

Classic Feel

Troy Ave

Classic feel
Rubber grip or the plastic feel
This that Brooklyn shit, this is nothing new
This that safety off with that engine on
Mercedes Benz, good watch, scene above them all
How he got money when he aint have a job in so long?
This that hustler shit, that independent grind
That nautical sweat suit and white ones gold shine
Barbershop twice a week, stay sharp and in shape
Aint share it with you, trim your hair, underneath a killer
This that first hand shit, Maybach, tinted windows
Not gonna rap about it but really seen it from my window
This that fine line between jail and my crooks
My bedroom at my mama house smelling like coke
This that gambling spot, stop that, shooters at
Mad showing off with three birds in the backpack
Plenty trains on bitches, no names or pictures
Trap it low so she brought more things to f*ck with us
This that half off credit, shit we dont respect
We just dead in them if they try to do 60%
This that other 40% that minority flow
When all the achers sell hearts and only you sell blow
No pain, no gain, I profit of cane
Give a f*ck who we slaying as long as my team remain
This that violating, yall will meet your death
This that vile cover, nigga, east versus west
Classic feel
Rubber grip or the plastic feel
Classic feel
Rubber grip or the plastic feel, nigga
Its that motherf*cking classic feel

Rubber grip or the plastic feel
Classic feel
And if you get it like me you can tell its for real
Now if he say I aint hot I probably f*cked his girl
Or did violence to his homies, took em up out this world
Bruce Lee sure, only nigga with that glow
Yes, we rock it, nigga Im the CEO
Most of these other rap niggas? They done seen before
MC for all, how the f*ck you get my number and all?
Over line, this momma loves me, she proud of her kid
Used to call me like, The cops here, dont come to the crib!
A bad boy, a more gangsta version to shine
My city all stay and I aint even get in my prime
Still getting that cake, a pill bury snow
On the real, f*ck your opinion, I made it this far and you broke
When I was looking for guidance spread the Bible apart
But Exodus 20: 13 didnt shift my heart
So I move in silence, all you hear is this pow
See a flash fore you pass, a light in the dark
What a sight in the chop, yeah, thats DOA
I know I look like Im balling but nigga mean, no play
Im bout my free, no lay, bags of chips
So if you feel on this shit, baby, rub on your tits
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