# Coupes & Roses

## Stalley

As a kid I had a lot of money
Knotted up, rubberband money
Next to the XBox, thrown in my Jordan box
I think it was my 13's something that I rarely rocked
White and black high top, I used to wear the high socks
Back when I was ballin', shootin' 3's for a dollar
I was hustlin' niggas back then, buyin' momma scratch and wins
Stackin my ends, tryin' to get that Robinson
Cause pop was robbin', beatin' 'em back then
I mean back when it was in my life
I still had to think
For my life, it was good with that
Dickie pants an suite and tie
Let me decide which way to go
Changes tire wages out to the day I expire so
BCG's Russian, blue collar to the fucker
All my deals done, Midwest nigga with the loc's on
Been getting this since Voltron, kung-fu grip, grow fond
When it comes to getting this paper I'm like Kobe and LeBronCoupes & roses, flowers for the dead
Fresh may we bow our heads, give thanks for this bread
Lord keep us safe and our families out the feds
My OG asked it square, and this is what he said: we shouldCoupes & roses, flowers for the dead
Fresh may we bow our heads, give thanks for this bread
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My OG asked it square, and this is what he said: we shouldExpensive habits, I'm a addict for gold and kicks
Leather parkas and dark skinned chicks
What can I say? I like to floss a bit
Spend money like a faucet drain
Sweat pants inside vans like a Boston nigga
Everybody say I'm awesome
I'm just makin money talkin' this
Never made one cent off a tossin' a brick
I hustled diamonds, got my hands dirty, clean my wrist
Gold yacht, no boat, still emotion is sick
Blue collar, clean Impala, automatic no stick
In case they trip automatics with grip protect possessions
Don't condone a weapon but they out to catch us slippin'
When you livin' like this the poor feast on the rich
Court seats to the Knicks, shout Amare, my nigga

The harder I work more lavish I live
Not bad for a kid who only started with kicksCoupes & roses, flowers for the dead
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