

## Finer (May)

Robb Bank\$

Pretty young nigga and I'm fresh out a relationship  
Fresh off of vacation and I got bad girls trying to play with it  
Once these hoes see what I'm about they say they love me  
Dry martinis with the olives  
Olive work pants with the rugby  
Fresh jive swim trunks, my nigga Lansky taught me  
Pam Grier look alike sipping on a chill coffee  
And that violence state my thread count  
TTS taking head count  
That 6 day a week life  
Seven head shots leave them red now  
It's the antichrist  
When I'm talking to your bitch I'm Dr. Dolittle  
At the casino, table five, betting bills on games of You-Gi-Oh!  
Got a milf in a midlife crisis down for what you want  
I kill her daughter in my sheets Casey Anthony in my trunk  
My nigga, I don't do no drugs, I just feed them to these women  
Not slowing down they way of living, but passing out on the floor of my  
Kitchen  
And once we see that we twit picin'  
Lighting sage, playing Sade  
Record 'till Thursday get becky from Rebecca Black on Friday

Skinny young nigga and I'm finer than my bitch  
All my niggas want the finer things so that's how we gon' live  
We doing things you niggas probably only hear about  
I bet yo bitch tryna' slide once I put my hair down

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We paid in full like Rakim and allah though  
Cop the jaguar in the middle of the car show  
And I make all these new hoes tell you niggas how they done with ya'll'  
My exes call me asshole my hoes call me tumblr God  
I post a pic of yo bitch and the last time we was out  
So what if you got the weed you still can't weed us out  
It's Orville Bank\$ till I reside in that sarcophagus  
Until then I'm pouring drink into my esophagus  
No replacements but you niggas can't see that  
Everything we say true but you probably won't believe that  
I can't smoke now but my bitch finished the whole weed bag  
While I'm sipping out the straw that you get with the tree wrap  
I stay indifferent when these hoes say I'm on that different shit  
Cause you niggas can't read me nor get past my penmanship  
I'm with a shone you probably only seen on your dashboard, man  
Bumpin Fat Pat pass the weed  
And Houston's for the dinner date  
Every time I bring you up she say stop it  
She got her fingers through my plugs and I got mine by her socket like

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Ugh  
What you thought you little bitch?  
Tuesday through Sunday  
Same shit  
Still fuckin yo bitch ho  
Stunt, stunt mhm  
Okay