

COUPE GTS

Lancey Foux

Brrt

Ayy, turn me up, Bally

Chyeah

I fuck up the coupe GTS (I fuck up the coupe)

I fuck up the coupe GTS (GTS)

I fuck up the club with my chest (Ha, ha, with my chest)

I fuck up the club with my neck (With my neck)

I fuck up the T like Drake (Like Drizzy)

Certified, gun a likkle bwoy, then whip the Drac'

I pop out, slap it on the mains (Baow)

I pop out, slap it in your face (Baow)

I pop out, the baddies say my name (Ha)

I pop out, you hear the baddies scream (They scream)

I rock a presidential when I walk the street (Baow)

I'm in London, I feel bigger than Sadiq

You can't take me for a neek, for a geek (Ha, ha)

My gun a freak, pokin' out like a tease (Like a tease)

I'm 'bout to milkshake my baddie like Kelis (Ha, ha)

I love money 'fore I did the song with Yeat (Ayy, turn me up, Bally, the money, ha, ha)

You know Bally, that's my brother, fuck the beats (That my bro)

Soon as she hop in the back, she ride me 'til I sleep (Ha, uh)

Soon as she, soon as she, soon as she give me the Benz P (The Benz Punani)

East London, South London, throwin' it up (S class)

West London, North London, stay on top (The S class)

Worldwide, I put my city on the map (Baow)

I'm the reason niggas talk 'bout UK trap (Trap)

I'm the, I'm the reason you wore leather jeans and tote your strap (Chyeah)

I'm the, I'm the reason why your girl tall, skinny, and black (Ha)

I made you get fly, I made you sharpen up your shank, huh

I made you break the bank, I made you change the way you rap (Ha)

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Huh, don cavalli, rockin' the Marni, life of the party

Ridin' a Harley, keepin' it gnarly, came with a army, baddie from [?]

She light the place up like it's Diwali, rockin' a sari (Skrtrt)

She give me the Benz P, her best friend get me Ferrari

Huh, she give me the best V, she give me, she give me, she give me the vroom-vroom

She wanna test me, she give me, she give me the best, mm-hmm

She my R1, I lift her and give her a rev (Vroom-vroom)

She wanna fuck me on my bike, I lift up her leg (Chyeah), mm-hmm

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I fuck up the T like Drake (Ayy, turn me up, Bally)
Certified, gun a likkle bwoy, then whip the Drac' (With the Drac')
I pop out, slap it on the mains (Baow)
I pop out, slap it in your face (Baow), huh