

Couch

Pi'erre Bourne

(Yo pi'erre you wana come out here?)

I remember sleeping on my brother couch (yeah)
With a couple thou... Now look at me now
We don't even be speaking no more
Stack that paper like fill out form (yeah)
Know I'll just be fine
Pray to God he takes his time
But name a nigga who be on time

You a fan so you fantasize
Juwanna man ya'll niggas be lying
Hood legend my city be whylin
I'm in the trenches I'm on the benches
With the family its extended
New York yankees how I fitted
Like nav it's been a minute
They get mad but I didn't
You know I'm up no snooze
Ice on me like hockey dudes
Watch 12 yeah we watch news
Make hits n combo I got moves
Can't swim but she gon pool
Chain to cold I keep my cool
Money talk it be so rude
Fresh to death like beetlejuice
Stack it up I want my check
Will smith yeah you know I'm fresh
Its a stake for the cheese Like philly
Moncler on when I feel chilly
Oh man damn my pockets swollen (yeah)
Oh man my pockets full of blue old mans (yeah)
She want to order take out but I still go in
Fucking on baby girl she leave her old man
I do not live by the water but girl is a ocean
We do not play no football
What is the motion
Niggas mad we rich as fuck
You mad at yo own skill (hey)
Matilda how I move the doe
Yeah with no hands
Yeah I jumped off the porch
I didn't want to hold hands (yeah)
Growing up in the hood as a kid
You become a grown man

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(Yeah)

I'm on the block yeah with the runtz
We got opps so I stunt
See us ball like I dunk
I go hard we go up niggas mad cause they suck
I'm in the crib with my bitch roll up
Murakami pillows when we lay up
Boy you fake your david blaine
Remember I use to take the train
You scared to get off at my stop
Boy you scared to meet the gang
I'm in the hood I don't tuck my chain
Ask siri yeah what's my name
(Yo pi'erre you wana come out here?)
It was hard man
I got all these scars I could show
If you saw me you would understand why we hope
They had no faith I remember when we was broke
These hoes rotate I learned I can't save none of these hoes
They had the trap beatin'
Wondering why it's Js at the door
I was uncomfortable it's so many roaches on the floor
My grandma across the street
She don't want us staying over no more
I had to get on my feet
I didn't want to stay in the hood no more

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It don't matter
Them will shoot you down (oh gosh)
If your hands up or down
It don't matter they don't give a damn