

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>