

# Rotate (feat. B-Real & Cozmo)

## Berner & Styles P

Shiftin' lines from the paradigm sublime  
On the streets of Cali, yo what's goin' on in town  
Wanna see my name in lights like a star gleamin'  
I wanna make you feel somethin', excorcise your demons  
Every day's a struggle, tryna make a bundle  
How can you stay humble when the streets love you  
I got a bad habit, I'm a winning-addict  
Livin' in sin, tragic life is fucking short damn it  
Can't afford wasting time when life happens  
Gotta get to everyday like the days are trappening  
Now we worldwide, it means worlds collide  
And we killing everything, so rather die  
We move, work it, low rates through the whole State  
And watch the money rotate  
All gas, no brakes 'til my dough's straight  
Now watch the money rotate  
Now watch the money rotate  
Now watch the money rotate  
Whether the streets are rappin' we get it both ways  
Now watch the money rotate  
Lost in the smoke, I knew I came from nothing  
Inhale, exhale like the pain is nothing  
Picadas drops and I need the vein conduction  
Toke's real cheap if it's the same for suction  
Turn on the beat, the feejees came from something  
Hit the screen, spit flame and leave you a brain concussion  
We all play games though none of you niggas call foul  
New York nigga, but you know I'm smokin' that North Cal  
See ya landin' in, we have the right to the board now  
Rather smoke four pounds than hit you with the four pound  
So you want juice, then visit me at the store now  
I was gettin toward now, before I tore, tore down  
Global 4G star, hit you with the full clam  
I got to burn it let's be real  
I'm wit, burnin' it be real  
Twenty-four-seven high is always how I be feel  
We move, work it, low rates through the whole State  
And watch the money rotate  
All gas, no brakes 'til my dough's straight  
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Now watch the money rotate  
All dedication, no education  
Livin' life every day like I'm on vacation  
Beach houses seem to be my favourite destination  
Fake friends, I'm sick of seeing smilin' faces  
Look, twenty years got him shook  
Another loss took, cold hearted crook  
What a vision I just wanna see my daughter smile  
Money pile in the closet man that shit is wild  
Love the struggle, it just made the hunger much realer  
I'm on top, millionaire, ex drug-dealer  
I bet the smoke in my lung burn much cleaner  
Than burnt rot with a toolie on those street-sweepers  
Bulletproof Cadillac that shit is presidential  
Pretty model bitch, got great potential  
Dirty money hidden all in the Renault  
Top dog in the game, I'm on another level  
We move, work it, low rates through the whole State  
And watch the money rotate  
All gas, no brakes 'til my dough's straight  
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Whether the streets are rappin' we get it both ways  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>