

# Do Me No Favors (feat. Fabolous & Jadakiss)

## Troy Ave

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1: Troy Ave]

You ain't never counted paper 'til your gums hurt  
You ain't never had to make do wit' bum work  
Shit ain't comin' back, you get delirious  
It's a job in these streets, shit is serious  
My 'migo got locks in the city mud  
Back against the wall and I need a plug  
Flew the fam to the (-) verse the Heat  
I had twenty thousand grams just last week  
Shit stopped comin', bills keep comin' 'round  
Holdin' on my last bird, 'bout to break it down  
Charged you higher out of ten, then I went in Brooklyn  
Phone blowin' up, the homies ask how it's lookin'  
You think if I had the work  
I wouldn't call you to sell it, you fuckin' jerk  
You start gettin' mad, talkin' out of frustration  
In the game, six figures can easily turn to nothin'  
Damn, I'm hot, dog  
The fork on the Masi grill pickin' up grot, dog  
Bought a white house (-)  
In the presidential, watch me go to the top, dog

[Hook: Troy Ave]

Man, I got that glow  
I done came on nothin' to motherfuckin' floor  
Couple niggas be hatin', I Just be like, 'So?'  
I never get mad, I just get that door  
If the shit get bad, then I let that go

[Verse 2: Jadakiss]

You do it cause you have to, I do it cause I could  
And this is all factual, I do it for the hood  
Cock the four, cop and go  
Cause these drugs are for sale, they are not for show

Keep a eye on the monitors and lock the doors  
No comprende unless it's 'bout lots of dough  
They love it, they still want it, the block is still haunted  
Turbo in the garage, the cover is still on it  
One hundred bundles by 9AM, it's a ill mornin'  
A nigga lookin' good, the bitches is still on him  
Money, power, mega respect  
Al-Qaeda is how I got the montega connect  
If that paper ain't right, they put the K to your neck  
Give your family a visit, they send your baby a threat  
A lil' deeper than the repurcussions on the block  
But that all bein' said, is you hustler or not?

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Fabolous]

I don't get mad, I get dough, I get bags and get low  
Everybody wit' me good, my bitch bad as shit though  
You get gas, you seco, we whip ass, we clisco  
It gets bad and shit slow, we really with the shits, bro  
Twist your cap for it, (-)  
When I'm hungry, I eat myself, Snickers commercial  
I got to eat before a nigga catch a attitude, (-)  
Fuck sandwiches, I want the chips and dip  
Whips are quick, Contours, seats grips the hip  
I (-), at least a hundred grand to understand  
They put me on a flyer for twenty, I'm a wanted man  
Son of Sam, I was born in '77  
The bitch a late-night Slurpee, She 7/11  
Yeah, the family, so you gotta love it  
I'm a boss, so I got it covered

[Hook]

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