And they say that we can't roll up
We're fucked up
My feet ain't on the floor, no
I'm floating
And they say that we can't roll up
We're fucked up
My feet ain't on the floor, no
I'm floating

My pack game on a high level High plane, but never eye level When it's your turn you might fall short Danny DeVito wanna smoke kush Didn't get it? Forget it You're fucking pathetic and lacking credit Contact high, you might get it Studio boxed out, just been jetted Got a global image when I start the scrimmage When I grow spinach, just don't finish My team aggressive, your team timid Like Master P, we got "No Limit" And it's no gimmick Got no reason to bullshit, 'bout it pleases Give zero fucks, but you know that Fire red, and we grow that High as fuck right now Better than ever we never come down Whenever whoever however a pound Whipping the 50 and pushing the sound You might be smoking that brown But we really bring the shit in your town Yeah, the cleanest shit that you found 'Cause we really green the shit in your town

My eyes red, I been smoking all day You know my pack strong it's been lifting them weights Gotta keep my shades on in case they in my face Light a blunt and clear the place And watch me levitate, aye

And they say that we can't roll up
But fuck that
My feet ain't on the floor, no
I'm floating
And they say that he we can't roll up
But fuck that
My feet ain't on the floor, no
I'm floating

I'm 'bout to levitate
I'm skinny no featherweight
I'm eating good, nigga everyday
I eat so much I need a extra plate
Tryna get Berner in better shape
But when we eat, we get extra steak
When we do shows we get extra cake
All we wanna do is medicate

Man, somebody better call a doctor I'm on good cookie and a lotta vodka Shawty shaking ass just like maracas Maui Wowie in helicopters OG in the middle of Compton Couple niggas 'round me, right who want it? Out the hood nigga, I feel accomplished Hit the weed, nigga stop with the nonsense They tell me I can't roll my dope But nigga I don't wanna beat up They tell me I can't roll and smoke Too bad we just lit the weed up It's birthday published Got niggas in jail tryna die in prison Got niggas in the kitchen tryna cook crack Shit, we just tryna get home to good pack

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They say I can't burn when I'm holding Hands all sticky from the weed that 1'm rolling Yeah I got rich, girls on dick Money coming in, I'ma keep on growing Big Berner got a lotta dough I smoke weed all day while the product grow Buy two cribs, I made an island doe I know I'm gonna shine till it's time to go Riding in big Benz Two girls on my dick and they best friends Six chains on my neck and they all shine In car full of killers and we all high Crazy I'm really on top I came from the bottom, I been through a lot All in your city, I'm getting my guap I buried a milli, I pray it don't rot Move work, hella fast If I don't like that batch 1'ma send it back Live good now, been to hell and back Yeah I'm still underground tryna sell the pack The weed that I grow turns blue I'm rolling up cookies with Snoop This shit is the truth, yeah it taste like food You rolling up glue

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