

Home

Berner

I can feel it in the air like Bean said
Shit, I'm already rich, I don't need bread
Groupies back stage giving me head
Ex D-boy still roll real weed here
Man, I just wanna leave a legacy
Pass me the green, I need some weed with my Hennessey
Ma, I'm way too drunk to drive
But I gotchu on my mind, good pussy and it's mine, boo
She works late night, all the time
7AM, barely home, baby why you crying
White leather seats, two Z's, I'mma sleep fine
Police behind me and I'm dirty, fuck state time
High speeds, for my strippers in the club
All my lil homies in the trap house trimming bud
It's love, bitch
Now fire up that fly shit
09', no one beat my prices
With this bag I'm the nicest
Solid plug, outta California, boy, that's priceless
They love me out in Texas, legend on the East Coast
Everywhere I go, windows down smell the weed smoke
This the Cookie man himself
Top Shelf
Let the wax smell burn
I'm just tryna make it home
I pray to god I make it home
With a neck full of stones, few prices on my dome for real
I'm just tryna make it home
Drunk textin' on my phone, I'm gone
I pray to god I make it home
45 on my lap, I ride alone and
I'm just tryna make it home When I get to the crib, I miss my kids here (Fam first)
Drunk alone for the fifth year
I lost my wife, she and my mom passed
It was rough, still Bay drug money in cuts
Then it's money in my cup
I'mma try and live it up but
I feel like givin' up
This one's for the dreams that came true for me
When I die smoke two for me
Gamble like my brother, but I'm playing with my life
I got a thing for new ice

This custom piece looks all pretty in the lights
Drug dealer, I love the city life
These four cars get cleaner every year
More death make it harder, shed a tear (Rest in Peace)
I'm just tryna make it home
Drunk drivin' on the road
Drunk textin' on my phone
Girl, I never sleep alone and you know that
That pretty ass looks so fat
Lay her on the bed and let her give me dome
While I crack this fresh bottle of Patron
I'm just glad I made it home
I'm just tryna make it home
I pray to god I make it home
With a neck full of stones, few prices on my dome for real
I'm just tryna make it home
Drunk textin' on my phone, I'm gone
I pray to god I make it home
45 on my lap, I ride alone and
I'm just tryna make it home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>