

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