

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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