

Dutty Laundry

Valee

When we slap the color, ain't no fraud, but we're in ends
Hot box exotic now we're fried in the Benz

Quarter million, my bitch want neck-a-lace's
When we hit the store, we ball get crossed like Saint Francis
I tune out the city when I hot box exotic
Everything upgraded, I got fuel pumped by Holly
My SS robotic, move like Wall-E
How I leave the exit far away from where I be
You know, I don't even start no colony, no mommy
I'm in Gucci like a mixtape, no dutty laundry

Launched off the block in sedan raunchy
I just got the seats redid peach look like lunch meat
I got sand sandals cuffs on at the beach, know something block
me
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me
You know, ain't no double what?
ARP, you said watch me, what?
I'm all energy, just like Sage
When I hit the break, I do nine to five, just like a wage
Let me make this clear, five percent tint, that not clear
Bitch wanna ride my private like Frontier
When I pour the lean inside my cup, it disappear
I make the scope spot on like a freckle
When I made a right in the Hellcat, I'm about to let go

Cherry Range Rover, I pull up picky
When she lick me, I pull up, I show up just like Hickey
In that Tesla truck, I do many miles, just like Mickey
Backwood loud, now, you in form, just like Dickies
I rode Backwood, bitch, like ATV
We slap, call out, we ain't do no fraud, but we in Benz
We hot box exotic, now we fried in a Benz
\$1,500 frames, non-prescribed lens

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