

Telephone

Berner

Burn a half a pound in my suite
Pull the room down, no white mold on my leaf
Outta town, they four-grand each
Let this work speak for me, wrist cold as the streets
Remember in December back in two-thousand-and-three
When they handed me a hundred-thousand dollars for some weed
It was me, Nice, Black, and Fee
Sauce in the back, breaking down sweets
My heart's cold, too many had to leave
It's hard to fall asleep
We talk often in my dreams
I want you here, I don't care if you're lookin' down
They smell the purple piss everytime I pull around
Real city boy, they love your boy in the town
Houston, Atlanta, now I'm Vegas bound
Money in my carry-on, f*ck it though
They can pull me off the plane and try to run up in my home
You know I stay ready, knowin' where my daughter sleeps
These dudes crying broke, really, they don't wanna eat
I took a hundred P's, sold it in a half hour
Pull ten pounds off one plant, it's sour
Real dope boy, Berner'll never switched
OT, tryna sweat a bitch
Cookie man, full of dead presidents
Ridin' with a cannon big enough to kill an elephant

This the life we chose
Long nights, pretty hoes
Hard white, outdoor for the low
Cash out, re-up, let em' go
They talkin' crazy on my telephone
This the way we live

Crazy all the shit we did
Tripple wrap each one right before we ship
Why they catch em' and they let em go?
They talkin' crazy on my telephone

Man, I just made four-mil
Pull down, indoor, grow room, sell the whole field
In October, I sent trucks up the hill
Let em' go for sixteen, give a f*ck how you feel
Uh, yeah, I'm done playin' with the mail
In California, they're for sell
If you send em' and you fail, who you blaming?
How many folders is my name in?
I'm duckin' D.E.A. agents while we high-sidin'
Float around in foreign vehicles
Back to back Euro shit, I got a whole fleet of em'
Three-hundred pounds in L.A., shit, I'm leavin' em'
With B-Real, I'll pick up the money in a week or two
This the shit kings do
I promise all my stones' flawless
I got rich from marijuana products
In the grill, choppin' game with Jamaican farmers
Prayin' it don't rain, I'm waitin' for my harvest

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