

# Future, Finessin

One thing about me, I know how to get out the mud nigga  
Fly shit on  
Rags to riches  
I ain't lookin' back  
Yeah, F.B.G.  
We global now nigga  
Payin' dues

Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin'  
Finessin', we came up from nothin'  
Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin', Finessin'  
Finessin', we went from rags to riches

Whippin' up that Frank Lucas  
Cookin' up that Young Poochie  
Beamer cool with a clear view  
Got 'Rari with the clear view  
Trapped out I'm on CNN  
Space shuttle I done went to Mars  
Call this bitch who can taste the dick  
Got a gutter bitch gonna take a charge  
Went to Paris on a weekday  
And I'm comin' back in a couple months  
Everyday I wake up  
I'm drinkin' lean, I'm smokin' blunts  
Dropped out of my high school  
Then I went and copped me a drop top  
Got residue on my dreadlocks  
My whole style unorthodox  
Tradin' in my hand scale  
Started sellin', them big bells  
30 bricks by 30 bricks  
I could sell a nigga some oatmeal  
Sell a nigga some horse feed  
Cashin' out for a hundred pounds  
Sell a nigga some A-1  
I'll cook it up for you right now

Credit card my swipe game  
I strike off like lightning  
Fuck with me, my lick game  
... excite me  
I'm takin' off like MJ  
My check game like Nike  
Anytime I get that cash  
That cash make me hyphy  
I'm jumpin' off my products  
Stackin' up my dollars  
I stay chasin that guala  
Ain't no turnin' up my collar  
Represent my city  
Nigga want game gotta pay pesos  
That pink inside my Styrofoam  
Got yellow bones on my iPhone  
Runnin' up like a treadmill  
Conversation gotta pay field...  
Everything I wear nigga  
Is Farrago in public  
High top Margiela's  
Thousand dollars for a sweater  
Money talk no pressure  
Everything disrespectful