

# 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  
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?

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