

# Finesse Everything

Skyzoo

I sip the henny white, listen and write and share knowledge  
And pour more cause I got a case in the spare closet  
My talk walks all thru the tape of who sharing product  
44s all on they waist, they here wilding  
Their corridors turned to a range with spare mileage  
The speakers in the door upgrade, you hear the pockets  
Alhamdulillah all in my tape, I talk Godish  
But still talk bitches and Bape and support thotting  
Contradictions, and grew up with a couple pots to piss in  
My parents was split so I was drifting  
You drift to whatever you seen before, I drift over letters like Ouija board  
s  
You thinking hasbro I'm thinking the back door, boarded when the fear come  
And chris and snoop with a nail gun  
Fear none, hear none worth fear being involved  
They fear me like I'm Sheila Salaam  
Seen it all, I mean, thank God for bank cards and crash readers  
Knick game, all black sneakers  
Yellow chain, floor seats, cameras on me and Bay Frazier  
My Jordan 3s might break up a lay up  
Still flourish like I'm starving, shuttlesworth stardom  
I'm usually in the garden I ain't too hard to find  
And know whenever you carving mine  
A double entendre's a two part rewind, bet I finesse everything

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(Who's world is this?)  
Don't matter I can finesse it  
'Cause if they can't answer you that they outta the question  
And if they can't hand you it back stop suggesting  
Either that or they can get back to finding the exit  
Sitting in the front of the plane  
Ghostwriting for pick a name and another name, one in the same  
And my OGs would give us jewelry under their rap sheet  
And me and my wisdom blow jewelry money in patsys  
Wisdom be leaking out my grapefruit troop  
But it don't break thru to you until that pay shoot thru  
'Cause know that if I wasn't writing it for them you seen em sketch me  
If I tell it then y'all bet it, I'm Ian Begley  
Rap shit started at 9 on class walks  
And now it's me and another 9 on the blackboard, ask for him  
He can rhyme his ass off, he can rhyme off his ass  
And Lex Steele it how he slide in the stash  
Meanwhile me and A' debating on early Nas  
And talking 'bout how we first linked like calling cards  
Back when he called me over off the gold on my Nikes  
Regretted letting me play, my crossover was nice  
Chicken wings, fried rice like I'm still 16  
And I don't get called for features cause I kill 16s

That's word to my man Joell, this rap shit's a bunch of "oh wells"  
Fuck whatever I don't sell, bet I finesse everything