

# The Finer Things

Ramirez

Come right here, deep pockets, lil' bitch

They be like, "Who that? Who that?" It's the motherfucker with the strap

Lay 'em down one by one if these suckers don't pay the tax (Brr a)

I can never fuck with a broke bitch unless they bring the scratch

Hoppin' out the '64, golden D's and the Kangol hat

There ain't no politickin' so don't you come my way

Ain't no dealin' with bitches who can't even hold their own weight

I'm like a lion in the jungle, better yet a gorilla

My mind is twisted from all the bullshit that I done witnessed

I never step foot out the crib without my nine-millimeter

A dosage of paranoia 'cause partner, these streets will eat ya

I done seen too many players fall victim up to the game

Some forget that this is chess and not checkers so plot your way

I used to dream 'bout the finer things

Takin' my mama out the hood, whippin' wooden grains

But now I'm whippin' on a new one every single day

Pourin' the Ace of Spades, swimmin' in champagne, couple pinky rings

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I'm on the move, sucker niggas thinkin' we cool

I'm gettin' money from Killa Cali to Baton Rouge

Y'all can't even get on my level, you niggas minuscule

Hangin' on my nutsack, cousin, you really pitiful

I'm in the six trey, contemplatin' a payday

Puffin' the ghetty green, put a bitch on like I'm Ray J

You see this pimpin' but deep inside of my veins

Cold-blooded young bitch breaker, keep a distance from these lames, uh

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