

Full House (feat. Troy Ave & Heems)

Nick Catchdubs

Chorus (Troy Ave) x2 I be out in the club I got my hammer on
Couple bitch out in the club ain't got no panties on
You could pop a bottle of drugs and get your Danny on
It's a full house we partyin' to the early morn'

Verse 1 (Troy Ave) Allow me to reintroduce myself
Real recognize real you don't need that help
Troy Ave in the building flaunting my wealth
Money, powder and respect and liquor top-shelf
Pour a little cup, turn the fuck up
Weed in the blunt, burn the fuck up
I'm high as a kite flown by a seven footer
I'm a Brooklyn boy it don't get no hooder (Powder)
Shake ya ass, show me what you're working with
Thirstin ass, oh you trying to work a dick
Ok, unbuck the Hermes
This a joystick bitch you wan' play let's play
Front, back side to side
Skipped every base, went home with the slide
Gold pack safe, roll that eighth
Kush cloud rain on your parade
Peace!

Chorus x2 (Troy Ave) Verse 2 (Troy Ave)
Trick what, lace who? That ain't what Ave do
Know a lot of girls that would love to replace you
Flowing like I'm a Mase boo, powder on the track
Four-pounder on my waist, any problem I react
Like a madman, Mad Max, Son Sam
Kick it with my dogs we hustlin' goin' ham (Powder)
Pork on my fork 'cus your girl made me bacon
I just make real money real shit, no fakin'
Hard denim, cars women, big spendin'

Imagine all the people who don't, John Lennon (all the people!)
Beat a little pussy and smoke, Fonz livin'
Pop my collar I'm cooler than the ceiling, fan
Goddamn the club on tilt
Nobody don't front then nobody get killed
I'm all about the peace when I'm riding in my Benz
She hopped in with me and gave a fuck about her friends

Chorus x2 (Troy Ave) Bridge (Heems) x4
What's your zodiac sign? Verse 3 (Heems)
Hiroshima (Hiroshima)
She just Hima (he just Hima)

Sim simma (sim simma)
Riding in my BeamaRiding with my hoodlums
Ain't that you with the Muslims (Queens)
Yo I cam from the bottom, yeah my folks had nothing
People (seen), you gotta be about something
Take for example me and this stunting
So much Hermes I look like a pumpkin
Hermes Heems and my scarf cost a stack though
Blowing up my spots like Bashir did yo Jacko (whoops!)
My friend from DR said make something official (Dominican Republic)
Yo he pack a pistol, and wanna cop missles
ME I'm 'bout my wallet not no gun like diallo
A foolish father figure that folks fiend like to follow (Ashanti)
From Creedmoor in Queens, Himanshu a crazy
I'm a mayor shake hands and kiss babies
I'm a mayor kiss hands and shake babies
I'm bout my paper like fuck you, pay me!Chorus x2 (Troy Ave)Hey, ho! Gimme 20 dollars...

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