

Whole World

Berner

Puerto Rico
Rosé Calico
Light green weed, lil block off the kilo
I just made a few tickets off a new feno
We just did some molly off a new c-note
Lobster tails on the ocean, we smokin'
It's hot outside, but my neck is all frozen
My main bitch owin'
My grow lights glowin'
My water's world wide, I ain't flex on no one
Shit, I'm in my own world
And ol'girl, she get wet when I hit
We flip coke to the whole world
Proof phone, I wouldn't speak on one
Shh, high tech smoke got me coughin' up a lung
Six-hundred-thousand, I count it by hand
I used to bag up 448 grams (The whole P)
Yeah, I had the trap goin' wild
They say I fell off, I ain't laughed in a while

We travel world-wide
All or nothin', y'all be frontin'
While I'm holdin' somethin'
Yeah, we stuntin' with the oil bakin' in the oven
We get you higher, go and light the fire
Now you get what you desire
Smokin' up y'all
Toke it up and breathe it in
Smoke it up y'all
Blow it up and watch me win
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Hey, yo Cesar
Rollin' down to Ibiza
You can be by the beach
Take shots like a razer
Smokin' at my leisure, got the trim in the breeze
While I'm trappin' out the world, rollin' out on a visa
Street sweepa', it's cheaper to keep her
Bust these bitches, out there eager to please
So let me feed her
She's a dreamer, yeah, she needs me to lead her
To get her ready for all this fuckin' people that's gonna need her
Fuck the world to the high life
Then light the flame, try steppin' in my life
The weight is heavy to carry
Bern and I legendary
And by any means, necessary
Hit the white girl, light the cherry
You wanna talk to the doc, make appointments with my secretary
I be on call 24 hours
You can call the doctor when you need the flower
It's all drama

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Costa Rica
Girls want a visa
Want to come home with me, do I love her, do I need her
Roll up, I get high as Khalifa
Shoe plug trade weed for all the newest sneakers
In a city with a dirty two liter
And that big thang, Bern don't rock the two seater
Lemon shatter, new cut for my breeder
Got a truck full of clones and my own home theater
Really on, I been good since '06
Skittle dabs, they gotta be low temp
Hit the club, leave a dub, you can pay me later
Mailin' bread, Lemonade, and Now and Later
New shit taste great, dog, I can't lie
And I been sellin' weed since junior high
And ain't shit changed, but the size of the stones in my chain
The money and the fame

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