

Copy & Paste

Soulja Boy

Yeah (Yeah), yeah
Draco, Soulja
You know what the fuck goin' on
Look

I'm havin' bond money
Went it to shoot it for fun, done it
My choppa tote hundred round drums, don't it?
Don't reach for my chain, you a dummy, dummy
I was trappin' and shit with a hundred round drum
Gotta pull out and shoot, we do that fun
I'm on my third come-back, you ain't had one
I'm double 007, the golden gun
A young nigga trap out the Tesla
These niggas be faker than wrestling
I put that boy on a stretcher, ayy, ayy
Uh, I'm applying pressure, bitch
Big Draco and nigga, I'll stretch your electric (Boom)
Run up on the gang, nigga, you gon' get popped, uh
Only thing I killed was an opp, wasn't no Hip-Hop
Throw back down with the thirty
Puttin' more holes in that boy than a jersey
We takin' the jet and we go to New Jersey
Smokin' on dope, swag on early
Pull up and shoot, Kyrie Irving

Yeah, yeah, they copied the drip (Yeah)
Yeah, they copied the drip
Yeah, yeah, they copied the drip
Yeah, copy me, copy me, copy me (Copy), copy me
These rappers copy me, copy me (Copy), copy me, copy me
Yeah, copied the drip
Yeah, copied the drip
Yeah, cop, copied the drip
Cop, cop, copied the drip (Yeah, yeah)
Copy me, copy me, copy me (Yeah), copy me (What?)
These rappers copy me (What?), copy me (What?), copy me (What?), copy me (What?)
Copied the drip, copied the drip (Yeah, yeah)
Copied the drip, uh, uh, copied the drip (King, bitch)

Okay, I just be minding my business (Uh-huh)
And niggas ain't gon' wan' admit it (Uh-uh)
But trap music wouldn't be in existence if I ain't invent it (What?)
You're welcome, so silly
Poppin' my shit, hope them fuck niggas hear me
Y'all know it's my city, I own (Yeah)
Who would've thought an anonymous killin' could lead to such a phenomenal feeling?
Consequences come from incompetence
Confident that I'm one of the one percent
I can't see that fuck shit, I got tunnel vision
From the pot to piss in to a hundred million
Brand new big ole' estate with a lil' pavilion
Here my middle finger for your lil' opinion
Despicable me got a million minions
Riding bandwagons, I'm setting trends

Niggas in camp (Camp)
I've been reppin' the town, holdin' it down
Through it all still stayed solid
Tell 'em if they had a problem with it, should've did something 'bout it
, I'm probably
Sittin' on the hood of the [?]
Takin' two dodgin' Federales
In Cali duckin' paparazzi
I'm a one-of-one, these suckers can't copy this shit, man

Copy me, copy me (Cop, cop)
These rappers copy me
Copy me, cop, cop, cop, copy me
Cop, cop, cop, copy me, copy me
These rappers copy me (Drip)
Copy me, cop, cop, copy me (Drip)
Cop, cop, copy the drip, copy the drip, copy the drip
Copy the drip, copy the drip, copy the drip
Copy and paste, copy and paste, copy me
Copy me, cop, cop, cop, cop, cop, copy me

I'm up in Balenciaga, I'm on a shopping spree
Buying two bricks then I'm buying three
I'm outside, how they say that they ain't find me?
Bust down the Audemars, perfect timing
Walk out the jewelry store, you know I'm shining
Double R, Cullinan, seats, they reclining
I came a long way from the yellow diamond Breitling
Now I put a hundred pints on the E-way
Scrape the block just like a DJ
Big Backwoods, ZaZa in the ashtray
Murder Gang, Money Gang came up from Blast Gang
Oh God, I can't forget Ocean Gang
VVS', bust down, drip, splash all on my Cuban link chain
Fuckin' this bitch, I don't even know her name
Head shot if you speak on my gang

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Copy me, cop, cop, cop, copy me
Cop, cop, cop, copy me, copy me
These rappers copy me (Drip)
Copy me, cop, cop, copy me (Drip)
Cop, cop, copy the drip, copy the drip, copy the drip
Copy the drip, copy the drip, copy the drip
Copy and paste, copy and paste, copy me
Copy me, cop, cop, cop, cop, cop, copy me