

June 5th

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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