

# Night & Day (feat. Wiz Khalifa & Problem)

## Berner

How do I create annotations?  
This rap game to me is like a pot a gold  
Especially when it's a fact I just smoked more than I done sold  
Never fold, stay in my mold bro it's winning time  
A rottweiler couldn't keep me from the finish line  
And I'm scared of dogs, but I ain't scared of ya'll  
Slick as armor all living life till the father call  
Ya the money tall, but it ain't tall enough  
Say you wanted thunder, what's that number, I'll call your bluff  
Taking shots blocka blocka had a [?] with it  
We in Vegas ace of spades playa deal with it  
Enemies turn frenemies once the real get it  
Don't wanna hit your joint if there ain't kill in it  
Wiz a real nigga, on my momma though  
You better follow us, if you follow though  
(Money, clothes, grinder full, lot of chronic smoke) Cus getting rich and being broke's like night and day  
That's why I'll probably drink and smoke my life away  
Don't worry about what they think or what they might could say  
I just wake up in the morning like it's time to get paid  
They love you then they hate you that's the price you pay  
Got all my haters mad feeling some type of way  
Tried to fall back from the gym but it ain't work  
Nigga try to pull back on their spending they pockets hurting  
Khalifa man so many bars I should be tending  
68' soon as I start it you hear the engine  
It's been a while since I done popped up  
But since I did my bank up big wrist got rocked up  
My clothes off the runway, lables let me do what I want  
And my money come as easy as Sunday  
Started out of state doing shows now we leaving the country  
My niggas got my back like gun play  
I'm rolling up the most expensive weed that I can find  
And if you're looking for me you can find me on my grind  
You niggas stealing swag, it ain't hard to tell it's mine  
I'm rolling up them zags, it ain't hard to smell it's mine  
Ain't open up the bag, but still you can tell it's fire  
I just spent \$30, 000 on a watch I can tell it shine  
But don't even tell the time  
I tried to step away from the game, I couldn't leave

For the last twelve years I've been hustling weed  
Ain't no future [?] but ain't nothing for free  
A bunch of friends turn phony it ain't nothing to me  
[?] pretty girl on her knees, I'm in Beliz  
And a baby blue ocean just enjoying my trees  
Look, I already made it, all this is a plus  
Take your fingertip and dip it in a bag full of dust  
Take a half a mill cash buried in my yard  
A lot of rappers go broke tryna be who we are  
All these cars in front of my crib, look like a club  
But I don't care about none of the fame, just give me drugs  
All white [?] with invisible [?]  
VVS stones glowing all over my neck  
Being rich and being broke is like night and day  
I bet a lot of haters want to take my life away  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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