

# Know the Half (feat. Dyce Payne)

## Berner & Styles P

Yeah, niggas is welcome  
Thinkers lay there  
Just roll one the fuck up  
As a matter of fact roll a few up  
Let's go nigga Wake up, light one  
Take a shower, light one  
Get dressed, light one  
High as a bird, pussy by the time the night come  
Promoter just called with the bag  
Get the flights done  
Booked for a week, suite with a balcony  
Half a pound of gas makin' hooks to the beat  
Cop the hundred pounds of kush to push to the street  
In the jeep, lightin' up the leaf headed to the East  
The Southside and the West end  
Well me and the dealers is like best friends  
I could go to the club, get the set in  
Need some nudge in the arm, I'm your reference  
Now I'm dope I'm out of the loop  
I'm sellin' juice  
Tell the engineer, pull up the beat, have a loop  
And we don't smoke mint, that shit is for the kids  
Lookin' jig, play my nigga BIG sittin' in the coupe, Ghost  
Payin' strains and we switchin' lanes  
We get to lickin, we get the change  
We get the bag, and we blow it back  
Knee deep in this shit you should know the half  
Fifty fifty with your men and you owe 'em half  
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half  
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass  
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half Why my name in your mouth if you don't know me  
Good vibe only  
Put one in the FR, the dear homies  
It be hard to move the money round with the feds on me  
I'm just tryna buy real estate  
Get this dirty cash in the bank  
New Levi's with my pink coat  
The ash on my joint, white as clean coke  
Give 'em back the twenties, keep the C notes

Fuck the drug war, the world need dope  
Lighter lift ticket, baby girl wanna kick it  
We really livin', thirty bricks in the Honda Civic  
I ain't slept in 'bout three days  
Baby girl crazy but she pays  
They don't know the half of it  
It's cash up front I never had a pack fronted  
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Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half  
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass  
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half  
Don't love you till you're gone  
Give me flowers while I'm here  
I pulled up to the neck with a joint behind my ear  
Smellproof backpack with a hundred grand in it  
Black minivan, with a bunch of plants in 'em  
You all know the hat  
I come from the light  
You aint never had to say a prayer before you took a flight  
Feds pulled me off the back of the plane  
They runnin' through my bags, askin' me names  
Before I was gettin' fly, I was gettin' by  
Makin' sales I ain't have a scale  
Weighed off the eyes  
Too familiar with that handgun stayin' on my side  
The leather nigga played me  
I'ma scam, I'ma slide  
I been duckin' from the cops, pretend them niggas don't hide  
Throwin' money in the sky  
And I fucked the other side  
You know damn well I'm high  
Yeah I change but I still spend change on a lie  
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Fifty fifty with your men and you owe 'em half  
Shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half  
Get knocked by police, you all know his ass  
I shouldn't tell you this, you should know the half  
Bunch of snitches and bitches actin' crazy right now  
I'm just tryna enjoy my high  
Yeah I'm on this lemon D  
Doin' a little bit of gelato  
Got to bust out to Jay Park  
Got to bust out to Jay Park  
Styles what's up boy?  
East Coast to the West Coast  
But you know we got our own bag everywhere we go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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