

# Cooped Up

Post Malone

I'm about to pull up  
Hit switch, pull curtain  
And I've been waitin' so long  
Now I gotta re-surface

And yeah, we 'bout to toast up  
All that bread that we burnin'  
'Cause I've been feelin' cooped up  
I've been fuckin' cooped up

Yeah, I'm off the Bud Light not the bourbon  
I might chop the roof off the Suburban  
Tried to Bia Nice Guy, John Terzian  
Till I started throwin' up in your Birkin

Then I woke up in the mornin'  
Police showed up at my door with a warrant  
I remember flushin' somethin' down the toilet  
Guess you gotta let me off with with a warning, Return of the Mack

Feelin' like an Outkast  
I'm the only guy in slacks, that'll cost ya three stacks  
Now you savin' that check  
Why you takin' my swag, can you give me that back?

Gucci my Prada, Miyake  
Louie, Bottega, and Tommy  
All of these things on my body  
Let's party

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Shit, gotta pull up, pull up, I'ma pull up, I pull up, ay  
Got black minx all on the rug  
Got hella hoes popping drugs  
In every hood they show us love  
Partner in crime with me while we whipping in the space ship  
Got it out the pavement, now we getting payment  
Everybody around me getting money, it's too contagious  
Kept it solid now we real rich to they amazement  
I pulled up the black Badge 'cause it was cleaner  
I remember I was just posted up with the demons  
And Posty took me on my first damn tour dates  
He had me rocking every night sold out arenas  
A project nigga I never thought I would see shit  
Or try to tell you, you probably wouldn't believe us

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Till the daylight come  
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I got saké in my tummy, cigarette in my lungs  
It's eleven in the mornin' and we still ain't done  
And I'm still that bitch, so what

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I've been fuckin' cooped up