Lemonade Coupe

YN Jay

I pour lean in the Minute Maid juice (Ooh, Sav killed it)
I had a dream 'bout a lemonade coupe

Ayy, I pour lean in the lemon— damn
I pour lean in the Minute Maid juice
I had dreams 'bout a lemonade coupe with the lemonade roof
Mixin' Wock' with Kool-Aid, taste like lemonade juice
Bro put his— ah
Bro put his car in sport, shit, I'm finna race too
I be tryna get some money, shit, that's who I race to
I'm tryna pass you to the team, girl, why would I— ah
You let my nigga hit you, girl, why would I date you?
You don't even get no buckets, girl, why would I play you?
And I ain't got a million yet, but I swear I can't—
And I ain't got a million yet, but I swear I can't wait to
I'm the Coochie Man, baby girl, but I can't s—
I'm the Coochie Man, baby girl, but I can't save you
If I started with a dollar, better bet I made two
I ain't know that was your bitch, I probably— yeah
I ain't know that was your bitch, I probably hit your main boo
I can make a bitch get water, she get wet like rain do
Suck my dick, make her feel it in her chest like pain do
Even if you shinin' hard, over here, it rain too
Beat your ass, I'll kick you in your chest like Kang do
Make the bitch blow me to the top like fame do
Ayy, I should've bought a ring, I'm finna mary jane too
Smoke so much weed, I can feel it in my brain too
Feel it in the air, I can feel it in the rain too
These niggas scared, I can see you and your gang too
I be with my brothers, you gon' see me with the same dudes
Same shit they taught us back in school, these the same rules
But I don't follow none
Why you always in some fuckin' beef and you ain't got a gun?
Why the fuck you always in some beef and you got a son?
Damn

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