

Top Floor

Berner

Fuck this stupid high
Yeah, prayin, well I'm high off pot
Why I smoke so much?
Cause I'm prayin the high don't stop
You sling dope, you have to run when the 5-0 stop
I never needed a G-pass
Was doing crime since the times
When niggas would charge a dime for a weed bag
Get four blunts out of it
Hit the county for six and had to do four months out of it
The plug one's cold like all your money was counterfeit
Ain't pussyin, you ain't say shit when we was countin it
I'm cool my nigga, but this gun work, I'm down for it
These are the brakes, either know 'em, or get broken up
Rogue on the whip
I'ma drive, let it open up
Then go on a cop chase
Before rappers famous for block weight
High when you playin for high stakes
Part baked
Plan based don't care if you've got cake
Bustin off the 9, I'ma pop eight
Ghost, nigga

The pot growin, the pot blowin
It stinks more than popcorn
If you're not here you're not on
It's the penthouse, the top floor
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You gotta stay woke
Don't let 'em tell you lies
Keep your eyes open
They wanna monitor our lives
No double cups, this a different kind of high
The chocolate with the Y and the Burmese Cherry Pie
I'm in the Ghost with the Ghost
On a three hour ride
If we like what we tastin, we gon' let 'em fly
House is full of cash, we get lost in the hills
Time to get to work and wash these dirty bills
Eighty grand in a vac seal
Rap cat, but I'm playin with that bag still
And bad business got your mans killed
But the fuck the bad vibes I grabbed another Mother plans in the minivan
The lemonade come packaged in the little can
I keep the best stank smokin
All this good weed it's hard to keep my eyes open

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Having large money and weed I used to dream about
Playin my cards against the odds until it even out
I learned young, there's some things you don't speak about
My life on a deeper route
I smoke 'til the reefer out
Rap to the speakers out
Racks in a even count
Peas in the duffle I could show you what the street's about
Hopin when I die I'll be a legend for real
Until then I'm smokin like I'm in the 70's still
Top down on Rodeo, through Beverly Hills
Livin federal, no lie, my pedigree ill
Got homies locked up who ain't seen no trial
So for them I roll up by the kilo now
Stuff the wood with gelato
Dump the ash, pour the bottle
Watch the time tick on my Movado, sippin Moscato
Gettin money in the same city where the Mets play
You need a hundred pack?
I get it to you the next day... yeah, it's Cozmo

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