

# Finesse

Jim Jones

Feeling good, man I'm feeling good  
Finesse and then I juug  
Feeling good, man I'm feeling good  
Finesse and then I juug  
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