

Couple Dollars

Styles P

Whoa
Whoa!

I just get a couple dollars, couple joints
Couple spots, couple of my friends
They gon' get a couple drinks, couple girls
Couple hammers 'case they get it in
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I just wanna light bop, I just wanna two-step
I just wanna get high, I ain't tryna do shit
Familiar with the old shit, not with the new shit
If I don't like the music, shot then it's deuces
Back to the parkin' lot, hop in the exclusive
Headed to the hood where the niggas act ruthless
Weavin' through the traffic, I don't give a shit, I smoke, I'ma still leave
the ashes
All I see is money but I still need some glasses
Niggas say they hood but they still need some passes
I'm still high as giraffe asses
I'm still gettin' the last laugh in

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I am on a great one, I don't mean a treadmill
I am on some woke shit, forgot how the bed feel
I am what you get you mix the blue and the red pill
I could run on ice and not slip, shit is dead real
I could dodge rain drops, I could duck snow flurries
Your favorite rapper is so worried
I'ma juice nigga, I probably blend 'em like Mulberries
Burn 'em like Malberg when I shoot 'em like Mawberg
Maybe the other Steph, another step you up on the roof
Swear to God, hope you made of some rubber shit
S-P the Ghost, yeah, I stay on some other shit
I got a buncha Styles, nigga, word to my government

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I'ma kill the last eight, shit, you thought I'm slippin'?

Man, I thought get the drift from the shit I said the last tape
Me? I'm like Dutch, you are just a Billy Bathgate
Ride with me, probably find a finger the ashtray
Machine pull the shit out, gon' kill these niggas halfway
Meanin' they dead but they ain't dead
Fuckin' with me, they just brain dead
They ain't sayin' no shit that I ain't said
Stay lightin' the strings, yeah, I'm a gang head
Ghost