

OT

Berner

Uh, you know a nigga be travelin' and shit
On the road, in the game
Get straight to it
You know I ain't even had time to change clothes

You know I spend a lot of time on the road
But see I'm getting to a lotta this dough
And then we turnin' up after the show
After I smoke a pound I gotta go

Yeah, man I'm back in my zone
Fuck a trap, I put plants in my home
When I'm high I don't answer my phone
I lost another pack on the road
Fuck one time, I'm gon shine on these bitches
Roll a raw paper naa, I ain't lightin no swishers
Gimmie cash yeah, then gimmie some more
Me and Wiz put our weed in a store
Arizona bitches, yeah they love me for sure
Let the wax joint burn, shout out West Coast Cure
My shit the bomb heat a nail hit the bong really on
All I want is strong Dom Perignon
In the morning when I wake up I break a zip down
In and outta town it kinda make me sick now
I'm never home but damn this money lookin' right
Wake up in the morning take another flight, gone...

Uh...

All I got is my balls and a quarter ounce of weed that I tucked in my drawers
Just in case the police come fuck it they could bring the dog but they ain't
gettin' none
Eatin' good when I'm on tour hear the beat playin' in the back that's by my
nigga cuz
More buses that mean I'm living large
Bigger check cause I'm the bigger star
Instead of gettin money you worry 'bout how to get where we are
Champagne, pounds of weed, loud motors in every car
Takin shots, rollin up, money so long can't fold it up
They talkin lyrics ain't dope enough
Talkin them pounds ain't smoke enough
Talkin' bout shows ain't sold enough

All I need is some money and weed
On my table there's a pile of cream
Baby girl got her face in the plate
She wanna give me a bump
I'm on a xanie I'm straight... Uh
Four days, I'm in five different states
Burn a pound if I like how it tastes
Set up shop in a city I ain't from
Overnight it celebrate when they come
Jeweles drippin' on my wrist I'm a damn fool
Y'all don't smoke like me n' Wizzle man do
Man I'm on my D boy, kingship
New whip, rollin weed on my pink slip
New strain yeah I'm back on my G shit

Growhouse in a city where the beach is
You know I stay on the road
And I rep that big Bay everywhere that I go
Fasho