

Four Finger Ring

Caskey

Fo' finger ring, gettin' bust down
Straps stay on me, better not fuck 'round
Catchin' flights 'cause I get around
Man, in every other city, they be knowin' how I'm gettin' down
I thumb through the money on the regular
And I smoke the gas, never regular
Bitch, I got the weight, I'm a heavyweight
I pop another thing and I'ma levitate, yee, yee, yeah

Fell in love with bankroll
Burnin' up a zip 'cause when I smoke, it's tank full
Fresh up out the ziplock
At my bitch crib gettin' head, pussy, that's a pit stop, yeah
Damn right, I got my [?] back
On the stage the only time I need some feedback
We ain't worried 'bout a stalker, homie, we strapped
'Bout that money, I'ma relapse, yeah (yeah)
Pussy, all my brothers I'ma die about
Caught a body for the kid
So what I did, I bought his ass a hideout

Thumb through the money on the regular (woop)
And I smoke the gas, never regular
Bitch, I got the weight, I'm a heavyweight
I pop another thing and I'ma levitate, yee, yee, yeah
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Killin' shit for too long, I can't stop that now, though
How you switchin' up on the kids y'all were down fo'?
Ever since a jit, I knew that I would be a scoundrel
Now my neck pieces got more ice than the South Pole (ooh)
And my wrist is like a igloo
If my enemy was this rich, I'd be hatin' him too
I'm a mafuckin' pitbull
You dog too but, pussy, you ain't me, you a shih tzu

Said I couldn't go there
'Til I fucked around and did twenty shows there
Bitch, there ain't no hoe here
If you know what was best fo' you, I wouldn't go there

Fo' finger ring, gettin' bust down (bust down)
Straps stay on me, better not fuck 'round (fuck 'round)
Catchin' flights 'cause I get around (woop)
Man, in every other city, they be knowin' how I'm gettin' down
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Can't let you slow my roll up, baby
I'm on a paper chase, and
No time to be complacent
My homegirl still invasive

I've been on a power trip, I
Manifested everything I want
People prayin' I'ma slip, I'm
Lettin'-lettin' everybody know I won't
Bitch, I got my head straight, but the screws loose
Cut off all the dead weight, I got new juice
I skip breakfast to hustle, but the fruit loops
Hangin' from my neck, so I guess I gave 'em new use, yeah

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Straps stay on me, better not fuck 'round (fuck 'round)
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Man, in every other city, they be knowin' how I'm gettin' down