

Above Average

Valee

(Aw yeah, TYMadeIt)

New Gucci slacks (New Gucci slacks)
I'ma pull up in the coupe and it's matte (And it's matte)
Sleepin' on my mattress, it ran me two Gs (Ran me two Gs)
My bitch a actress, her bag got two Cs (Bag got two Cs)
My bitch above average like a C
I got a slut that I slide on in the projects
I change my exhaust pipes, sound like it's not legal
Got knots in my pocket, look like I been stealin' (Ooh, ooh, ooh)
Two bitches with me, nobody third wheelin' (Nobody third wheelin')
Pants say "Hit me", I'm glad I'm not starin' (I'm glad I'm not starin')
Smokin' exotic, you already hear it (Hmm, you already hear it)
Got rips in my Balmain, ain't missin' some threads (Hmm, missin' threads)
Pull up in the 'vert, that bitch missin' her head
I'm pickin' up racks and that's for an appearance
I'm sippin' Hi-Tech and I know I don't need it
I got a straight A with no insurance, it's 90 racks on my Visa

Fuck 'round with Valee
Make me wanna go cop that Yves St. Laurent (Uh)
Two hundred bucks I at least make a month (Uh)
Feds get to rollin', let me face the blunt (Exotic)
Your ho always roll up, she know I don't want her, I play her, controller
Just had a lil' soldier, 2k for the stroller (Yeah)
Flow sick like Ebola and keys in bandos
Strapped up like Magnolia, this bitch always load
Every time I go to the back, make withdrawals
Shit be takin' all day, you'd think somebody froze
Way 'fore I ran up that bank, froze my neck
I was wild in the hood, seein' straps, let me hold it
Coke and whatever was sellin', we sold it (Yeah, I sold that)
Watch what we say, so we found out who told it
Before I bought momma a house, bought a Rolex
I was 18 with that sack, I ain't know shit

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Put on that drip in these Balenci' sneakers
Paint up your t-shirt, no Mona Lisa
I had on VLONE, now I'm rockin' a beater
Still got Supersport, it's far from a beater

Pop a lil' yerker, I'ma beat her
Told her to throw it, she gon' throw it, I call her Jeter
Car got no plates, I still pick up a eater
I pour codeine in the Faygo two-liter
Exhaust on that bitch super hot, ooh, fever (Woo)
Necklace gon' chill that bitch out like a Fiji (Whew)
My bitch gettin' excited, I bought her some flats
I fuck from the side, not that much from the back
I quit the codeine, I went out off the Act' (Act')
Meek came home, told me get the fuck out the 'Raq
I'm askin' G Herbo like, "Nigga, where at?"
I know he ain't cappin', the signs say "No hats"

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