

## Fine\$t (June)

Robb Bank\$

Now that's love to my bottom bitch, kisses to my new hoes  
Pour 'em up Dirty Sprite, tell 'em that it's Nuvo  
Just tryna get 'em to loosen up that tight end  
But funny how I'm tryna tighten up loose ends  
Two sets of loosies, blow down one half  
Other half blow me down put back to mattress  
I Love Lucy double standard, past tense  
Thinkin' 'bout pussy, money, and a math test  
What you thought, I'm in my 20s and shit?  
Working 5 to 10 to make it rain 20s and shit?  
But I still keep Emilia Clarke fixin' me dinner  
And she wear that halo like she came from King Yemma like...

Trill, young nigga and you know I want the finest shit  
Wear the finest threads, fuck the finest bitch  
(Playin' in my hair, say she gon' think of baggin' me)  
(She wan' twist it, but I let it lock naturally)  
Man, I told you last time, I'm too pretty to fucks with'cha  
Why you think Ashley went and dipped on a nigga, huh?  
(Bitch, I'm the finest, Cadie co-signed it)  
(10K for my grill, gold, no diamonds)

I'm shinin', gleaming  
I'm yo' ho favorite shit, next to semen  
You can't see me  
Bitch, I'm puffing peyote out on the tipi  
Counting Slumdog millis  
Got Latika on her kneezy  
Be easy  
Saggin' and my drawers showin'  
You like Rick Ross? Well bitch, I like Rick Owens  
Say it cause you ain't noticed  
How casual my dressed clothes is  
Or those same pants that I keep my bread stowed in  
You more observant, tell me why yo' man looking tough?  
We just some well dressed goons, don't get your head bust  
Don't get it fucked up and don't get your bread touched  
Make you catch a fade 'fo your girl lick my head up  
I'm movin' weight through the city, call me Luke Shapiro  
Looking for a hipster girl in a size zero  
Only like her Vans dirty cause its in this season  
With her pants ripped like Goku after Frieza  
I got one that ain't dropped to get her Eagle on yet  
Grey Goose for my Black Swan doing the pirouette  
Double cup of Moët (Presents) gotta' overpower her  
Markin' triple-x's all on my Supreme calendar  
Now that's 2 girls, and a double cup  
You boys fuckin' up  
Tuesday Through Sunday, cause  
Straight like that Presents if you run with me  
OBP, fuck with' me, stop fuckin' with' me

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I'm the finest, Cadie co-signed it  
10K for my real gold, no diamonds  
I'm the finest, I'm the finest  
Finer than my bitch  
Man, I'm finer than my finest  
I'm the finest, finer than my finest  
Muhfucker what I tell you, err'time it's  
OBP and them niggas still the finest  
Bitch call me "My Highness"  
Unh, pussy...  
Sure, sure...  
Yeah, said I'm the finest...  
Pretty, young nigga and I'm finer than my diamonds...  
Said I'm finer than my finest...  
What...?  
Finest...  
Uh-huh  
Say what...?  
Said I'm the finest...  
What, what, what, what...?

She want something more than just us  
Moaning that loud ain't doing me no justice  
Written all on your face, I see that you lost one  
Page through my rhyme book, see that I fucked up  
Touch slow, fuck fast  
But your first thought was you and I wouldn't even last  
Same nigga from the ave, same nigga that never cared  
To get bitches high just so they could play in my hair  
Lil' bitch