

# Keep Smokin (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

## Berner & Styles P

See the bank, smell the strain  
It's mob lucky, meetin' in the smellin' range  
A couple million bucks can make a fella change  
Stellar with the a cappella, hitmen, boxin' games  
My impact, if you took the pack but ain't got the change  
These niggas said they G but we not the same  
'Cause a flea can kill a dog when the chopper ring  
Usually your dope boy, jack boy shot the thing  
Having you on my peace shit, leaflet, paper lit  
Fax here, wax here, dab it you can vapor it  
I can give you game, nigga do the same  
Red and blue the same, if the whites is the only niggas makin' it  
I'm floatin' through the smoke  
My eyes are barely open  
I'm 'bout to roll another one up  
I'm floatin' through the smoke  
My eyes are barely open  
I'm 'bout to roll another one up  
I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
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I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
You're my overdose  
If you smoke a ghost you might tap out  
If you burn with Bern I'm on OC dope  
Snow white, Limoncello and Cherry Sherb  
This new shit look hella crazy  
I'm smoked out on a private plane  
I got two b's in my Louie bag  
I'm a real rehab, we all move the same  
I got extracts, head stash  
I'm still in the bay, border pass that  
I'm on the 101 goin' hella fast  
Sand and bitches, sellin' packs  
Live a good life, been to hell and back  
More first class flights, blow plenty of cash  
My hair spendin' and my team winnin'  
I woke up drunk next to three women

I'm poppin' tags and rubber bands  
I just got a new spa for my mother plants  
I bought a fifty pack on my rapper vans  
I don't sleep at all till the package lands  
Glass jars full of new strains  
We change the game and they love it (they do)  
New York, October, them indoors keep comin'  
Yeah it's flooded I'm floatin' through the smoke  
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I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop) Plant base put 'em in cash care  
Entrepreneur to put the meds now  
Pick it back up, put the cash up  
Real nigga, lay it back down  
Driftin' on 'em sideways  
Ain't high enough to see God's face  
BUt that snowman, in that KIng jack  
And that guava, I'm in God's space  
We be up in them airlines  
We be rippin' them highways  
If you can't grow it through Dubai way  
For that big body in that driveway Crime pays, I'm on the highway  
Big red truck I wanna fly away  
Well in the gang you a lightweight  
Your girl let a boy to let me pie-taste  
Big ass crib and I pops the rubbers  
I'm on FaceTime just talkin' numbers  
52, 32, 22, even 15  
Dude we so good we don't sip no lean  
We don't cut no coke, no we leave this shit clean  
I was only sixteen when I made twenty grand  
Put it right back to work, in this city I'm the man I'm floatin' through the smoke  
My eyes are barely open  
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I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)  
I'ma keep smokin' (Don't stop)Don't stop  
    Don't stop  
    Don't stop, I'ma keep smokin'  
        Don't stop  
        Don't stop  
        Don't stop  
    Don't stop, I'ma keep smokin'  
    Don't stopI'ma keep smokin'  
        Don't stop  
        Don't stop

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