

88 Coupes (feat. Jadakiss)

French Montana

Hah!
Cuz I don't know what they talkin
Niggas smoke now Lemar on it
88 coupes like a car lot
I'll be 88 stars on floor high
You need the Phantom Rolls
Flippin work, comin back like Derek Rose
Don't call me, I'mma call you
Sicilly, bread, olive oil
Stop that and nigga I don't owe you
And once you cross the line nigga I don't know you
Make about quarter mill a week
Man that closet like Fashion Week
Slingin drugs, dealers got the package
It still makes a lot, 5 times a day
Tryna send mama to Mecca
While a nigga snortin pound with the liquor
Man watch for the stake up, (prrrp)
GOD golf club
Don Juan de Marco, lot like car show
Feel for ya, nobody will deal for ya
Wanna tell you a story but guys won't bear with you
And nah, I ain't tryna get bread wit you
So go and tell yo bitches split beer wit you
You come to concert, jaja with honor
Turn some cake on, pills smoking marijuana
Corner block coz yo boy owe us
Young boy shooter like Jamal Coffey
Bricks in the basement, givin niggas space
Clips in the Matrix, sleep with the racers
5 stars tell em, I said she's 16
Nah that's R. Kelly, my niggas won't revy
Gifted and cursed, next step to be the worse
Next coupe to be a hearse
Man this shit hah! When they heard uh
My niggas slinging large, for church though
Man say aha was the first tour
Now at age 5 on a surf board
I be clean as a whistle

Team is official
Black and white diamonds, all I need is a whistle
(Jadakiss)
My weed is the issue
Now may I proceed to kiss you?
They put you where both of yall single men
Home-made speaker outta the Pringle can
Can't wait to do your thing again
When they mention your name the bells ring again
Gettin that cake, it cause friction
They love turn that hate to addiction
Mind thinker but echo prescriptions
Up in the presidential suite with a vixen
A lot of suckers in the bizz
Good die young, sucka niggas live
Quickest way to go, fuckin with the kids
He ain't gon stop til you pluck him with the 6
Ghost 100 thou, fuckin with the niggas
Flyin on a brukler, pocket full of bricks
Last night club, fuck it, where the bitch
Cuz money in the field but I fuck er with the 6
Word of advice, flood through the gauge
Niggas know the hood run through my veins
Real southern with great poise
Pure bundles, a straight boy
Smoke loud but hate noise
Clean to ya, rafe boys
RIP Daddy D and Nutty, 88 TroyWhat?
D block & Coke Boys
Pushin
Yea
Uh
Fuck wit me
Harry Frauds and bad motherfuckers
Yea
Uh
This shit is stupid
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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