

Levitate

Berner

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
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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
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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 I'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 I'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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