

# Cry (feat. The Jacka, Curren\$y & Smiggz)

## Berner

I got a six four sting with the 302, bought it out  
In the rap game got fame when I bought this house  
Big seven thots swingin' when I barely bought it out  
Seven three kellys, that's a college rally thought abouts  
Six nine seven, O'Malley, that shit's not around  
Six eight merril seven hunnid horses to the ground  
Gammy's on sticks in the back come cruise around  
Ride around cars like that while we movin' yay  
We ain't have to do like that, then who is you fo' real?  
Dope boy poke, Pyrex when they lose the wheel  
Stackin' young Bern tyrone how I used to feel  
Follow connects to their cribs and then we moved on them  
Ya don't want them outta the shark, ya betta cool again  
Riders with Beretta, we sharp, don't wanna lose no man  
Lose yo live from a sniper's blast, got the wildest niggas  
Treat my block like a diaper bag, I do it powderin' it  
Doin' about 30 in the fliest whip  
Windows up, got the Cartier shit  
Rollin' up anotha joint, shot on a bad bitch  
And all she wanna do is smoke you and smoke weed  
Got me feelin' like damn, gotta be the man  
I gotta be the man, she Swear that I'm the man  
Got me feelin' like damn, gotta be the man  
I gotta be the man, she Swear that I'm the man  
Keep the licence plate on the golden gate  
Interstate grace playin' high stakes  
Dice roll when it takes all, tryna ball all, catch me if I fall  
Risky business, stand on two feet, playin' in the quicksand  
Can't sink a man, cause I'm way quicker  
Every night tryna fall asleep, 20 grand richer  
Paint lyrics, tho some niggas will neva get the picture  
Standin' on the planet, an artist with the canvas  
Caravans and Lamborghini and Ferraris Priceton  
Nigga, please, you couldn't see me if you imagined  
Wall Street wolf got caught in the bear trap  
Snap em and half em, shit'll get critical, Captain  
Whisperin' about what happened, get yo show canceled  
More gas than you can handle, I done ran through  
Gas like the station, ample to sample  
I sent your bitch back with a handful  
Doin' about 30 in the fliest whip  
Windows up, got the Cartier shit  
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Got me feelin' like damn, gotta be the man  
I gotta be the man, she Swear that I'm the man They smell the tatter on my big face bills when I  
break em out  
Used to call purple bounce lakers and [?] out  
Sixty on my watch, might turn yo old lady out  
Clouds in my eyes, two stones cost me 80.000  
Dope boys luv errthing that I speak about  
Wrap em up right ova night, yeah, they leavin' town  
Dacks is call me daddy why ya trick on my main bitches?  
I be buyin' change while yo main wanna play pimpin'  
Why so fresh? Yeah, it's stuck to my fingertips  
This right here, only real playas read on this  
Exotic weed, fast cars, few handle bars  
Paper bag, money buried deep in my family yard  
Few mill out the streets, still trafficking  
Oh nah, sweared I'd neva touch a pack again  
Half a ticket, hand, count it in my cookie duffle  
Smoke out the turkey bag, throw uncle Snoop a couple Doin' about 30 in the fliest whip  
Windows up, got the Cartier shit  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>