

La Plaza

Berner

One, two, three

She might overdose, I don't mean to boast
But your boy is so wet, I don't need no boat
Presidential, I don't need no vote
We get drunk, talk shit and we breath on dope
(Salute!) This is for the cats on the roof
That are watching our back, while the bag is en route
If you see the blue lights, don't worry 'bout nothin'
If he pull you out the car, please remember somethin'
You don't speak to the police (Nah)
If you don't pay a tax then he won't eat
Got a cold mouth piece, no gold teeth
Blowing bags in a Maybach in '03
Trust me, the money got me dizzy as hell
I turn the music up loud when I'm in the Chevelle
She like to play mind games but I put it through hell
Opened up the bag, what a beautiful smell
All the players love Bern 'cause I'm doing my thang
I'm runnin' the game, I just flooded my chain
Yeah, welcome to La Plaza
Half a mil' stuffed in the door in my Honda

Let's roll one, get fucked up
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya
Let's roll one, get fucked up (Put it in the air, air, air)
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya

I'm fresh off the motherfuckin' piece of good pussy
Now I'm with my nephew, blowing on some Cookies
Intergalactic, the skies are fractured
Take it out the plastic, now light it and pass it
Portable, affordable, elegant
See, my shit's the bomb, but it's executive
I say mine, spray mine, playtime
And bust on yo' bitch in the daytime
I puff from the streets to the suites
"Dogg, you gon' go to jail", Motherfuck the police
See, I ain't never gave a fuck about the law
I smoke everywhere I go, even in Little Rock, Arkansas

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Let's roll one, get fucked up (Put it in the air, air, air)
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya

Perfecto
Roll one for me, and I'll roll one for you

I'm chillin in the club with champagne in my cup
Celebratin' life, filled another armored truck
The breeze feel better in an old-school classic
Versace yacht shoes, I'm brown bag addict
I'm 36 so I had to grab The RZA
My crib got bigger, plant an acre by the river
Cutthroat but the weed make me smile
Opened up the spot, they line up single file

From The Bay to LA, back to the 'burbs
All the dope boys holler, want it back from the Bern
My Maybach look like sauna
Welcome to La Plaza, it's the king of marijuana, let's smoke

Let's roll one, get fucked up (Roll it up)
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya (See, if you ain't smokin', you gotta go)
Let's roll one, get fucked up (Put it in the air, air, air)
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya (What you waitin' for?)

That's that shit
Big joint rolled with a bad bitch
Fuck more hoes than your average
Nigga that ain't come from privileges, I lived the shit
I might look innocent
But I take a bitch and her friend to my hotel
Let 'em smoke wax, let a real nigga hit
She ain't goin' back, yeah, I'm all that
Fucked once never call back
Good weed, where the bomb at?
Bring the car, bring the smoke
Get the room and them bitches ready to go
Let's do this on the low, with no social media, I'll fuck you good
Start off slow down then I'll beat it up
Roll up the trees, fold up the cheese
Keep my six-four clean with a ho on her knees
Pair of Vans on and some white jeans
Talkin' 'bout, "Them niggas gettin' rich", well, we might be
Bitches like me, but these niggas don't
I ain't worried 'cause I'm all about my figures, though, and I'm sittin' low

Let's roll one, get fucked up
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Let's roll one, get fucked up (Put it in the air, air, air)
And if you ain't smoking bud, we ain't got no love for ya

Blaze up
Yeah, matter of fact, smoke yours, nigga, I'm tired of smokin' mine
Hahahahahahaha
You funky bitch, you