

# Lord Finesse, Save That Shit

[Lord Finesse #1]  
Yeah, what's up Finesse?

[Lord Finesse #2]  
Aw yeah! What's up, money?

[LF1] Just tripping on how girls used to be flipping last year

[LF2] That's understandable

[LF1] Then I came out with the record, making a little papes

[LF2] So what be going on?

[LF1] So you always got girls saying "Finesse, remember last night's action?"  
You know what I tell them? I tell them to...

Save that shit! [x7]

This is for the females that think I'm not the same  
Y'all think I'm different because I got a little fame  
I remember y'all laughed and teased me  
I wanted to make records, no one would believe me  
I admit it was hard from the beginning  
I used to strike out with the women  
You know the females that be fronting and jiving  
Don't wanna see a brother until you're paid and striving  
You know the fly girls, the bad looking hotties  
The ones that think they too good for everybody  
Girls used to leave me and go because I had no dough to show  
Now I'm paid, told you so  
Now fly you see, some girls be eyeing me  
Hoes who used to diss me want to all say hi to me  
Now I'm straight, making crazy papes  
So they all be asking "When we singing on a date?"  
This is not welfare, you gets no help here  
So keep walking and take your ass elsewhere  
I remember you dissed me a year back  
(I was only playing) I'm not trying to hear that  
Always fronting playing hard to get  
(Finesse, I'm yours) Don't give me that shit

Save that shit! [x7]

I knew another girl who used to walk all proud  
Could never say hi, she had her head in the clouds  
I used to see her every day out the week  
She was mute cause the hoe would never speak  
Didn't know things like "Excuse me" or "Thank you"  
Sporting crazy jewels with extentions to her ankles  
She wanted me to treat her like she was a damn star  
Always fronting, driving her man's car  
It was all about her, 24-7  
Driving around calling everybody Kevin  
She had good neck and kept all the girls panicking  
Playing in town showing off like a mannequin  
Brown sugar complexion, fine-looking figure  
Always winking and smiling just to fuck with a nigga  
I asked her what's up, she fronted and fessed  
Playing like she's too good for Finesse  
She acted like she was all that on her high horse  
She used to diss me, roll her windows up and drive off  
Word up, she was known for acting stuck up  
Now I'm paid, she fell off, that's fucked up  
I remember how she put me through hell  
Her man's in jail, she crashed his car, oh well  
Look who's the star of the picture now  
Things are opposite, or should I say switched around?

(Do you call her?) There's no need to  
Se be calling me saying "When can I see you?"  
I guess she don't remember how she treated me rotten  
Talking and laughing like everything's forgotten  
She used to be teasing, now she's hawking  
(Finesse why you fronting?) Look who's talking!  
You used to diss my crew, said I looked pitiful  
(Come on Finesse, you know I want to get with you)

Save that shit! [x7]

I met another girl, the fly side of them all, G  
Had it going on plus a job on Wall Street  
Finally met a female I can claim all mine  
Problem was she never had time  
When I used to call her she said "I'm busy honey"  
Was it that she was busy or I didn't have money?  
That does it, which one was it?  
Cause on her free days she used to hang with her cousin  
And on the weekends she used to like to rollerskate  
I could never catch her, she always had to motivate  
Never had time, she went out for self  
Told me one day I should find somebody else  
Yeah, she's right, that's what I too figured  
Come to find out, she cut me off for a new nigga  
I was hurt, things got hectic  
But my man put me on and I came out making records  
Got a little fame in the industry game  
I seen that hoe again, you know that bullshit changed  
Running up saying "Finesse please listen!"  
Would you believe the hoe? (I'm a born again Christian!)  
Bullshit! The hoe was trying to hide  
She lost her man, plus her 9 to 5  
Telling me sorry, no hard feelings  
The girl fell off like cracked paint on the ceiling  
Nappy extentions, looking all bugged  
Trying to catch me at all my shows at the clubs  
Telling her friends "Finesse? Sure, he's hype"  
(He used to sweat me) Yeah, sure you're right  
Her best bet is to chill and stay home  
Instead of always beeping me from the pay phone  
Tying up my line, always interrupting me  
Calling every hour just to say what's up to me  
Told her about the days when she acted all evil  
(Finesse I used to like you) Sure, I believe you  
(For real, can we be lovers to the end?)  
What about your man? (Come on, he's just a friend)  
What about your job? (I didn't like it, I quit)  
Why is you lying? Save that shit!

Save that shit! [x7]