

Finesse

BossMan Dlow

Nigga, yeah, nigga
Big Za
(Gentle Beatz)
Nigga, nigga

I can make the dope stretch, I can teach finesse (Finesse)
And I'm 'bout my check (Big, big, big), you better come correct (Come correct)
These hoes stay choosin' (Huh?), trap straight boomin' (Yeah)
I'm a pack mover (Yeah), I'm a weight loser (Yeah)
I can make the dope stretch, I can teach finesse (Finesse)
And I'm 'bout my check (Big, big, big), you better come correct (Come correct)
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I remember breakin' into houses, okay, where the cameras at? (Where they at?)
Now I got like thirty G's stuffed inside a fanny pack
Plug threw a nine-piece, okay, bet, I'ma handle that (We get it done)
You ain't keep it P? Okay, bet, stand on that
All these designer clothes, I look like a damn booster
Hunnid in a sixty, fuck state troopers
Phone chirpin' in the mornin', bae, we roosters
Them niggas ain't ballin', bae, we hoopers
Huh? Bae, we D1 (Yeah)
We ain't worried 'bout nothin', bae, I got funds (Yeah)
Reup on some- yeah, yeah
Reup on some- shh, hit the trap, get it done

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These hoes stay choosin' (Huh?), trap straight boomin' (Yeah)
I'm a pack mover (Yeah), I'm a weight loser (Yeah)
I can make the dope stretch, I can teach finesse (Woo)
And I'm 'bout my check (Hey), you better come correct (GloRilla)
These hoes stay choosin' (On gang, gang), trap straight boomin' (On gang, gang)
I'm a pack mover (Yeah), I'm a weight loser (Yeah)

These bitches ain't no competition, man these hoes stay losin'
They talkin' gangsta shit, but I'm the bitch you hoes ain't foolin'
He closed his eyes and pulled the trigger, man you niggas ain't shooters
You hangin' with the niggas that bucked you for your pistol, you a brewster
I can make my throat stretch (Ayy), I can make a mess (Woo)
Each day ran up a couple hundred thousand, went thirty days no sex
You know how lame it is to confront me about a nigga through a text?
You know how fast I'll turn your favorite nigga into your favorite ex, ho? (Haha)
Fuck, abracadabra on your ass
Stop blowin' him up, he with me, lil sis', we laughin' at your ass (Stupid)
I ain't puttin' that shit on, I can show them what that shit is (On god)
Mirror, mirror, on the wall, tell me who that bitch is (On gang, gang)

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t)

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