

# June 5th (Remix)

## Troy Ave

BSB Records Was 'bout to buy a 'Rari, bought a tour bus  
And God, I get a Lambo with the doors up  
Fuckin' niggas tell me I don't work E  
I see them niggas every time they hurtin'  
Blast a couple haters lookin' stressed out  
You can't have your hand and your chest out  
What you tryin' to hold, huh, nigga, what?  
You can hold these shots, you can hold these nuts I got mad missions to accomplish  
Runnin' through a bitch-nigga gauntlet  
I can up the style, give me what you got  
I ain't tryin' to hit like a bitch's own  
Some niggas throw shots, but it don't matter  
'Cause when I throw shots bones shatter  
Break 'em down, break 'em down, break 'em  
I'm the real deal, niggas fakin'  
Moment of silence, I'm 'bout to kill niggas  
You're bitin' my style, I'm 'bout to bill niggas  
Swagger jackin' at an all-time high  
And I ain't really mad, I am that guy  
A fisher with the fish scale, you a tuna  
Little nigga, I'm the big whale and a shooter  
Violater sent you to hell  
Oh, well, your L  
Eleven thou in my pocket that I could throw in a fire  
And I won't feel it 'cause, real shit, all my stacks gettin' higher  
On the top pointin' higher, on a roll like a casa  
Most these niggas vagina, I'm lookin' 'round with defiance  
Like, Damn with these niggas that be so tough  
My phone in my hand, nobody still ain't called my bluff  
I got it off grams, these other rappers, not so much  
Not so much, the chuck is up, real nigga shit Was 'bout to buy a 'Rari, bought a tour bus  
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Songwriters

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