Fingers Blue (feat. Travis Scott)

Smokepurpp

Till my fingers blue I like countin' hunnids till my fingers blue Lil purpp

I just fucked this bitch inside a Bentley coupe Hopped up in the Wraith got stars up on the roof I like selling mid because I smoke the boof I be countin' hunnids till my fingers blue Till my fingers blue, till my fingers blue I like countin' hunnids till my fingers blue Till my fingers blue, till my fingers blue I like countin' hunnids till my fingers blue I like countin' hunnids till my fingers blue

Hop out the whip, i'm in the kitchen i whip Chopper on me, shots to the head make him sit Yeah I'm the shit, all of my songs is a hit I don't miss Smokin' on gas in the VIP, poppin' champagne on a bitch Heard you a snitch, nigga be quiet cuz you can get bitched I keep a chopper it's loaded, hop out the rolls got my name on the curtain Fuckin' yo thot yeah I do that for certain And I stay clean like detergent Poppin' on xannies and poppin' on perkies Run up on me you get cut like a turkey

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Till my fingers blue, till my fingers flew I like countin' hunnids till my fingers blue Lamborghini roadster, this is not the coupe (Skrr skrr) If I slide the top off then you better shoot (yeah!) Diamond teeth (shine), diamonds white and pink (it's lit) Yeah, back in sync, just in time to drink Still strawberry smooth, still roll off the goop Hit her off the view, top floor aerial Yeah, all she do is dance and take xans, she too basic If she ever plan on fall asleep my hands replace them Whole damn crew, off the zoot Pour the juice, hit the jack and count the deads

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