Touchdown

Berner

(This is Jay P Bangz)

It's early on a Friday, prerolls twisted
I'm ridin' 'round lifted, I'm high and I'm livin'
Thotty in the pound cake, the milk ain't out yet
Hopped out the Benz, weed crumb on my outfit
Eyes all bloodshot, high in my mugshot
I was 13, gettin' high at the bus stop
Bernie keep a big bag, all that other shit trash
Lookin' at my head stash, man this shit crazy
When I'm out of town, tell the weed man lace me
I'm lookin' out my window, please don't raid me
The weed got me paranoid, the whole spot smoked out
Smokin' out the cannon, my OG's coked out
Talkin' 'bout life in my homeboy's grow house
All this new-new, I'ma show you how to show out
Have my whole room sold out, I'ma get it where you need it
They pay a hundred dollars for a gram out in England

Rollin' big dope up (Rollin' big dope up)
You know I got it on me (You know I got it on me)
And you know if the price right (You know if the price right)
Get it to you OT (Get it to you OT)
'Cause every time I touch down, it's a touchdown
With the money (I run it up, I run it up)
You know it's a touchdown when we touch down
We get higher up (We get higher up)
Nah-nah-nah, nah-nah-nah, hey

Yeah, big clouds when I fire up (Fire up)
The view mainey when you higher up (Ayy, when you higher up)
Blue cook with the diamond cuts (With the diamond cuts)
Ayy, what he want? Tell him line me up (Tell him line me up)
I'm hella high but I ain't high enough (I ain't high enough)
I'm mad as fuck that I ain't buy enough real dope
We gon' smoke it to the roach if it still smoke
I'm loaded from last night, nigga still on
Put him on with a duffle, that nigga still broke
Put him in the position, what is you stealin' for?
Tap in with Bern like when can I get the Berry-o?
You got a P through TSA, that shit a miracle
Crack package and a booby trap back brackin'
Nigga taxin' for the half, you might got some action
Designer marijuana, yeah, they know what's happenin'
California nigga tryna get the load to Kansas

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With the round corners, po-po's on us

'Cause we top movers, hold the top on us
Weed game on savage, yeah, we ain't the average
Got the leverage, yeah, we get the cabbage
Paper in the luggage, we hold a lot of baggage
Need a ticket to the greatest show, come and grab it
Tell the story like old glory, oh lordy
Keep a stack like four stories, no worries
No sorries, no sorrow, yeah, we full throttle
No stoppin', no lookin' back out of the shadow
Roll it out heavy, unapologetic
We out to get it, we out, out to get it

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