk, the fuck they wantUh,  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Walk up in the club  
Bitches is what we want  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Don't even say my name  
We just rep my gang  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
We roll that good weed up  
Tell em meet with us  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
So get in my car  
Tell your friends you tryna roll,  
Splash  
Pretty bitches give me cash  
Pull up, hop out, 40 in my pants  
Bag full of gas got the whole crew lit  
I'm on the twenty third floor with my best friend's bitch  
Just smoking, thinking about the world, dice rolling  
Police behind me, blue lights glowing  
Keep going, I ain't gonna stop, Hell nah  
Fuck a cell, I don't wanna rot  
I keep pretty bitches choosing  
They love me, I'm really neat  
If she wanna stick around, she gonna need to bring a few  
Dom Pérignon, we gonna burn a little weed  
She just sucked off Ren, now she want Ricky P  
We get money, and shake fake friends that get funny  
Pull the old schools out when it's sunny  
Big papa, they love to rub my tummy  
Got the renegade hoes running from me  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Walk up in the club  
Bitches want free bud  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Don't even say my name  
We just rep my gang  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
We roll that good weed up

Tell em meet with us  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
So get in my car  
Tell your friends you tryna roll  
Wanna kick it with me  
Twist all my trees  
Watch Apple TV, take trips over seas  
She told me she feening for a reason  
This dark tint, all this weed sick, you can't see in  
Get hoes home and get em out they clothes  
Smoke marijuana by the O, our eyes low  
My pockets covered in zero's  
Bitches run up to me like a hero  
My niggas rob like De Niro  
He know, she know we high, we smoke  
The whole bowl load, call the weed man  
To bring some more  
And tell them bitches I don't need they digits  
I got a bunch of women from other continents coming in  
Smoke more weed, pass on more things  
Reflect on all the good shit this cash and this joy brings  
And for them hoes, I got room in the back  
Fit four if your small, fit two if your fat  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Walk up in the club  
Bitces want free bud  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
Don't even say my name  
We just rep my gang  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
We roll that good weed up  
Tell em meet with us  
It's not a thing we can't afford  
So get in my car  
Tell your friends you tryna roll  
I'm a shop a holic, I need help  
I'm an addict  
With the same working twice, I forgot I had it  
To grit this figure, need at least six figures  
It cost to watch me, so watch your nigga  
I used to move base like Jeter  
I'm a fly bitch out the barrel  
But I'm leaving out teeter  
Talking private sex on a private jet  
I'm a more scheme no hoe, with a valentino flow  
These cost me thirty three hundred  
I pop a Dom P while my niggas get blunted  
Tell Berner break up the P while Wiz roll up the weed  
Wanna be my main squeeze, nigga please  
To fill these shoes, you gonna need big feet  
We never looking at the tags we just throw it in the bag  
Fifty bottles of Cris, thirty bottles of Moët

Twenty...and keep the tab open  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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