

## Exfoliate & Faint

Nessly

I just got off tour and copped a condo  
Let me give you a tour  
I just got off tour, and I want some  
Let me exfoliate your pores

I just got off tour and now I'm balling like I'm Rondo  
Counting up real early in the morning like Alonzo  
Flood this shit like Elliot, I'll still give you a light show  
My pocket FN tight but my hips don't need a night glow  
I ain't even Curry, I got green thumbs  
Like Ayesha Curry, my bitch ballin' (swish)  
I brought my gang, look like security in the mall with me  
Bust down a forty, one millimeter, it costs a small fifty

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I'm from the mud, I'm from the sediment  
I'm finna make her change her skin regiment  
I'm 'bout to whip it like it's eggs benedict  
Put you on CNN with the F&N  
Broke bitch throw it back for a Mac gift card  
Know your nigga get mad, Ferrari in your front yard  
Ooh this not for TV, this not NBC  
When she drop that ass on me, now she dancing with the stars  
I ain't talking 'bout no freestyle, but I give her bars  
Break her off like a Kit-Kat, she wan' fuck me on Mars

I just got off tour and copped a condo  
Let me give you a tour  
I just got off tour, and I want some  
Let me exfoliate your pores, yeah

Drank so many Sprites that I fainted  
Dose off to the inflight entertainment  
Right wrist fifty, left one is an eighty  
All these pointers in my wrist cost a Mercedes  
Hold that talking if you thought you was gon' play me  
Come with that bag or we gon' send you down to Grady  
But we're the same if you late, or you flake  
I lost my accent 'cause I'm always out of state, yeah, ayy

Wake up every morning thinking how much money can I make  
Ordered ten plates, waiter thought I was on a date  
These bitches Australian or something, all they want to do is mate  
All these bitches wanna date me, tell 'em all they gotta wait  
Yeah, shawty fine like wine, bust her down like a grape  
Whippin' up them babies, ship 'em off inside a crate  
Play her like a ukulele, my bitch fresh like a laylee  
I'm the football Brady, Gucci on her like a cape  
Yeah, and my life like gravy, 'cause there's so much at stake  
Niggas stole my swag, had to tell 'em it was late  
It just turned 2018, I did that 2008  
Heard some good things about her, blow me up 'til I inflate

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