

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill**"Copa"**

Visit "[Copa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ladies and gentlemen!
We got De La up in the house tonight
They just walked up in here
We gon' see if they can come up here
and do a lil' somethin for us

[Dove]
Yo, it's star-studded in here
I'm on the moon like the first man
First can I grab is gon' get it
She all independent but want her throat wetted
Tight from the floor to height
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see
double
so I sip until my bladder bust
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

Chorus: repeat 2X - (uh-huh only 2nd repeat)

Me and you come over, we
do it like the cha-cha, just
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

[Pos]
For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership
landed
Or is it because there's some others who handed
their daughters over to the night life
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft
I get the first pick, run this easily
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay
Around the way, we're goin
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

Chorus 2X

[Pos]
Yo.. I talk no shame upon this

I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper
Puttin in work to make it last proper
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe
So I'm game to reign up to par
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay
clearheaded
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold
Our natural appeal got them others on hold
Them girls dealin with us tonight
Came with the large appetite and got served
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my
kinfolk
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

Chorus

[Dove]

You see you hopeless up in the spot
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce
pockets
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this
I sip a little left to twist spines together
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)
Even if we spill the love
we got compliments up at the front door
Just tell em Dullah sent ya
Thirty minute Tae*Bo shit's how I bench ya
All on a Saturday night, step to life
I love the way Sally walk
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York
We live in New York

Chorus 1.5X

Visit [Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.