

Cure

Berner

This a quarter-ounce J type of day
Water risin' in my pine, Bernie 'hind the itchy balm from Dubs
We mixin' hash with the buzzin'
Ridin' slow, I'm paranoid with all this cash in my truck
Watch [?] when you passin' 'em up
In the night club, smokin', flickin' ash in my cup
I need some Z or somethin' new, I'm snobby with the tree
And the wine fridge full of terps, forty-two degrees
We poppin' overseas, carry-on full of C's
Get harassed when we leave, they runnin' through my thangs
I've been everywhere and back, always bring my own stash
Pay the hotels fees in advance
I'm smokin' out the van, the driver wants a nug for himself
Used to try and chase the bag and now I'm focused on my health
They gettin' taxed just to put it on the shelf
They might need a better line, they beggin' for my help
Pull this glass out and heat up the nail
I like 'em low, two pounds, I'm rollin' vibes by the roll
I'm shootin' dice, I'm on a roll
I just hit three times in a row

We don't want it when it's fresh-cut, we want it when the stems snap
A million bags sold, not a single one sent back
Another one rolled, just cracked another fresh pack
I promise they ain't smokin' like this
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My eyes heavy as I take another cold-start
The lakehouse feelin' like a scene out the Ozarks
Candy pack so dark, I can get an extra buck
It's hard to let the mind chill when you really level up
They fly from everywhere just to come and smoke one
Trips to LA, I'ma need to hold one
We burnin' 'til we can't think, I bet I don't fall asleep
I came up here to shop and I'ma want 'em cheap
Indiana Bubblegum with the real cat piss
Roll another one, I feel like I'm numb
Twenty years later and still, I'm the one
Watch my full-term Garm just chill in the sun
I don't want it if it ain't dried right with the cure light
I told 'em, "This is my time," but they ain't hear right
Only new-new in my lungs, that shit taste like a plum
Hit it soft, I don't want it to brown

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