

## Coupe

PnB Rock

Ayy  
Ayy  
Ayy  
Oh yeah  
Ayy  
Yeah  
Trap, trap, trap, trap

Trapped out in a coupe  
Riding 'round witcha boo  
Louis on, Jimmy Choo's  
Yeah I'm faded, yeah she faded  
Riding 'round through the city  
All these hundreds and fifties  
We ain't counting no twenties  
Trap, trap, trap, trap  
Trap going crazy, I've been balling lately  
I've been riding 'round in a coupe  
I've been riding 'round in a coupe  
I've been riding 'round in a coupe  
Oh shit, here come the damn cops  
Fuck it though, I got a stash box  
Trap, trap, trap, trap

Trap going crazy like the first and the third  
I was juggling and finessing  
I used to stand on the curb  
Now I'm the plug  
I got drugs, yeah I be flippin' all them birds  
Yeah, if the cops snatch me up I swear I won't say no words  
'Cause I came from the sauce, everyday selling them drugs  
Be posted up with my thugs  
Yeah, we got 30's on 30's and uzi's  
Yeah, I got your bitch being bougie eating sushi  
Out in L.A., got her wet in a jacuzzi  
She got a fat ass, bad ass like Boosie  
We be rolling up in the cut making movies

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