

Jesse Owen\$

YNW Melly

Yeah, finesse
Jesse Owens on the, on the track, track, track
Skrtrt, pull up in a 'Vette
Me and Stupid Dope the life of the party
Skrtrt, pull up in a 'Vette

I ain't worried 'bout these hoes, I'm tryna get the gwalla
I'm just runnin' to the money like I'm Zoey Dollaz
That ain't molly in your swisher, boy you smoking flocka
Put that forty to your eye and I'ma Fetty Wap you
Got to bustin' after school, they thought I had a chopper
Had the police looking for me with that helicopter
I be fresh, I be rocking Gucci, Louis, Prada
I'm from Gifford, yeah I grew up with them fucking robbers

Ooh, finesse, finesse
Jesse Owens, I be running up the check, the check
I know you want me baby girl don't try to flex, try to flex
Just keep it real, you like the way that I finesse
Finessin', finessin'
Everywhere I go I keep the Smith and Wesson
Finessin', finessin'
Road running to the money, I'm progressing

Ooh, finesse
My ex bitch hate me, say she wish we never met
Fuck a Jag, skrrt, pull up in a jet
And I got gold all on my neck, that's why I flex
I was road runnin', tryna get that cash in every way
JGreen told me it was time to eat, I went to grab a plate
If you owe me, ain't no buckin', pussy boy you better pay
You moving slow, I like my money fast, lil nigga ándale
Why you acting like a stranger, girl I thought you were my bae
I ain't asking for too much, lil bougie keep that shit one K
I be flexing and finessing, I be gleeming in your face
You won't really light that shit right there
'Cause that shit there ain't weight, hold up

Ooh, finesse, finesse
Baking soda got me runnin' up a check, up a check
I know you want me girl but put that shit to rest
Ain't tryna talk to you if it ain't 'bout a check
Eight hundred K, I'm almost at a mil
They still ain't call me, tryna sign me for a deal
That shit you rap 'bout, we be doing that shit for real
You rap about the streets but we hot shit for real
I'm a road runner, baby you can call me Eminem
That's your boo thing, she be sucking on me like a mint
Fuck a rope chain, hit the jeweler, copped a cuban link
Bitch I'm with the 90's baby, sauce dripping like a sink
She a freak, I like how she bend it over, touch her feet
Bring it back, bust it open, let me see that pretty thing
She a freak, I like how she bend it over, touch her feet
Bring it back, bust it open, let me see that pretty thing
Ooh, finesse, finesse
Baking soda got me runnin' up a check, up a check
I got gold all on my wrist and on my neck, all up on my neck

She call me Robin 'cause I'm flyer than a jet, than a jet
Ooh, finesse, finesse
Baking soda got me runnin' up a check, up a check
I got gold all on my wrist and on my neck, all up on my neck
She call me Robin 'cause I'm flyer than a jet, than a jet