

## Top Floor

Berner

Fuck this stupid high  
Yeah, prayin, well I'm high off pot  
Why I smoke so much?  
Cause I'm prayin the high don't stop  
You sling dope, you have to run when the 5-0 stop  
I never needed a G-pass  
Was doing crime since the times  
When niggas would charge a dime for a weed bag  
Get four blunts out of it  
Hit the county for six and had to do four months out of it  
The plug one's cold like all your money was counterfeit  
Ain't pussyin, you ain't say shit when we was countin it  
I'm cool my nigga, but this gun work, I'm down for it  
These are the brakes, either know 'em, or get broken up  
Rogue on the whip  
I'ma drive, let it open up  
Then go on a cop chase  
Before rappers famous for block weight  
High when you playin for high stakes  
Part baked  
Plan based don't care if you've got cake  
Bustin off the 9, I'ma pop eight  
Ghost, nigga

The pot growin, the pot blowin  
It stinks more than popcorn  
If you're not here you're not on  
It's the penthouse, the top floor  
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You gotta stay woke  
Don't let 'em tell you lies  
Keep your eyes open  
They wanna monitor our lives  
No double cups, this a different kind of high  
The chocolate with the Y and the Burmese Cherry Pie  
I'm in the Ghost with the Ghost  
On a three hour ride  
If we like what we tastin, we gon' let 'em fly  
House is full of cash, we get lost in the hills  
Time to get to work and wash these dirty bills  
Eighty grand in a vac seal  
Rap cat, but I'm playin with that bag still  
And bad business got your mans killed  
But the fuck the bad vibes I grabbed another Mother plans in the minivan  
The lemonade come packaged in the little can  
I keep the best stank smokin  
All this good weed it's hard to keep my eyes open

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Having large money and weed I used to dream about  
Playin my cards against the odds until it even out  
I learned young, there's some things you don't speak about  
My life on a deeper route  
I smoke 'til the reefer out  
Rap to the speakers out  
Racks in a even count  
Peas in the duffle I could show you what the street's about  
Hopin when I die I'll be a legend for real  
Until then I'm smokin like I'm in the 70's still  
Top down on Rodeo, through Beverly Hills  
Livin federal, no lie, my pedigree ill  
Got homies locked up who ain't seen no trial  
So for them I roll up by the kilo now  
Stuff the wood with gelato  
Dump the ash, pour the bottle  
Watch the time tick on my Movado, sippin Moscato  
Gettin money in the same city where the Mets play  
You need a hundred pack?  
I get it to you the next day... yeah, it's Cozmo

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