

# Finer Things

Cam Meekins

Uhuh, yeah  
So far so good  
'Cause I been doing things that they wish they could  
Smoke fill my lungs  
Car full of skunk  
'Cause every single day I just do what I want  
Come and party with the youngin who don't really have a care  
I remember days, felt like nobody was there  
Still, I'm like the best kept secret  
Wanna be Lamp City, but you just can't speak it  
Got the hotel room filled up with peeps  
Blessed, chilling with some bitches who gon' roll some weed  
I see the hate, I don't instigate  
I make music, you do it for the Insta fame  
But not us, true player for real  
Like my man Carl Tommy hold out on your deal  
Because the money come in lump sums  
But tonight, I'm just really tryin' to love some

Thinking 'bout you lately, I don't even know what planet I'm on  
(Tell me what world we on, baby, tell me what world we on?)  
Give me one good reason, why don't me and you just leave and go home?  
(I just can't do anymore, baby girl, it's like two in the morning)  
I life for the fun of things  
We just rolling all these strains  
Smoke the whole thing to my face  
This is just another day

Ay  
They wanted me to fail, now I pay for the bill

That real talk, like it's good service hitting the sale  
Them late nights that I had felt like I was in Hell  
Remember sleeping on the couch, man the pillows smelled  
And now it's Versace sheets when I rock the beat  
Two tones, sub-mirror and [?]  
Got investments in stocks  
Big boss moves, it never stops  
I'm flying on a jet to helicopter hangars  
Parties at them big ass mansions  
Them coops, got two, thinkin' bout an expansion  
Grass full of weirdos, Marilyn Manson  
I just wanna motivate, "Cam, you so handsome!"  
We just pop corks  
Man, that's par for the course  
I'm finna rap my ass off 'til my voice gets hoarse  
And when you see me pulling out, late night in that Porsche  
Just know I worked so hard for this, Lord

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