

# Cloudy Day

Berner

Just another cloudy day

Room spinning, stuck on the couch  
Can't think about nothing but weed  
It's a cloudy day, it's a cloudy day.  
Just another cloudy day  
Just lost in my thoughts,  
Don't care about no one but me  
It's a cloudy day.

What's the four cast, I tell the broke bitch get me more cash  
and throw me piece signs when I roll pass  
I'm ridin' dirty plus a shit ain't got no tags  
that's all bad like pretty girl with no ass I'm old fashion  
money stackin the weed I'm passing, is top shelf  
I ain't never had a bag I couldn't sell I couldn't do it well  
mister always got something new to sell  
I bet a few Benz and make a movie tell what shakes on  
I'm asking baby girl what's the new cup honey  
I'm in my table just fucking off the drug money  
my little humb boy trust in the plug from me  
fuck the ground any cut to hide slug from me  
Cloudy days the sky's gray I'm just chillin  
watch the fame die that's the none feeling  
and I ain't satisfied with just one million  
I need a hundred more and I'm gonna get it

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We rollin up these roll papers, we on cookies we on kay kays  
Roll joints and we get hit as snookies hair  
we make the room, we take the room and glow it down  
And turn it in two that cloudy white air  
My bitches they smoke too and got bitches who got bitches and got bitches  
And these bitches is down for the turn up, role up  
Light up, smoke up, we getting money, we ain't no dummy  
So get them oddy as I'm getting us right there,  
I'm on some kushy not some full shit, but I do this I ain't that green  
I make that green, ride the green fool  
I instagrams, and sixta grams and roll them three joints  
Fool and now that two grams of insta win is three times is hot  
Like Mac and Devon in high, school  
They call me Tooth I got swag is in the bag you call me  
Guess what, I will be right there

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