

# Faded

Berner

A million  
(Shit)  
I'm like really stoned  
Like really stoned!

Hundred thousand dollar days got ya boy in a daze  
I'm a California king, OG, no haze  
I'm looking out my rear view like Pac said  
Cash another cheque, let em' worry bout' that nonsense (fuck shit)  
My crew breeds strains that got the whole world like  
Cookin' more Cookies, still get two per light  
Whatcha' girl like? I'm in a S-Class  
Wax room look just like a meth lab  
I done made two mill of off extracts  
B-Real, let them know where the best at (down in Cali!)  
Quarter mill for a field is this real?  
Do they really get down when I yield from the hill  
Got me straight for a couple, I ain't worry bout' a deal  
Two dabs and I got 40 bags sealed  
Ice for the bong, so my smoke is chilled  
Shit, I burnt my first joint to Cypress Hill, for real

I'm so faded, a million, a million, a million  
I'm so faded, a million, a million, a million  
I'm so faded  
I've been in space before one time  
And I swear that I  
Was not dreamin'  
No I was not dreamin'  
I'm so faded  
I've been in spaceships once or twice  
And I swear that I  
Was not dreamin'  
Cause' I was not sleepin'  
I'm so faded

One strain, two strains, three strains, four  
So many flavours, Berner brought em' through the door  
Kush n' Cookies for ya, we ain't no rookies for ya  
But we've been lookin' for ya title, and took it from ya  
We move pounds all around town, over/underground  
How we did it is none of your concern, now  
I can't concentrate, I hit some concentrates  
And we about to get, higher as we elevate  
One thousand lumen watts  
Times 20 bitches tannin' by the 10's we got  
Everything on lock, were on some get money, money, shit  
Put it in the air, use a Phuncky Feel Tip  
So as we grind it up, green thumb, wind it up  
You want a new strain? Berner gonna find the Cup  
You want a pound or two, you want a count a few  
Put em' in buckets, when we're done you wanna zone or two

I'm so faded, a million, a million, a million  
I'm so faded, a million, a million, a million  
I'm so faded

A cup of liquor with some Swishas, I'm so sweet  
This shit I'm blowin' make Bo Peep move four feet  
OG, sprinkle keif leaf on mine  
This watermelon make you wanna eat the rind  
East of Vine, Sunset Boulevard  
Roll it up, take a hit, but don't pull it too hard  
I seen a lot of fools ball out  
They try and join the Snoop Dogg smoke session, then fall out  
I spent a million on bud in 1992  
And now I get it for free, like I'm supposed to  
Chose my venda', open my winda'  
Pull some kush lit out with hash, in the blunt and I blend them  
Rewind cha', remain, and rememba'  
Cause I'm choppin' and droppin' trees, screamin' out timber!  
Advocate, always push dro  
One of the reasons my face is on Mount Kushmore  
And you wanna know how I feel?