

# 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/>