

Coupe

PnB Rock

Ayy

Ayy

Ayy

Oh yeah

Ayy

Yeah

Trap, trap, trap, trap Trapped out in a coupe

Riding 'round witcha boo

Louis on, Jimmy Choo's

Yeah I'm faded, yeah she faded

Riding 'round through the city

All these hundreds and fifties

We ain't counting no twenties

Trap, trap, trap, trap

Trap going crazy, I've been balling lately

I've been riding 'round in a coupe

I've been riding 'round in a coupe

I've been riding 'round in a coupe

Oh shit, here come the damn cops

Fuck it though, I got a stash box

Trap, trap, trap, trap

Trap going crazy like the first and the third

I was jugging and finessing

I used to stand on the curb

Now I'm the plug

I got drugs, yeah I be flippin' all them birds

Yeah, if the cops snatch me up I swear I won't say no words

'Cause I came from the sauce, everyday selling them drugs

Be posted up with my thugs

Yeah, we got 30's on 30's and uzi's

Yeah, I got your bitch being bougie eating sushi

Out in L.A., got her wet in a jacuzzi

She got a fat ass, bad ass like Boosie

We be rolling up in the cut making movies

Trapped out in a coupe

Riding 'round witcha boo

Louis on, Jimmy Choo's

Yeah I'm faded, yeah she faded

Riding 'round through the city

All these hundreds and fifties
We ain't counting no twenties
Trap, trap, trap, trap
Trap going crazy, I've been balling lately
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
Oh shit, here come the damn cops
Fuck it though, I got a stash box
Trap, trap, trap, trap I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe
I've been riding 'round in a coupe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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