

Laundry

Yung Mal

So many racks up on me
'Cause that's what it ought to be
I got a white bitch in my penthouse, nigga she do my laundry
These percocets I'm on it
I just poured up promethazine
My neck got thirty pointers
I'm just workin' my corners, uh
Look at the dash, this shit got two hundred on it
I'm swervin' when I hit the express
Louie V look just like chess, VVS all on my neck
I just wanna bust down a plain jane with the baguettes
Heard you flyin' public but we in the jet
Came up in the trap where the killers be at
For twenty-five hundred they wipin' your neck
Get the fuck outta here, no you not with the set

You not with the set, you not with the gang
Had to run up a check, now they speak on my name
Keep it real 'til I die, this shit run through my veins
Promethazine, percocet for the pain
Got your bitch at the spot, I drug dick in your main
Rock a show in New York then I catch me a plane
I'm in love with VS, put that shit on my chain
First nigga put the boogers on the plain
I got racks up on me, 'cause that's what it ought to be
I go to trial, I beat the case, nigga my lawyer talk for me
I'm up like every morning, I'm tryna count a hundred G's
Foreign bitch at my penthouse, she do my laundry

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Heard you flyin' public but we in the motherfuckin' Lear
Strapped with that stick, it gon' tear down a motherfucker's ear
My nigga go to trial, no switchin' these motherfuckin' gears
I don't need no pen and pad, I'm straight out the ears
[?] geeked up they be thinkin' he sippin' on beers
Lil Marco record it but I'm finna go give [?]
Don't know where your ho at but she finna come over here
Toast up to success, hah, cheers
All these racks I got
I'm finna go to the lot and I'm finna buy that bitch out
Look at all this gas I got
Finna roll up a three-five and I'm finna go up on Live

Ain't no cappin', bitch we cashin' out
And me and brothers gon' ride, no we ain't gon' never collide
I just pulled up at the fuckin' lot
And no I can't even decide, I'm just finna pull off and drive

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