

# Finger Food-Duke Deuce, Rae Sremmurrd, Rolling Loud Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from [Showthelyrics.com](http://Showthelyrics.com) check out for more lyrics

---

## "Finger Food"

Uh

Honorable court, suck me 'til she lose her tooth (Yeah, two)  
(Honorable C.N.O.T.E.)

Climb up in the DJ booth (Uh)

Yeah, booth

Yeah, this that shit we lose it to (Yeah)

Hey, rules (Rolling Loud)

Hey, yeah

Pourin' drank and smoke, I come in handy (Handy)

Fuck it, blank out, new armored car like Humvee (Humvee, yeah)

Edible hoes (Hoes) with me, they eye candy (Yeah)

All she wanna do is fuck on a sand beach

And woah (Woah)

Climb up in the DJ booth (Yeah, yeah, uh)

Stand up in that photo coupe (Huh?), huh? (Huh?)

Suck me 'til she lose her tooth (Talk, loose, loose, off)

Eat that bread up like it's finger food (Ayy, food)

Bring more bottles, I'm on the stage

Shawty claustrophobic, she might faint (Faint, yeah)

Bitch, I'm high (High) in the stars (Stars)

I might run (Run) through the wall (Wall)

Area-51, I'm outer space (Yeah)  
Need some more pockets, I'm out of space (Space)  
Bitch, I'm high (Ooh), I see stars (Stars)  
I might run from the laws (Woo), law (Yeah)  
Stars in the roof but I'm on Mars  
I put the bitch top four (Four)  
I'm on the roof, top floor (Floor)  
Rippin' them big boy toys  
Couple bad hoes on the corner (Uh)  
Pockets on 'roids ('Roids)  
Ni\*\*as ain't makin' no noise (Uh, mm), yeah

Pourin' drank and smoke, I come in handy (Handy)  
Fuck it, blank out, new armored car like Humvee (Humvee, yeah)  
Edible hoes with me, they eye candy  
All she wanna do is fuck on a sand beach  
And woah (Woah)  
Climb up in the DJ booth (Yeah, yeah, uh)  
Stand up in that photo coupe (Huh?), huh? (Huh?)  
Suck me 'til she lose her tooth (What the fuck?, uh, uh)  
Eat that bread up like it's finger food (Ayy, ayy)

Shawty want shots, keep it comin' (Keep it comin')  
Duke Deuce, I'm a star, I'm a [1:56] (I'm a [?])  
Big drip, no leak from my head to my feet (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)  
I went down to my drawers, that's money (That's money)  
It's a college lifestyle, who the drunkest? (Who the drunkest?)  
Wanna come to my house? We fuckin' (We fuckin')  
If you ain't, that's cool, don't mean to sound rude  
But I ain't givin' my time for nothin' (Ayy, ayy)  
Young and reckless, put the pedal to the metal, let it rock (Rock)  
Bitch, you know we crunk as hell, hittin' donuts in the lot (Skrrt)  
You ain't get that private message, you can't pull up to the spot (Spot)  
Bitches comin' out they clothes, it ain't really even hot (What the fuck?)

Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy  
I don't ever do the mini-move (No way)  
I'm just mixin' up my dranks just like they chemicals (Mix)  
Double stuff my backwood and let's go to the moon (Let's go)  
Gasoline gon' give me wings just like Red Bull (He sippin')  
I need two billion dollars and some head too (Mwah, mwah)  
That new Balenciaga fit me proper (Leave me right, man)  
Bitch saw me when I was broke and I had nada (Goddamn, goddamn)  
Might've would called me static 'cause of the way I shocked her

Pourin' drank and smoke, I come in handy (Handy)  
F\*ck it, blank out, new armored car like Humvee (Humvee, yeah)  
Edible hoes with me, they eye candy (Yeah)  
All she wanna do is f\*ck on a sand beach  
And woah (Woah)  
Climb up in the DJ booth (Yeah, yeah, uh)  
Stand up in that photo coupe (Huh?), huh? (Huh?)  
Suck me 'til she lose her tooth (Talk, loose, loose, off)  
Eat that bread up like it's finger food (Ayy, uh)

Uh

For any correction please mail us at [showthelyrics1@gmail.com](mailto:showthelyrics1@gmail.com)

---