

Coupes & Roses

Stalley

As a kid i had a lot of money
Knotted up, rubberband money
Next to that 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
Dicky pants and shootin' tai
Let me decide which way to go
Changes tire wages out to the day I expire so
BCG's Russian, blue collar?
All my deals done, Midwest nigga with the locks on
Been getting this since Voltron, kung-fu grip, grow fond
When it comes to getting this paper I'm like coke deal up boy
x2
Coupes & roses, flowers for the dead
Fresh made, 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 should
Expensive habits, I'm a addict for gold and kicks
Leather bunkers 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 toss in a blink
I hustled diamonds, got my hands dirty, cleanin my wrist
Gold gat, no rope, still emotion is sick
Blue collar, clean Impala, automatic no stick
In case in trip automatics who grip protect possessions
Don't condone a weapon but they out to catch us slippin'
When you livin' like this the poor fish on the rich
Court seats in the Knicks, shout to Marn, my nigga
The harder I work more lavish I live
Not bad for a kid who always started with kicksx4

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