

Bitches n That Coupe

K Camp

Rather get this money, I got nothing else to do
I can see they watching, counting pockets, but what's new?
She know when I call it's for a reason, so come through
Nothing 'bout me change except these bitches n that coupe
Ain't too many loyal niggas, I just know a few
I'm telling nothing but the truth
Rather get this money, I got nothing else to do

Used to keep money in a shoe box
Now I'm pulling up like tube socks
Went from a dollar to a few knots
Got me paying rent on 'bout two spots
They don't understand what my crew got
Remember long talks with my big bruh Cam
Young wild niggas in bend selling grams
Man the pain and the struggle, man, that made me who I am
Rather get this money, I got nothing else to do
Jumped off that porch, I changed my mindset and my view
Reasons why you hate to see me win, I wished I knew
Came straight out that mud
You just don't know what I've been through
Look really no time for the talk, nigga I ain't got free time
Now-a-days I be all over green like the mothafuckin' d-line
And I ain't got time for the hoe when I barely got me time
Just give me a blunt and booth, mothafucka I'll be fine

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Trill OG, I'm riding lowkey
With my hat low and my deuce up
Smoking on me some killer kush
My young partner pouring up that juice up
Doing me so keep doing you
Cause I ain't down with what you in
See me, I'm a trill nigga through and through
And I'm out here looking for the chewing to
That's word to skinny pimp
Just a gangster walking with a limp
And you know I got no love for a simp
Posted up, nigga, eating steak and shrimp
Lil bitch got my knife and I got my fork
Benz outside and it's valet parked
Blunt rolled up and I'm 'bout to spark
In the city lights, I smash out in the dark
Can't be but who I am
Got to represent for my fam
Cadillac doors still getting slammed
Don't like it, sorry don't give a damn
Still down, still trill
Gon' be that way 'til I'm dead and gone
For PA I'm putting on with my candy paint

To my shiny chrome, come on

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