

Quintana Pt. 2

Travis Scott

One thing these bitches just got you finessing designer (Straight up)
Oh my God it's no rental compared, there's no need to remind you
Robbed my plug, that nigga wasn't getting me higher (That dope)
Oh no no, Oh no no no no no no no
Stuck on black as True Religion (Straight up)
This that shit that keep you geekin'
I been fucked me bout 5 bad bitches this morning
And I ain't goin' back unless they horny
Oh no no, Oh no no no no no no no

(Finessing, finessing)
I can't go one day without finessing
(Finessing, finessing)
Ain't no argument and we straight up finessing
(Finessing, finessing)
Ain't no argument and we straight up finessing
Straight up, straight up
Ain't no argument and we straight up finessing
Been on that weed with my team
Rolling with my team, yeah we all finessing

Man here it go, fishcale, A1 perico
Fill PJ's up with kilos, then sell it like it's legal
Everybody he know could have gotten hit with the rico
Caught a couple of charges they was weak though
Feds had to let him go in a week or so
Still, still need the key to blow, whole heap of dough
Ran the streets for so long, man the team was so on
Damn it seem like so long ago, we had em in Mexico
He tryna make a bet, three bricks more
The, people always run up on us in Texas though
Only by the grace of God they ain't catch though
Some lil young nigga with some big dreams
Almost on the verge of doing some big things
Tryna get a bird since he was sixteen
And I ain't playin' around, fifteen more
You know a nigga love nice things
And the price in the hood is too frightening
Them niggas ain't gon' do the right thing
Except for me to do my thing

Tell me why she wanna leave me
She used me to get high
She used me to get higher, higher, higher
So tell me why she wanna leave me
Ooh, ooh, oohh, ooh, ooh
(As the days go on, the southern region of our national anthem, the quest for La Flame, this journey, it's the last days)