Table (feat. ScHoolboy Q)

Berner & Styles P

Sheesh
Just a week ago
Everything was sweet
I'm losing close friends
Money ain't shit
I'm sick of greed
I lit the weed then I crack the bottle
Will I see tomorrow?
I let it all for my daughter and my babby momma
Sketchy drug deals got me here today
Pocket full of seeds chopping trees down in Uruguay
We go to jail I piss a year away
They don't see the value in life
Shit, I'm here to stay
I fucked around I'm bout to gun show
Indo for the head sell all the sun grown
Remember where you come from
'Cause acting brand new that ain't something you can run from
Shits changing yeah I'm still crazy
Fuck the world that's how I feel lately
Yeah, put a couple joints in the air
I'm riding slow through the city in a brand new McClaren
A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
A whole lot of money on the table
They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm alive
A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
A whole lot of money on the table
They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm aliveThey say real niggas never die
Word to my weed I'm forever high
Money on the table some set aside
Been stop banging put my set aside
Probably out touring
Money on the dining room table that's Ralph Lauren
Smoke on the kitchen, table more on the counter top
I'm not around a lot
I'm touching pounds alot
Probably in the foreign
Me without weed is the Fugees without Lauryn
The movie without a star
A speaker without a forum

Niggas don't feel me, fuck it I just ignore them, nigga
A full saver in a digi scale
Two lawyers on deck if you've been to jail
Money machine and the automatic
Money on the table and that mansion and we all can have it
Deuce
A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
A whole lot of money on the table
They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm alive
A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
A whole lot of money on the table
They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm aliveWhat's there when you pop but gone when you not
Your homies ain't solid, keep explaining to cops
The weed man won't pick up the phone now
And every now and then you duck where you hang out
Three homies from your childhood memories timed out
You get addicted to sliding slapping the five in
The streets was our fathers
Needed the Bentley low mileage
Couldn't get it in college, we learned
The struggle make my appreciate every dollar I earned
I love to see my mother's face when I tell her to splurge
I did that, chauffeur my daughter in my Maybach
That take me back to when we new jack
And different colour food stamps
But now I hurt the burner with style
And now I got Peruvian couch, nigga
In that terranean house
And how the millions come with an out
You feel me?A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
A whole lot of money on the table
They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm alive
A lot of money on the table
Will I make it or not?
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