

Coupe

Kris Wu

Composin'

Hmmm

I chop the top of the coupe
I'm tryna speed to you
We got a penthouse suite
We got a crazy view
I'm working harder than you
Ain't gon' lie that's true
I'm working harder than you
You know I speak the truth

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You know I'ma speak the truth
I can prove it
Getting to it but don't chase (Yeh)
Getting money like Brinks (Yeh)
I don't know what ya'll thinking (Yeh)
Money fallin' like rain (Yeh)
Flooded out the new face (Yeh)
Pulling up in that Wraith (Yeh)
Car ain't got no plates (Yeh)

I got the fast car, Nascar
It ain't got no top, no
Blast off, mask off
Engine hitting high notes
Pull up, gas up
Hold up

In the night we come alive, yeah
Doors of suicide, yeah
Drip'll make ya blind, yeah
Drip'll make ya blind, yeah

The summer's on fire
They hear me like a choppers
The numbers never lie
I'm really worldwide
Leave em all behind

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Ayy

Overtime working harder
Stack the money, grind smarter
Might keep the bitch if she gorgeous
Might cop the Rari, got a Porsche bitch
I became okay lately
The money in love with you baby
Pop a pill now I'm faded
Now that I'm rich they're intimidated
Mike and Mary on the jeans
I've been flexin' on the scene
Fuckin' add it to the team
Workin' hard all my diamonds are clean
Big boss CEO
Fuck em up one time and it's time to go
Ghost driving, tell em drive slow
Ridin around with extendo
Money on me cash in

Bitch I'm the goat
We're broke that's a joke, the racks in
Pinky ring that's a 30
Ridin' around the whole birdie
Freak bitch she a squirty
Pop the coupe for 230

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