

Fish In The Coupe

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Hoodrich Pablo Juan, man

MONY POWR RSPT, nigga

I need all of that

I'm Mr. Too Much Gold, I pity the fool
Ice on me, cool jewels, I jumped in the pool
Boxes, too many in the truck with the midget
Watch how they move

I go to the border, I'm Tom Cruise
Riding around with the fish in the coupe
Riding around with the fish in the coupe
Riding around with the fish in the coupe
I'm riding around with the fish in the coupe
I'm plugged in Houston, Texas, like I'm Trae the Truth
Robber turned trapper, I'm a rapper with a W
I'm rapping them up at the W
Give them the bands and they ball, run and shoot
Young niggas pull up in old school and shoot through the roof
My last name is Juan, I'm scraping the skrt, skrt
Poof, I turn one brick to two
I'm riding round with the fish in the coupe
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I got some young niggas with the dreads shoot like the Rasta
Pull up with no problem

I got a .38 revolver

Too much gold on me, feel like I'm Shabba

Diamonds from Africa,

Only real niggas on the MONY POWR RSPT roster

Used to be trappers and robbers

Told all my niggas we getting Ferraris

Me and Dre used to trap with an Atari

Candler Road, remember where it started?

Plug nigga, but I turned to an artist

The hood told me you go the hardest

Don't give no fuck, I'm gon' get this shit regardless

We gon' pull up on them on the Harley

Bricks in the fender bender

I got the Britney Spears

And I got Molly, I got it

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I'm riding downtown with Bobby Brown
Fifty bricks, nigga, fifty pounds
You can come and get it, I'll serve you right now
He taking too long, I'ma break it down
Riding dirty in my brand new Mercedes
Four baby bottles, I'm having them babies
Come down the wrong way, you think that shit gravy?
Come with that money or I'll send you to Grady
Whip with the left, hold the pot with the right
Shoot a hundred, bet a hundred on the dice
Kick down your door, I'm a thief in the night
Cut the brick open, I keep me a knife
My homie got mad 'cause I fucked with the white
No NBA player, I'm dunking in white
Christian Louboutin with different colored spikes
Come jump in my hood like a Thriller, I'm Mike
Fuck with them Percs and them Mollies, I might
Givenchy Rottweiler, my dog gon' bite
Cooking up fish and I add in the spike
I put a four in a one-liter, dirty ass Sprite
I'm a player, nigga, I don't fuck hoes twice
Have a nigga shoot you, that's smoke from a pipe
I married the money, they throwing rice
Got goonies at night like The Poltergeist
Got fish in the coupe and I'm going to Michigan
Young niggas shoot, don't think, they ignorant
Keep me a strap 'cause I know I got many men
They faking, these niggas scared to be my enemy
I re-up with Andrew and stack all the Benjamins
Practice cooking up a zip like I'm scrimmaging
Having a lot of tree like I'm Timberland
Fish tail in the coupe, nigga, with the fish in it

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