

Finesse

Jim Jones

Feeling good, man I'm feeling good
Finesse and then I juug
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In my hood, woke up in my hood
Nigga I wish you would
Feeling good, man I'm feeling good
Finesse and then I juug

Finesse, finesse
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Finesse and then I juug

We got the bricks and the yay
We got that shit you don't weigh
We get them package of loud
I got that shit from the Bay
I know some Crips in L.A
I know some Bloods out in Harlem
I got my bitch on the way
She got a bitch on the way
I got some niggas, they put the clips in the K
I got some chicks in the A
You took a trip to Miami
You get a drop, you get that shit for a day
I get that shit cause I want it
I'm in that shit getting blunted
I'm in that shit doing me
Let your new bitch get up on it
I do not care about warrants
I told my lawyer to steam it, any charges that they throw
I told my lawyer to clean it

I want the bricks and the commas
I want some more and some more
I got them bricks and the commas
I want galore and galore
I am not talking bout lyra
I fell in love with the mirror
Damages, look at my hair
I fucked your bitch in the leer
Twitter fingers in her rear
Make that pussy disappear, yeah, yeah
I dropped a 4 in a 20 and Fanta
NYC all the way down to Atlanta
I rock your bitch like a Gucci bandana
I'm feeling myself just like Tony Montana
I snort the caine, nah, Tony Montana
I got the mothafucking gun
I got the hammer, I'll put my dick in your grandma
Don't ask me why I call you son
I cannot fuck her, I'm focused on money
Focused on 20s and 50s and hundreds
Finessing the plug, we take off and we're running
I can have a rich homie, you know that we stunting

I want that green so they calling me Kermit
Man that boo got me hot, man I feel like I'm burning
I beat that lil pussy like Ike, call me Turner
So get that G string like I just pulled a permit
Finesse

Real nigga, fuck for real on the reg, nigga
Drive em in, rolling 6s, Durant, nigga
I fell in love with them killers, them niggas, they dead niggas
Feel it, come back on that alley, fuck with Durant, nigga
Me and A\$AP, Jimmy, Jimmy, that's a head, nigga
Feeling cleared up, kill a nigga for some bread, nigga
Niggas talking, man I'm finna hit em with the lead, nigga
Told him, kill him cause we heard him talking to the Feds, nigga
Whole block full of Bloods, fucking with them red niggas
Get caught when you come up short with the bread niggas
We some head hitters
I'm that coke dealer
Getting more figures
You that broke nigga
Must have called a nigga G-Unit cause we guerrillas
Bitches wanna give me neck cause we getting more skrilla
And more skrilla, and more skrilla
Fucking gold diggers, getting more bigger
Yeah we feeling good