

Granted

Berner

We drink out the bottle and smoke 'til we panic
I'm glad to be alive, I'll never take that for granted
I'm high out my mind with my hand on my cannon
I'm glad to be alive, I'll never take that for granted
Six A.M., smoked out, eyes slanted
How they money problems mine? I'll never understand it
Can walk around lost and show up empty handed
I'm glad to be alive, I'll never take that for granted

L-I-F-E, I'm flyin' on a jet ski and workin' on my legacy while all the rest
sleep
There's money on my melon, I'm a legend, let the dead speak
We lost Big Smoke and dead a man in the same week
Medellín and Patrón, ten deep
Lightin' candles, tippin' bottles, I can't think
I'm tryna smile but the bad news pile up
My mind racin', told baby I ain't tryna fuck
The finer things are nice but it don't feel right
Don't have my brothers with my, we just talked last night
We need to celebrate more, if we're here, we're blessed
Twenty five million all from the finesse
He's his own worst enemy, he's scared of success
I've been happier with less, we don't smile for checks
But I smile when my young one texts me
Half a mill with the jury, young homie, don't test me

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Long way from home, shorty caught one in the dome
They don't love you 'til you outta here, can't tell me I'm wrong
Drunk off juice, every night Déjà vu
I'm on go 'bout the homies on my gang tattoo
Look I don't want crumbs, you wouldn't last a day where I'm from
His body went numb and now his momma missin' her son
We all tryna eat, we gotta survive and it's a jungle
Just make sure that pack that you take, you never fumble, uhh, word
Just caught a flight to the Bay
I know a bad white bitch and she just tryna get paid
Big ass joints, don't try us, we the get-back boys
One in the top so he ain't hear that click-clack noise
Money machine, hunnids on my mind right now
I get wit'chu later baby, ooh, not right now
That's just how it be, I gotta get Bern on the line
That's my nigga, he know how to have a wonderful time
What's up?

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