

# 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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