

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 alive They 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 alive
 What'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?
 A whole lot of money on the table
 They say I'm worth more dead than when I'm alive

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