

# Leppy Coqui

Wiki

Made my own nation out imagination  
Imagine making everything you wanted out of patience  
All while blunted, drinking, drunken, wasted  
What you thinking cousin? grubbing  
Fucking bacon  
Pull up in basic  
Sweat suit grey with some fucking asics  
Nah some suedes thought you's gonna say some J's  
Liaison of real city shit he stays on  
Scaffoldings he hanged on  
Value every second that he waited till the train come  
Super hero living with my moms, got the cape on, it's taped on  
It's winter coming so my fades gone  
November out to LA like he Twin  
Shouts to the couch that I stay on  
Drank on the grey swan till we way gone  
Next day better pray for 'em or the day gone  
Better pray for 'em or the day gone  
Better pray for 'em

Leppy Coqui  
Definitely OD  
Definitely low key  
Definitely OG  
To every kid who ain't over 18  
Made my own beer my own year 1993  
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Made my own flag  
I'm a nomad, a mutt  
Strut cross the globe brag  
A cro-magnon  
Time zones had none  
When I flown past  
Switch it make my own path  
Like I'm Bo Jackson  
Two and one with that program son  
Blew out my lung  
Threw out my liver  
Ain't even an old man  
No man could get to me  
I'm so bad  
Before rap, it was Michael Jackson throwbacks  
And I would dance along, felt like I'd enhance the song  
Grew older now everybody chanting on  
About what stance they on  
You don't think about the chance you wrong  
You thinking, can or can't conform  
To the man or mom  
I'm thinking if I can't perform, I'm damaging a dorm  
But I can so it's on

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Made my own thing  
No strings attached  
Just rap no bling  
Gold chain  
My grandma gave me on my born day  
That's the lone thing  
Its OD  
Last time back must've been '03  
Remembering her back yard the mango tree  
Dogs barking juxtaposed with rosaries  
Holding me to pops trying get a hold of me  
Smacked in manhattan man distractions what it's supposed to be  
It had to be  
You close to me or you mad at me  
It's all the same savagery, sipping bally b  
But I had to eat, so I had to stop  
Went home to my baby girl in her lavish loft  
The best is when she chefing pork chops and applesauce  
And I eat it up, eat her up, squeeze her butt  
Never cease to fuck  
It's what I need she needs it just as much  
Did I leave 'em with enough fuck it