

Know the Half (feat. Dyce Payne)

Berner & Styles P

Yeah, niggas is welcome
Thinkers lay there
Just roll one the fuck up
As a matter of fact roll a few up
Let's go nigga Wake up, light one
Take a shower, light one
Get dressed, light one
High as a bird, pussy by the time the night come
Promoter just called with the bag
Get the flights done
Booked for a week, suite with a balcony
Half a pound of gas makin' hooks to the beat
Cop the hundred pounds of kush to push to the street
In the jeep, lightin' up the leaf headed to the East
The Southside and the West end
Well me and the dealers is like best friends
I could go to the club, get the set in
Need some nudge in the arm, I'm your reference
Now I'm dope I'm out of the loop
I'm sellin' juice
Tell the engineer, pull up the beat, have a loop
And we don't smoke mint, that shit is for the kids
Lookin' jig, play my nigga BIG sittin' in the coupe, Ghost
Payin' strains and we switchin' lanes
We get to lickin, we get the change
We get the bag, and we blow it back
Knee deep in this shit you should know the half
Fifty fifty with your men and you owe 'em half
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half Why my name in your mouth if you don't
know me
Good vibe only
Put one in the FR, the dear homies
It be hard to move the money round with the feds on me
I'm just tryna buy real estate
Get this dirty cash in the bank
New Levi's with my pink coat
The ash on my joint, white as clean coke
Give 'em back the twenties, keep the C notes
Fuck the drug war, the world need dope
Lighter lift ticket, baby girl wanna kick it

We really livin', thirty bricks in the Honda Civic
I ain't slept in 'bout three days
Baby girl crazy but she pays
They don't know the half of it
It's cash up front I never had a pack fronted
Payin' strains and we switchin' lanes
We get to lickin, we get the change
We get the bag, and we blow it back
Knee deep in this shit you should know the half
Fifty fifty with your men and you owe 'em half
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half Don't love you till you're gone
Give me flowers while I'm here
I pulled up to the neck with a joint behind my ear
Smellproof backpack with a hundred grand in it
Black minivan, with a bunch of plants in 'em
You all know the hat
I come from the light
You aint never had to say a prayer before you took a flight
Feds pulled me off the back of the plane
They runnin' through my bags, askin' me names
Before I was gettin' fly, I was gettin' by
Makin' sales I ain't have a scale
Weighed off the eyes
Too familiar with that handgun stayin' on my side
The leather nigga played me
I'ma scam, I'ma slide
I been duckin' from the cops, pretend them niggas don't hide
Throwin' money in the sky
And I fucked the other side
You know damn well I'm high
Yeah I change but I still spend change on a lie Payin' strains and we switchin' lanes
We get to lickin, we get the change
We get the bag, and we blow it back
Knee deep in this shit you should know the half
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Knee deep in this shit you should know the half
Fifty fifty with your men and you owe 'em half
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half Bunch of snitches and bitches actin' crazy
right now
I'm just tryna enjoy my high

Yeah I'm on this lemon D
Doin' a little bit of gelato
Got to bust out to Jay Park
Got to bust out to Jay Park
Styles what's up boy?
East Coast to the West Coast
But you know we got our own bag everywhere we go

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