

# Pheno Grigio

Berner

Yeah

I'm 'bout twenty-five joints in  
Thirty joints in  
Or the variety serious

I can hear my heart beat, the smoke session serious  
I need the Cheetah Piss before they're done curing it  
Fresh out of Cereal Milk, the homies ain't hearing it  
The inventory's low, and Bern's been clearing it  
The only car in my lane, nobody steering it  
Fresh off the block, like for real, look how pure it is (What up, Mike?)  
Beyond woke, I'm high, tripping off the pyramids  
They big mad, they realized whose year it is (I'm finally on)  
Work ethic make 'em sick, I'm really chillin' though  
I took a year off of touring and made a killing though  
All the zeros in my bank is a miracle (Thank God)  
The DMT got me askin' where do spirits go?  
Me and Curren\$y passing joints back and forth  
Low temp eNail, I don't need a torch  
Wait the signature and leave it right on the porch  
Man, this beat so hard, it don't need a chorus

Just turnin' this level up in here, I forgot  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Phenotype Grigio, stickin' to the G code  
Step out in clean clothes, rollin' on my D's gold  
My pinky ring froze but that's what you already know  
Them boys done outdone themselves with this rope  
This that smoke alone, don't pass it  
This that smoke a whole zip in the comfort of your home  
I'm selling out arenas, fly as fuck at my show  
Tryna show my city a good time and a lot more  
Some of your niggas hating, they behaving like hoes  
Downplaying your come-up 'cause they hate to see you blow  
But I don't wan' compete with my friends, I'd rather eat with them  
See everybody papered up at the end, that's my vision  
I bought my mama a Benz, and I bought my booboo a Jag  
And I'm rollin' a '68 Rag, at the light, igniting my gas  
Steady thinkin' 'bout cash, on a mission  
To go and get more, on the way to the next score

Yeah

Uh-huh

It be hard for me to sleep at night, sleep at night  
You should see me and my demons fighting, killing me inside  
Familiar with the sliding, ain't no sense in tryna lie  
Tryna put that shit behind me, next day, my partner died  
Ain't no point in talkin' 'bout what happened after, we them guys  
Ain't no point in firin' up if it ain't Cook', don't even try  
Rollie for my daughter water water, no surprise  
I can't escape the hatred, only focus on the prize, still I rise  
Never mind me, plot on my demise  
Fifty-fourth floor, lil' off inside the sky  
Multiunit building, what's the offer? Where I sign?  
Respect the transition, I come from a life of crime

Where it's .40 pops or better, lack of confidence in nines  
This Rollie ain't for flexing, it just compliment the time  
Can't stand to taste the raws, we only smoking out of vibes  
And if your Bookies ain't from Berner, then politely, I decline