

Brisky **"Fine As Hell"**

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(This how you really get your dougie on right here man)

(aye..whoa..aye..whoa..aye..whoa..aye)

Hello My Darlin, how do you do?

Hello My Darlin, it's so nice to meet you..tonight

(Verse)

Uhh, that dress with your back out, damn that make me
black out

Killer when you walk, more dangerous than a trap
house

Swag like an actress, but too pretty to act out

I'm here with my niggas, she with girlfriend in the black
blouse

Coincidentally, we both in parties of two

I think it's only right that we party with you

I see you cross the room looking like you need a groom

Ya body's a banger girl, I'm trying to be who you shoot

At like Gmail, you that type female

The type of girl that can bring the shore to the
seashells

And I ain't playin, I might end up your man

If you keep it up like a bra without bands

I'm a black star like the tats are on your hand

You look like you a star, therefore I am a fan

Front and center at your show, trying to touch your
hand

Tonight I'm trying to kick it with your band

(Chours)

From over there you look good

From here you look great

(lil mama you cookin)

Can I get a plate?

I can tell you got taste

Them shoes ain't from the states

Got a lot of ass, but not a lot of waist

Baby you're Fine As Hell

Fine As Hell

Darlin you're Fine As Hell
Fine As Hell

Hello My Darlin, how do you do?
Hello My Darlin, it's so nice to meet you..tonight

(Verse)

Look, them lower back dimples, make a nigga act
simple
You control the pace and I'ma keep with that tempo
You up in here looking like the models in the window
Amazing how your skin so smooth like Eddie Winslow
Complimented by that sexy ass laugh
Them sexy ass heels, show off them sexy ass calfs
Don't know if you have school, but hell yes you have
class
She know that dress small, she don't let that ass spaz
(Oh No)
Way too on point to let it come up
20 nails done up, hair back down front up,
Wearing accessories, Forever 21 rung up
I must say Darlin, you are a stunna

(Chorus)

From over there you look good
From here you look great
(lil mama you cookin)
Can a nigga get a plate?
I can tell you got taste
Them shoes ain't from the states
Got a lot of ass, but not a lot of waist
Baby you're Fine As Hell
Fine As Hell
(You're fine, you're fine, you're fine, you're fine)
Darlin you're Fine As Hell
Fine As Hell
(You're fine, you're fine, you're fine as hell)

(Verse)

Mama I swear the way them breast sit, gon get you
arrested
The way that dress fit, deserves a toast, Texas
Bellybutton diamonds, same ones that's in her
necklace
I'm head over heels for how you build, Tetris
I knew that you was sexy, with a whole lot of S's
Across the room standing by the guy with the guest list
Looking gooder then a tall glass of nesquik

Swagger saying 'Nigga I am not the one to mess with'
You finer than bottles of wine from the twenties
Act sadity, it's ok cause you're just that pretty
With a waist that skinny and a ass fat plenty
Like you say in them clothing stores, 'Pass that to me'

My Darlin
(you looking good)
you put together quite well
(you put together quite well)
Yea, I say hello my darlin
If you're doing how you look, then girl you doin fine as
hell

(Chorus)

From over there you look good
From here you look great
(lil mama you cookin)
Can I get a plate?
I can tell you got taste
Them shoes ain't from the states
Got a lot of ass, but not a lot of waist
Baby you're Fine As Hell
Fine As Hell
(You're fine, you're fine, you're fine, you're fine)
Darlin you're Fine As Hell
Fine As Hell
(You're fine, you're fine, you're fine as hell)

(aye..whoa..aye..whoa..aye..whoa..aye)

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