

In the Coupe

Curren\$y

Yeah
Eastside all mine
Just like every time
(La Musica de Harry Fraud)

Roll around in the coupe with the beat on loop
Soundtrack to the movie that I'm living thru
In my lines you might find something pivotal
A couple of hustlin' ass niggas and some bitches too
Police told us to keep our hands visible
Then they ask for ID now what should we do
Knowing you could get shot for making sudden moves
But don't comply and you die is the golden rule
In the backyard smoking large sitting by the pool
Thinkin' bout my son man I love that little dude
I want to see him more but there's a civil war
And it's risky to travel now too much back and forth
Make them land this motherfucker if somebody else cough
In the first class cabin let us the fuck off
Now I'm back at the lab-a
Bape tagged up
In the plastic since 2004 I had it
Niggas blow up in the game off styles that I crafted
But never would admit it if somebody was to ask em
From the rhyme patterns to the fashion
Sacrificial Lamb em in the Lamborghini mashin'
Paper taggin'
Rode the fattest wave bigger than the last one
Face em never pass em
Critics said that I wouldn't make it then I made an ass of them
For the crew I alley-oop and toss it off the glass for them
Set it up easy dawg get your Shaq on then
Chorus 1 (Curren\$y)

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Eastside
You know how we doing this
Yo Curren\$y I got my race cars too
You heard
I'm just getting them done up real quick so that when we race we gon' race f
or some real paper nigga

I ride around in my Benz while that beat repeat
I done lost a couple of friends trying to beat these streets
I told Harry cook a plate so I could eat these beats
Shit you know we never lack that's why we keep these heats
He almost lost his mind trying to keep that freak
He Fuck around and got married till his knees got weak
Now 7 days without prayer that's a weak ass week
Shit he swore he had that coke untill he got beat

He came back the same day and tried to heat that streak
He be much tougher trying to keep black peace
Shit I almost drowned with so much water on my jewels
Man my clothes is all drippin' like I recorded in a pool
You know I keep the hammer use the .40 as a tool
Me and Zeke was gettin' drunk right before we went to school
We popped up at the Grammys
We was buying army suits in the Bronx we went to Sammys
Nowadays when you talking about bars they want the xannies
We was silly
We was baggin' up coke right at my grannies
Man these streets is like Vegas trying to beat the odds
And all the homies that we lost I hope they meet our God
We never get a second chance like E da bar
That's why we keep a fancy lawyer that will beat the charge
Look into my eyes and you can see the scars
Let's not talk about no rhymes I gotta free the cause

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