

Grey Luh

Berhana

Come on now
Come down to the streets, man
We got every ting you need
The mango, the coconut, the lime
Please understand that this is the real ting, man
Berhana, berhana, berhana
Motherfuck you

Whiskey trickle down the suede
Close my tab and hit your place
Stumble through the swivel gates
Dap your doorman on the way
Golden elevator waits
3 bumps while it elevate
Forty stories up in space
Forty stories up in space

But I'm fiending for your energy
Snap out it when I'm sober
You used to be my lovely
But them lovely days is over
Over, over, over

Grey love
Hungover Sunday love
Come over, no, stay love
Maybe some day, day love

Grey love
Come over, no, stay love
Hungover Sunday love
Maybe some day, day

Sliding through your marble floors
Risky business, judgment warped
Solace in your innermost
But its all the same thing
Ask me why I'm always high
Roll up 'fore I answer why
You say that it's time I go
Flying forty stories down below

But I'm fiending for your energy
Snap out it when I'm sober
You used to be my lovely
But them lovely days is over
Over, over, over

Grey love
Hungover Sunday love
Come over, no, stay love
Maybe some day, day love

Grey love
Come over, no, stay love
Hungover Sunday love
Maybe some day, day

(Day, Day)
Tell the sun to get dim lit, til wind hit
(Day, Day)
Crave the high when it blows
(Hey, Hey)
Steady, missing out on shit and you can't stand it
(Day, Day)
And on and on it goes
Goes
(Day)
Goes
Living life in a flashback
You backtrack
(Day, Day)
Miss the highs and the lows
(Day, Day)
Only check the weather when your hair did, damn it
(Hey, Hey)
And its all the same thing
Barricaded in your palisades
Running out of time so you should know
Copped this one way out to Mexico
Cause you compress my soul and call it love
Girl
Girl
Girl