

About U

Valee

And I'm so for real about you

I poured up a 6 again
With a bad, bad bitch again
Ain't no tellin' what she on
When, when we done with this again
ChaseTheMoney, ChaseTheMoney
Find a bitch that's thick like this again
I congratulate you on my own
Buying designer shit like this again
Hope you not tryna run up, 'cause then
I won't hesitate to shoot this bitch
All this dope I got, all this dope I got
This still ain't as dope as you
Still ain't as dope as you

Hit the streets, stay out
Sip that lean, knockoff
Walk that bitch, lay out
Oh, oh
And I'm so for real about you
And I'm so for real about you
And I'm so for real about you
I won't go nowhere without you

W-wanna stack up your Benjamins
What you kickin', set back back and shit
So you caught a flat on your Benz again
Dropped it off, got it fixed again
Versace drawers on your bitch again
Got her on her paws like a pit again
Ran off on your plug, all you did him man
Ah, nah, she ain't from here, she not citizen
(Not from here at all)
All this guap I got, all this guap I got
I just might throw it on you
Just might throw it on you
Gave my son all my 10s again
Savin' all his 1s again
Taught him how to shoot a 9
Walked in Gucci, bought a 9 in men's

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Made my old bottom bitch my bottom bitch again
Got her back addicted to my wisdom and this dick again
I got rich two times in one lifetime, finna her rich again
Think it's 'bout that time 'cause my palms gettin' that itch again
I can't rub it off, pink molly look like chicken skin
If you see me grindin' up my teeth, I'm on that thizz again

If you see a ho walkin' with me, we friends with benefits
Ain't this what you think, but what you think is not my business
No, it's not at all, ay, ay
All this guap, all this drip, watch it drop on your bitch
I get paid a scholarship, just for playing colleges
School of hard knocks, big facts, that part
Pools of Wockhardt, my heart won't start
Sentiment, I don't really show it, all I know is grind and gettin' it
I done seen so many fuckin' commas from my penmanship
I'ma keep my left hand to that pad 'til it fall off
For the love of music and the Benjamins, year

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