

# Enough

Flume

Yeah, King Push  
I could tell you what the Porsche cost, what my wrist like  
What a brick weigh, what your bitch like  
Ace bottles and late models, niggas happy with the base model  
Fashion God from fake model, they follow  
I'm the culture, KRS in a 'Rosta  
Poetry, Scott La Rock with the coca, I'm the joker  
My bitch got the poker face, she a soldier  
Might let you fuck just so she can show me the safe  
Yugh! I did live through drug wars, open suicide doors  
Fuck the bitch on mink floors but it ain't enough  
Yugh! Seen the world on these tours, Porsche paying 'til I bought  
ht  
Yugh! I partied off shores but it ain't enough

Motivate or I can be a menace, you got two choices  
I got one chopper, I'm hearing voices  
I'm seeing visions, these Rolls Royces  
In arms reach, I come creep, these snakes are poisonous  
Oyster perpetual lifestyle, look at the watch on me right now  
Bezel blinding like a bright cloud  
It's a drug dealer's dream  
Everything that I say is everything that I mean  
Let's weigh it up

Check, kilogram on the neck, money, power, respect  
Real shooter's on deck, but it ain't enough  
Yes, man I just got the text, she's just waiting, undressed  
Her girlfriend brought the checks, she ain't enough  
Everybody get the tech, all you niggas hit the deck  
Bitches think he got next, but it ain't enough  
Haters still wanna test, but I just say, "Fuck the rest"  
Always gave her my best, but it ain't enough