

You Too Fine

Birdman Feat. 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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