

# Revelations

Finesse2Tymes

(Dee, you poppin' your shit, nigga)  
Rap niggas be contradicting theyself (Be contradicting theyself)  
Get a lil' money, start feelin' theyself (Get a lil' money, start feelin' theyself)  
I don't need a clique, I can hit her myself (I can hit her myself)  
Ice out, look like a brick of the meth' (Ice out, look like a brick of the meth')  
Dog, I look like a brick or the boy? (A brick or the boy?)  
Pull up at his show, put them sticks on the boy (Put them sticks on the boy)  
Cut his life out, I hear, "Ah"  
Keep all that (Twysted Genuis, baby)

I ain't never cap, I ain't even graduated (Graduated)  
I'm a boss when I move, it's calculated (It's calculated)  
And I'm staying down for the crown (For the crown)  
If they want this bitch, they gon' have to decapitate me (Decapitate me)  
Don't be bringing me up in your conversations (Don't do that)  
If it ain't 'bout no commas and punctuation (And punctuation)  
They won't see me up under investigation (Under investigation)  
That's on God, I'm hotter than Revelations (I'm hot as hell)

Stay independent and make 'em respect it (And make 'em respect it)  
And these lil' niggas with me gon' die 'bout this necklace (Gon' die 'bout my chain)  
VV's cuffed, the time of the essence (The time of the essence)  
Fifty some shots, only twenty some seconds (Grrt)  
Investing in merch, I'm expanding my business (Expanding my business)  
Record labels calling me, "Mr. Ricky" (Mr. Ricky)  
Groovy lil' rappers wan' pay me to kick it (I'm straight)  
Thirty some shots, get off quick like a snippet (Grrah-grrah)  
I'm in Cali' with a MAC in my Dickies (A MAC in my Dickies)  
Don't gamble your life when you see me in Vegas (Don't do that)  
I run this shit and that's it, gotta face it (That's it, gotta face it)  
I gotta go, wanna fuck? Gotta chase me (Go)  
Caucasian bitch fuckin' me like Jamaican (Fuckin' me like Jamaican)  
Hit from the back, on the Perc', gotta shake her (Shake)  
Say you hate rats, but yo' boy wrote a statement (Statements)  
Say you hate pigs, but yo' boy ate the bacon (Rat)

Rap niggas be contradicting theyself (Be contradicting theyself)  
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Ice out, look like a brick of the meth' (Ice out, look like a brick of the meth')  
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Pull up at his show, put them sticks on the boy (Put them sticks on the boy)  
Cut his lights off, hit the switch on the boy (I cut 'em off)  
FNG sticks, tote a linen, of course (Of course)

In the Runner with the 'za and an jaw ('Za and an jaw)  
Ace of Spade like a barn of con (Barn of con)  
Lately I been on some big homie shit (Big homie shit)  
She coughing up like she sick on the dick  
Rap bitches won't eat the dick for a feature (Beef)  
Told her this dick cost more than a feature (More than a feature)  
I don't know you, I'm a clap when I greet you (Clap when I meet you)

I'm CEO, have a "See nice to meet you" (Sit down)  
Fuck I'm worrying 'bout another nigga?  
Put a hundred on him, let them brothers get him (Brothers get him)  
And they know it's on site, seen 'em duck a nigga  
We got footage, just can't touch our Russian nigga (Our Russian nigga)  
I'm American, I got the Russian, nigga (I got the Russian)  
I ain't playing fair with 'em, I snip a nigga (I snip a nigga)  
She like, "2, you the truth", I ain't fucking with you (I ain't fucking with you)  
When I came, she kept on sucking a nigga (Sucking a nigga, ooh)  
Damn, you like that? (You like that?)  
Let me go make this play, I be right back (Make a play, I be right back)  
Another play hit my phone, I lost track (Oh, damn)  
In the 'Vette smoking Cookie, the soft, bitch (I'm smoking Cookie)  
I got everybody reppin' the fire now (The fire)  
I was reaching, they want me to sign out (Want me to sign out)  
The city back mine now (Let me get that)  
Why is you looking surprised now? (Finesse)

I ain't never cap, I ain't even graduated (Graduated, two of 'em)  
I'm a boss when I move, it's calculated (It's calculated, two of 'em, Clay)  
And I'm staying down for the crown  
If they want this bitch, they gon' have to decapitate me (Yeah)  
Don't be bringing me up in your conversations (I'm back)  
If it ain't 'bout no commas and punctuation (Facts)  
They won't see me up under investigation (Yeah)  
That's on God, I'm hotter than Revelations (Two of 'em)

On God, I'm draining that bitch  
Keep all that shit too