

Fine Things

Wynne

If I May...

Christo

Then I might

We don't do designer, keep 'em by the fire
Peel out on a upgrade, you could never find us
We been tryna find the finer things in life
We been tryna find the finer things we desire
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Right there off of Genesee, sipping lemon Hennessy
I been skipping classes for the scratch offs with no penalties
Ever since I hit the 10, I got new tendencies
They ask my advice, I give it to 'em with a rental fee, woah
Always plead the fifth if he ask if I'm his bitch
Drop off at the back door, slide into the party off a fifth
I feel the shift, miss me with the small talk
You're not on my list
I'm running the risk around
They wanna roll up with us, but I don't take hits, uh
I don't face L's, we not to scale, check in the mail, uh
I couldn't see it, I feel it, my future was written in braille, well
I don't ever give my stamp, treat it like a grant
Business in a bloom, think I'll open plants

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I don't need a reason, elevating per diem
I can't respond per DM, I would never leave my phone alone
I'm not sleeping weekends, the rental like a Reeses
I won't pick up the pieces when it break off like a Toblerone
(Nobody home)

Woo, shit, don't run it up on my Visa, my bank account got amnesia, uh
Ride in my car low like Frida, keep it low key when I'm speeding, uh
Used to make rounds when they need it soon as it hit the receiver
Now I wish they'd keep my name out their mouth, but I guess that the grass is
always greener
I wear the belt on my leg for safety, he wanna fuck and I might get hasty
He got the key to my tailgate, I make him a fan while we pregaming
What's the daily?
I would yell his name, but now I'm blanking
He gon' buy me drinks, I love fundraising
A.C. in the eighties, no printing blue like JAY-Z
Labels on the phone, looks like I have to keep 'em waiting
Tryna make some space, they cannot keep up with the pacing
Four seasons for my seasoning, I'm spooning up the gravy

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