

Know the Half

Berner

Yeah, niggas is welcome
Thinkers lay there
Just roll one the fuck up
As a matter of fact roll a few up
Let's go nigga

Wake up, light one
Take a shower, light one
Get dressed, light one
High as a bird, pussy by the time the night come
Promoter just called with the bag
Get the flights done
Booked for a week, suite with a balcony
Half a pound of gas makin' hooks to the beat
Cop the hundred pounds of kush to push to the street
In the jeep, lightin up the leaf headed to the East
The Southside and the West end
Well me and the dealers is like best friends
I could go to the club, get the set in
Need some nudge in the arm, I'm your reference
Now I'm dope I'm out of the loop
I'm sellin juice
Tell the engineer, pull up the beat, have a loop
And we don't smoke mint, that shit is for the kids
Lookin jig, play my nigga B.I.G. sittin in the coupe, Ghost

Hittin strains and we switchin lanes (switchin lanes)
We hit the lick and we get the change (get the change)
We get the bag, and we blow a bag (blow a bag)
Knee deep in this shit you should know the half (know the half)
Fifty fifty with your man and you owe him half (owe him half)
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half (know the half)
Get knocked by police, you don't know his ass (know his ass)
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half

Why my name in your mouth if you don't know me...
Good vibe only
Put one in the air for all the dear homies
It be hard to move the money round with the Feds on me
I'm just tryin to buy real estate
Get this dirty cash in the bank
New Levi's with my pea coat
The ash on my joint, white as clean coke
Give 'em back the twenties, keep the C-notes
Fuck the drug war, the world need dope
Lighter lift ticket, baby girl wanna kick it
We really livin, thirty bricks in the Honda Civic
I ain't slept in 'bout three days
Baby girl crazy but she pays
They don't know the half of it
It's cash up front I never had a pack fronted, yeah

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Don't love you 'til you're gone
Give me flowers while I'm here
I pulled up to the neck with a joint behind my ear
Smellproof backpack with a hundred grand in it
Black minivan, with a bunch of plants in 'em
You all know the half, I come from the life
You ain't never had to say a prayer before you took a flight
Feds pulled me off the back of the plane
They runnin through my bags, askin me names, why...

Before I was gettin fly, I was gettin by
Makin sales I ain't have a scale, weigh it off the eyes
Too familiar with that handgun stayin on my side
The leather nigga played me
I'ma scam, I'ma slide
I been duckin from the cops, pretend them niggas don't hide
Throwin money in the sky
And I fucked the other side
You know damn well I'm high
Yeah I change but I still spend change on the lye

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Bunch of snitches and bitches actin crazy right now
I'm just tryna enjoy my high
Yeah I'm on this lemon Diesel
Doin a little bit of gelato
Got to bust out to Jay Park
Got to bust out to Jay Park
Styles, what's up boy?
East Coast to the West Coast
But you know we got our own bag everywhere we go