

Pictures (feat. Dave East & Joe Ski)

Berner & Styles P

If it ain't money and love what would you search for?
The pussy is free but the work cost
We can give you all of the streams and give you all of the game
But you the dickhead getting jerked off
My gun getting hotter than yardi food with jerk sauce
He ain't a good man why he shop at Bergdorf?
Kid on the whip, take a trip to see paradise
Come from a strip where it's lit, yeah the barrel life
Live low in the cab like I'm Pablo using the satellite
Bandits go to war so everyday is battle life
My lil' nigga told me that green is the new white
Pray to God 'cause I seen what a demon can do twice
In the day it's yellow gold in the evening it's blue ice
And we lighting medicine 'cause niggas is flu-like
Two guns, two mics, where I'm moving my two nikes in
Any work I touch I can move it in two nights
I live it up with my niggas and we got the pictures
It's speed bumps and potholes on this road to riches
I'm still the same lil' nigga was eating free lunches
Played the hand that I was dealt and I rolled with the punches
Hear everybody say I'm on and I got it made
Man I'm just tryna make sure that my family's bills paid
They counting pockets they worried 'bout what I ran through
How can I concern myself with what another man do? Rob me and I guarantee that the semi
popping
Set up shop and I can get this off on any block
20 Spots plus I'm buying everybody's crop
My plug got a glass eye just like Fetty Wap
And I don't diddy bop
In the club I city tuck
I got the drum white bitches pulling titties out
Long flights hard white ain't get me rich enough
I'm hard headed, yeah I couldn't get it quick enough
I'm from a city where they'll kill you if you live it up
You can tell what I'm smoking when I lit it up
No mask, broad day they'll make you give it up
20 Mil in the back of a pick-up truck
Six phones, big homes still clip clones
Get stoned, buy a pound burn it till it's gone
Good vibes, good times yeah I'm really on
Wake up in the morning piss Perignon
I live it up with my niggas and we got the pictures

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How can I concern myself with what another man do? I consider myself amongst the elite, think
before I speak
Feds on 'em spent the month on the creep, gunning in sneaks
Deuce deuce style
Move wild, new gun new trial
I came up on a few rounds
Butter pieces like "Booyah!"
Two door coupé style
All your statements was legible
Indictments get frightening get nervous you heard was federal
First class I push a button my seat a bed now
In the clouds thinking bout homies most of them dead now
I hardly stress used to spend the night on the stoop smack
When Stella got her groove back
Leezy gave me a blue flag, wrong
You chose to be broke
What made you choose that?
Netflix with my next bitch
Guess Orange is the new black
Hammers like ID we keep 'em
Brought the phantom to the beacon
Since Tim Duncan was a demon deacon
I done see the precinct
Father did fed time, missed a lot of my bedtimes
Karl Lagerfeld on that Fendi
Fur by the neckline I live it up with my niggas and we got the pictures
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Played the hand that I was dealt and I rolled with the punches
Hear everybody say I'm on and I got it made
Man I'm just tryna make sure that my family's bills paid
They counting pockets they worried bout what I ran through
How can I concern myself with what another man do?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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