

Night And Day

Berner

(Verse)

This rap game to me is like a pot of gold
Especially when it's fat,
I ain't smoked more than I done sold
Never fall, stay in my mode, bro it's winning time
A Rottweiler couldn't keep me from the finish line
And I'm scared of dogs but I ain't scared of yall
Slick and I'm a raw, livin life till our Father call
Yea the money tall but it ain't tall enough
Say you want a thunder, what's that number? I'll call your bluff
Takin shots, Blocka Blocka had a peer with it
We in Vegas, ace of spaddin, play a deal with it
Enemies turn frienemies once the real get it
Don't wanna hit yo joint if it ain't chill in it
Where's a real nigga? On my mama though
Instant problem, no Twitter, better follow though
You better follow us if you fallin though
Money clothes, grindin 4, lot of chronic smoke

(Hook)

'Cus getting rich and being broke's like night and day
That's why I'll probably drink and smoke my life away
Don't worry about a thing, doin what the mic say
I just wake up in the morning like it's time to get paid
They love you and they hate you, that's the price you pay
Got all my haters man feelin some type a way

(Verse)

Tried to fallback from the gym but it ain't work
Niggas try to pull back, when they spinnin they pockets swerving
Khalifa man, so many bars I should be tendin
68, soon as I start it you hear the engine
It's been a while since I done popped up
But since I did my thing got big and wrist got rocked up
My clothes off the runway, the labels let me do what I want
And my money come as easy as Sunday
Started out estate doing shows, now we leavin the country
My niggas got my back like gunplay
I'm rollin up the most expensive weed that I could find
And if you lookin for me you can find me on my grind
You niggas steal the swag, it ain't hard to tell it's mine
I'm rollin up them zags, it ain't hard to smell it's mine
Ain't opened up the back but so you could tell it's fowl
Like that spend 30 grand on a watch, I could tell the shine
But don't even tell the time

(Hook)

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(Verse)

I tried to step away from the game, I couldn't leave
For the last 12 years I've been hustling weed

Ain't a future in the game but there ain't nothing for free
A bunch friends turned phony, it ain't nothing to me
I'm getting cheese, pretty girl in Elize
I'm in Belize in the baby blue ocean just enjoyin my trees
Look I already made it, all this is a plus
Take your fingertip and dip it in a bag full of dust
Take a half a mill cash and bury it in my yard
A lot of rappers go broke tryna be who we are
All these cars out in front of my crib, look like a club
But I don't care about none of the fame, just give me tags
All white gold with invisible set
VVS stones growing all over my neck
Getting rich and being broke's like night and day
I bet a bunch of haters wanna take my life away, aye!

(Hook)

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