

Coupe

Pop Smoke

Uh
Rrr
Grr

Hop out the coupe, swervin'
Gimme the loot, purgin'
Keep .22s, lurkin'
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Gimme the loot, purgin'
Keep .22s, lurkin'

Yeezy the boot, fashion
All this grass, it look good in this fashion
Point him out and I'm attackin'
Beat 'em down and then I drag 'em
Big nappy blue, burner
Wrap the boy up in the curtain
Brodie got one thing for sure
But papi got two things for certain
I got guns in the shack
I got guns in my bag
Don't run in my crib
I put guns to ya head
Will I shoot you, nigga? Probably
It's Pop Smoke, I'm movin' hottie
Big knockin' on my body
Free Rowdy and free Bobby
Yeah, I'm 823
Big GSC
I had crack in my socks
I got guns in my brief

I give him hot shells like a taco
I'm big with the flex, nigga, not you
And I'm still swervin' from potholes
And I'm still shootin' at Tahoes
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