

About That

Valee

They wrote me off, I ain't write back though. That's the problem. I ain't write back, let's go.

Yeah, yeah

How the hell am I supposed to feel about that?

Yeah, yeah

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Two double cupping me, yeah, I be feeling like that, yeah

Hellcat need another hundred worth of gas, finna fill up nigga, I be right back

And this exotic, I'm finna light that, it be sounding like, where the mic at?

We hit Prada, don't know what I might get, bad bitch like, where do I get?

20 grand gone and I don't know nothing, but I do know I like neck

Bitch want a bag and I'm yelling, not yet

Give me top first, I don't like yet, not yet

Give me cat and a red hellcat

I get lap when I'm landing, yep, sound like yep, yippie, yep

It's a sweet Aromatic, yeah

Yeah, yeah

How the hell am I supposed to feel about that?

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How the hell am I supposed to feel about that?

How I'm supposed to feel about my niggas getting killed?

While I was out of town and doing time for doing deals

When you was out of jail and you ain't get behind the wheel

It's been five long years, you ain't pop shit but a pill

How I'm supposed to feel about a nigga sending threats?

When you can send a killer, shit get real, you send a check

How I'm supposed to feel about a nigga with some rank

When a lil' kid a kill him, cause a nigga think he next

How I'm supposed to feel a lil' drain off of the cane

When they cutting it with Fentanyl, can't even numb the pain

How I'm supposed to feel this baddie pussy if she noddin' off

Know I'm sober now but I ain't never been as high as y'all

AR with the tits at me, yo necklace feel like Mardi Gras

How my bitch feel just like Halle Berry in that Monster Ball

Nigga go to prison, she let anybody knock her off

Fuck how you feel about this soldier sign bitch, this is not a cross

Yeah, yeah

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