

## 6pockets

Finesse2Tymes

Art of war

Finesse

(Pablo, you crazy for this one, haha)

They tried to treat me like Peewee (Literally)

They gon' put this shit on repeat (They gon' run it back)

Pull up to the club with so many gangsters, niggas thought I was a GD  
(A boss player)

Five poppin', six poppin' (What's poppin'?)

Quarter mil', all profit (A profit)

Four pockets full, I fuck with Lil Baby, but I need six pockets (Let's get that)

We in the mall with sticks and Glocks 'cause it can go down like any  
here (Like right now)

I'm fuckin' your bitch from the back, her pussy was tight, so I was like  
get in there (Get in there)

I drip like it's tax time, Louis V belt wrapped around my MAC-9 (Hlrrt)

FNG the clan, like Aryan Nations, we don't give a fuck about black lives

They thought they left me behind, I caught up and passed 'em, clean as  
a vacuum

She on my dick like a Magnum, FOA, gotta fuck on arrival

Niggas throw slick shots, we got big shots, we choosin' big locks

[?] at my rich pops with a big thot, rollin' up out a Ziploc

I told the team, "Let's eat up" (Let's eat up), we jump on the stage,  
get beat up (Get-)

Them Glocks got titties, C-cups (C-cups)

I'm dope, the streets wanna reup

I'm what they waitin' on, we run the city, the fuck they debatin' on?

Them niggas didn't fuck with me (Fuck with me), I got out and came up,  
now they faje long

I don't want no apologies (Fuck that)

Fuck love, I don't need acknowledgements (At all)

Just bring me my backend (Let me get that)

I get it, I'm gone like it was a robbery (I'm gone)

Seventy-five for a show (Seventy-five)

Forty thou' for a walk-through

My communication skills fucked up

I'm the wrong one to try to talk to

Everybody with me finessin' (Finessin')

She tryna leave and get naked (Come on)

I pulled out, tried to cum on her

She like, "Naw, baby, let me catch it" (Ayy)

I'm like, "Ooh, you gangster" (Gangster)

I made it back home, Lord, I thank You (Thank God)

If a nigga would've tried me in jail, on the Five, bro, I would've shanked 'em (Bitch)

It's easy to kill 'em, I gotta outthink 'em

They want me gone forever (They want me gone)

At first they wasn't fuckin' with me, now they wanna link and do a so

ng together (Tryna link with me)  
Naw, I'm cool, homie, all money ain't good money  
I'm here to get everything that the streets done took from me  
Come get you some kush from me (It's war)