

Miss Me

Berner

Wiz, what's up, boy?...
Some next level shit...
Yeah...
Khalifa man...
Oh, but you didn't know?...
Big boy shit...
Hey, hey
Jeah...

Real shit on my own hype
Las Vegas, we got four-thousand grow lights
This year I'm catchin' more flights
They don't even rock they own ice
I buried money and I pray it don't rot
Thank God I wasn't home when they raided my spot
I'm best friends with my FoodSaver (where my vacuum seal at?)
Monterey county, I just grabbed a whole acre
I'm so tailored, you can smell it in the air
I leave the club with all the bitches, fuck it, life isn't fair (don't be mad)
They say it's a problem but I be everywhere
I'm in a foreign smokin' orange and the police they don't care (they don't care)
Miami bitches call me daddy, I got Asians girls in my hotel on candy (they don't love)
In the early two-thousands, I had purple by the truck
Back then I outta town 'em
Jeah

Spend it all and I'm gon' get it back
Goin' all out, I don't ever relax
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh no, they can miss me with that
Oh no, they can miss me with that
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Send it all and we gon' get the pack
We the first ones, ain't gon' be the last
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh no, they can miss me with that
Oh no, they can miss me with that
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm with my dawgs in the latest of fashion
Niggas hatin' on me 'cause my status
I been goin' so hard every day I'm in the studio trappin'
When you work for it, dawg, it'll happen
I done put a lotta zeros in my bank account, no, it ain't magic
Lost some homies in the struggle, that's tragic
I done put my family on now they seen I'm smart because of my tactics
Love my squad, I got everything tattooed
I got homies that I used to ride with that they say that they ratted
Hit my phone and I'm sayin' what happened
I got niggas in the streets when there's beef and you see 'em, they clappin'
I'm just tryna stay focused, I don't need no distraction

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Ghost

Blowin' on burner, cookies and cake
You can get hit with the zip or the tre-eight
I could blow the bag and get it back in the same day
I would send the packs in the '90s, back in the haze days
Got my second whiff off a piff, it was grade-A
When you could six for the pound, those was the heydays
I smoke plants and I eat plants
Bop with a joint in my hand, that's the cheap dance
I told Berner and Wiz, I'ma whiz with the burner
If it ain't hedgefund money, that shit don't concern us
What the cash don't get, know the credit get
Before the bank, I got thang on the arm for gangster etiquette
Southside predicate, Westside dope house
Know I'm just an entrepaneur that likes to float out
Sellin' juice, veggies and fruit, pushin' hope out
Facts, no alternative facts, we get smoked out

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