

## Finally Here

Flo Rida

Hard to follow my dreams workin this 9 to 5  
People keep tellin me my check is on the way  
So sun up to sundown I'm grindin, tryin to make it by  
Prayin for my shift to come and take away the pain  
That day is finally here (3x)  
New shoes, new clothes, new whip, new chain,  
new wrist, knew that, knew this, finally here  
That day is finally here (2x)  
New shoes, new clothes, new whip, new chain  
New wrist, knew that, knew this

No, no I won't settle for nothing less than the air that I breathe  
I-I-I know it's a struggle, but who the hell g'on do it for me  
Who the hell g'on do it free  
If I don't get up and bust my ass, that's my motto  
I can't put my faith in the lotto, luck don't stay nowhere near where I go  
Unless you ride that muthafucka  
And you be lucky enough to get away, in the grave  
What can I do, what can I say, I tried to get paid  
But I got grazed, the bullet went through  
But I ain't get paid,  
Now what do I appreciate? My J-O-B  
Hey boss, I'm comin in late

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Lil cousin got it right? and bike without no frame, ride the same rides with  
out no brain?  
Life ain't life, without no shame, if I make it out the hood, damn right I'm  
gon change  
My cell phone number  
But the area code still gon be 305 tho  
My friends who was my friends just like my kin  
Walked em in model?  
But please wipe your feet on the rug  
You can keep your shoes on, it's all love  
Boy let me stop, I'm dreamin too much, now who the hell  
'Gon give up a million bucks  
Nobody but God, right now I could use me one of them black cards  
I'm scarred, I fell apart, I came here with stars, its hard huh?

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F-F-F-Findin me  
That day I been tryin to reach, that pay I been diein to see  
Boy them folk wouldn't lie to me  
I thought money ain't grow on trees  
Depends on the roots, how you plant that seed  
They quit, you can't see no leaves  
Hold up, I need my versace's  
Grace covers of magazines, my mother she proud of me  
Myself, I, the one who the haters thought wasn't gon be shit  
Big yachts, every day I get seasick, I was broke, the prefix  
My book say "Why yall gave that nigga some cash?"  
I wrote a song about it, wanna hear it? here it goes