

## 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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