

# You Too Fine

## Birdman & Mack Maine

[HOOK] Drake

[VERSE 1] Birdman

Candy red, candy on a new bed  
Versace spread, hundred where a nigga laid  
Where we played, brought her on another site  
Oceancity view, hella choppers everynight  
G5n' take her on another spree  
Shoppin' spree, for solid fuckin' with a G  
YM nigga, YMCMB, everyday the luxury life of a OG  
Persian rugs, chandeliers on the marble floors  
Birkin bags, Chanel with the glass doors  
V12 760 with the new money  
New ghost, pearl white bitch, Young Money  
Yeah, higher than I've ever been  
Ocean water, just skooze (?) Gucci Benz  
Brand new photo Benz, and every time I come I got my two block twins

[HOOK] Drake

[VERSE 2] Mack Maine

I said, Oooh girl you classy, Ohh Ohhh girl you nasty  
Type to never ever put no type of draws where your ass be  
That's one of your best qualities babygirl if you ask me  
Lookin' like a Harv professor, hard for you to pass me  
Dis purp got me high man, I'm feelin' like feelins  
Premeditated murder, yeah tonight I'm tryna kill it  
You say you been doin your keagles (?), well tonight I'm tryin' to feel it  
Rest in piece to Gary Coleman, "What you talkin' bout Willis?"

Don't need no translator to understand your bady language  
Your ass must be part of the bloods the way that bitch bangin'  
I ain't no vocal coach, but I would have that pussy sangin'  
You seein' stars and stripes, you hearin' bells ringin'  
Yeah, now tell me your secret as I slide off in your vigous (?)  
All night sessions is your blessings, don't worry bout no quickies  
We could get tipsy like some hippies and Minaj like Nicki  
So soon as you get home, hit me cuuuzzz

[HOOK] Drake

[VERSE 3] Birdman

Twenty on some custom ? lens  
Brand new whips, everyday foreign lens

Di-Dippin' while I'm divin' shortie love to see me win  
Whe-When she come around all red blood Benz  
Pearly, area, they on some money shit  
Hustlin' shit out the bed on some runnin' shit  
Hundreds flippin' money nigga on some hundred shit  
Old school nigga, big money shit  
Red wine, clear port on the sunshine  
Harley Davids, matchin' bike, just like mine  
Cherry wood, nose divin' cuz we on the grind  
Born rich, money stay on my mind  
Roberta could file a nigga, she don't ball  
Sunset, LA, she don't ball  
G5, one night just to see the ball  
You don't run the game (??), nigga threw the ball  
[HOOK] Drake

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