

Box & Papers

Coi Leray

I don't even wanna think about it
Why everybody think money solve they problems?
No, you cannot buy loyalty
What's forgiven is never forgotten

Yeah, call my jeweler
Need that plain jane, box and papers, uh, yeah
Baby, these not SI's, brand new foreign for a test drive
The jet ain't got no Wi-Fi, 50k just on vacation (Uh, yeah)
Why they hatin'?
Got these bitches sick, askin' they self, why I made it
I'm most hated, but ya nigga's favorite
I can't deal with the labels
But I fuck with the bank
Walk in, need two-fifty in cash just to put on my chain
What the fuck did you think?
All this he say, rah-rah shit
Took me right to the safe
And I fill up my drink
42 mixed with the pineapple
'Cause I like how that shit taste

Ooh, they say I'm sexy
I'm throwin' these hundreds, this shit get messy
I could never trust a bitch
Doin' donuts in the whip (Yeah)
This ain't no Tesla
Walk in bless 'em with my presence, uh
Baby, Merry Christmas
Pockets so full when I limp I need crutches
This Backwood bussin', bitch these Russians, uh, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
They be like "How you do that there?"
They ask me baby, "How you so viral? I see you everywhere"
Yeah, love it how you wear your braids, they copy all your hair
When I popped out, bitch you wasn't even there
Uh, yeah
"How you deal with the hate?"
I don't give a fuck, I don't care
Yeah, bitch pass me the bottle
Pull up in new auto
I'm sittin' real pretty, I'm sippin' moscato
I call up the vado, tell him we need that two for six
And we'll see him tomorrow
Yeah, I hopped off a jet and I land in Chicago
These bitches be jackin' my swag like my nigga Harlow
They wanna book me for a show and I tell them call Cairo
Yeah, bitch I'm doing well, I get money like Fargo

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