

# Head Stash

Berner

Lil Gary Payton  
Sierra Mount  
Cheetah Piss  
Grenadine  
4-5-1-6  
Pheno Grigio

Resin on my pants, I just left the ranch  
Out to France, smokin' California weed with my fans  
Every now and then, the game change  
It don't feel the same, the Rolex is plain jane  
The lobby smoke tough, no crutch, it's a three gram vibe  
I hate it when they blow my high (I hate that shit)  
Smell proof duffle kept your boy out of trouble  
Watch the water hash bubble, I chose not to struggle (I couldn't do it)  
I'm just tryna live my best life  
And if he's really ready then I'm hoppin' on the next flight  
Chillin' in the Grill, smokin' cello, drinkin' red stripes  
Bitches gettin' wild on the island, that's the best vibe (For real)  
And this shit don't stop  
Drop a jar in the pot, make a big ass rock  
Throw a box in the truck, tell your plug hold up  
Yeah, the money so thick that it won't fold up

Yeah, I'm just smoking out the head stash  
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If it ain't like this, get your bread back  
Get your bread back  
I'm just smoking out the head stash  
Yeah, I'm smoking out the head stash  
If it ain't like this, hit your weed man  
Hit your weed man and go'n get your bread back

In the white Rover, boss nova  
Got the Gary Payton crossover  
Beware of the ankle breaker  
Cookie bag smellin' like a Life Saver  
Feelin' like life is good  
While I'm whipping through the neighborhood  
No po-pos in my rearview  
Green thumb coming to a city near you  
We got the currency beyond value  
Sorry, don't know what to tell you  
You ain't a fan? Cool, I won't try to sell you  
When they smell the fag on you down the street, they will fuckin' love you  
Takin' trips for the fuck of it  
Spin the globe, there we go, and it's fuckin' lit  
Yeah, you fuckin' with the ultimate  
The only certified stoner clique, yeah

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Elevated how I shop, been lookin' at yachts  
Long jewelry, used to sleeping quarters  
Write my next album on the water  
Thinkin' 'bout coming at us, you better think harder  
Play it smarter  
Why bother? Smoking gas behind deadly curtains  
Phantom of the Opera, her panties drop when my doors open  
High as fuck but I'm still smoking  
Here I go again, floating  
Putting plays in motion, stuffing cones  
Rolling germs, packing bones  
Smokin' and ridin'  
Still gon' roll another fatty when I make it home  
Godfather one and two, a bad bitch in her zone, bring it on  
I make it easy to visualize the shit that I say  
That's why you wouldn't have it any other way  
I woke up to a text, caught another million dollar play  
Hit my head stash, let's celebrate

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