

I'm Bout It (feat. Fat Joe)

[Troy Ave](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I know it's been a while since you heard it like this
The boy can't miss, Rolex on the wrist
Bezel on brisk, 'bout time the real returned, we still exist
Now you weirdos return to when you wasn't risk
Tight jeans for boys wasn't popular
Unless you was in the boy's, man, stop it, bruh
Too much fashion rats sayin' this and that
No clothes in facts, everybody's in the trap
But they ain't never sold no drugs, for really though
'Cause they was dead broke in they first video
YouTube don't lie, sort it like numbers
I been gettin' money for the past eight summers
Bought a Benz all cash, ho picked up a Hummer
And to think, we wasn't even twenty-oner
It's not a word, now you know how I feel when these absurd
Rappers talk about things that never occurred
Damn it, the nerve, you ain't never brandished a bird
Or guns on your enemies and gave them what they deserve
Let a nigga try me, they die, B
Ain't nothin' sweet, I be on it like diabetes
Givin' shots, gave in, was givin' props
Sometimes I had to take them in the form of blocks
Properly, buy and sell like Monopoly
No top hat, top back and she toppin' me
She bein' a vixen, all-star attender
Cake like my birthday, that's in November
23, I'm a Sage, I'm a swerve
Whole lot of horsepower, parkin' on the curb
Hoes want to floss out a coupe wit' a bird
Cold like the Porsche power, meetin' every word
I do this, might change my name to Brutus
Cut down the beef, now the money flow fluid
Bunch of Louis luggage, still your boy never trip

Gettin' chips, so it's only right I come through all dipped
Oppies get the lip and get a whole entire clip
Don't start nothin' and it won't be no shit
I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it
I'm 'bout it, and I have no limit when I give it like, 'Uhh' We made it, yeah, motherfuckers, we made it
I can't believe this shit
A hundred on the wrist, two hundred on the neck
Yo, five on the whip, three milli up in escrow
I been flippin' bricks since Nas was called Esco
(All eyez on me) like a nigga on Death Row
How to ring shots at niggas, the Bronx Lebanon
Draped in the bias, popped the seeds from Lebanon
Joe been a don, shit is realer than you think
Still ain't seen a nigga dive in a pool in a mink
Fuck you done to that shit? That ain't really chinchilla
This is Joey Crack shit, ain't a nigga been realer?
And I'm 'bout it, 'bout it everyday, three burners
Dare touch the powder, or you gon' see murder
Ever had a bitch bustin' off from givin' head?
Woke up in the Ritz, ten bitches in the bed
Niggas rockin' Jordans, but you ain't never meet the brother
You ain't that important, (shit, I still got his beeper number)
Medellin cartel, never leave a witness
Everythin' must go like you're goin' out of business
Trips to Dubai, bedrooms on the first class
Showers in the sky, reminiscenin' on my first pack
Far as projects, tryin' to get it all off
You can get it hard white, or you can get it all soft, it's cold Bunch of Louis luggage, still your boy never trip
Gettin' chips, so it's only right I come through all dipped
Oppies get the lip and get a whole entire clip
Don't start nothin' and it won't be no shit
I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it, I'm 'bout it
I'm 'bout it, and I have no limit when I give it like, 'Uhh'

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