

Boxing

Valee

Bitch, you not gettin' no diamonds (Bitch, you not gettin' no diamonds)

Spent 30 racks on diamonds, stupid ass bitch, I ain't boxin'
And I ain't sippin' no Watsons, over East, bitch live on Dobson
And I ain't takin' her hostage, this a racecar, ain't no options

I'm like, "What happened?" On the block, but I ain't hoppin'
Don't know what happened, New York bitch asked me, "What's poppin'?"

Don't move, I keep doin' so great, I stuff the racks in my pockets

OG gas stronger than scotch, no, I'm not talkin' 'bout tape
No, I'm not buyin' no BAPE

No, I'm not stayin' on no lake, on the block, but I ain't hoppin'

Went to eat, but I didn't wait

My bitch thick and it ain't fake, everything else losin' weight

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(And I ain't takin' her hostage, this a racecar, ain't no options)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,, yeah, yeah

(I'm like, "What happened?" On the block, but I ain't hoppin')

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't know what happened, over East, bitch live on Dobson)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(And I ain't takin' her hostage, this a racecar, ain't no options)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,, yeah, yeah

(I'm like, "What happened?" On the block, but I ain't hoppin')

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(Don't know what happened, New York bitch asked me, "What's poppin'?")