

## Risk

Valee

I don't run from checks, I don't run from sex  
Damn, the motor brazy, I just fucked her fair  
Love the stove, it pay me, we got some secrets kept  
These Balenci's, baby, I take expensive steps  
You ever took a risk, 'cause I got used to that  
50 thousand in my denim, [?]  
When I went broke, that shit was low, man, I wasn't feeling it  
A brand new load just touched the floor, I gotta make it stack

80 grand on me, I'm woke  
My bitch so bad, you spoke  
My shirt 300, one use  
Amiri jeans she finna undo  
I'm sipping lean, taste like it's no juice  
Yeah, [?] get rinsed with no soap  
I tap on the gas, it open  
And I got dope, a lot of it  
Pull up and drop, pop out of it  
20 thou' on me, I'm out of it  
T-shirt 300, get one use out of it  
My bitch [?], I'm proud of it  
My whip, no gloss, I matte'd it  
My main hoe thinking I tatted it  
I pour a six and I'm outta there

My bitch a Philippe, no counterfeit

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Damn  
Went broke, got it right back, just left Saks

Two hoes, they came in 'bout a pack  
Act in a Lear', drugs in here  
Getting too rich, man, shit ain't fair  
Brand new drop with a shooter in the back  
Dropping off p's since a teen, that's a fact  
Designer miss-matched, now tuck with the racks  
In too deep, up off the crack  
Up like a Bucc', can't run from the sack  
[?] my flats

G'd up, Yves Saint Laurent on the map  
Can't trust these hoes, no trust in that  
I don't trust that

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