

Cokeamania

Troy Ave

I'm saying what up doe
I'm selling uncut blow
A nigga so cold
Jewels frozer than buffalo
These niggas Front though
They MC GUSTO
CB4 they talk

They should know that my gun go
I'll blow this shit up yo

Pussy niggas must got me confused
Shoot a nigga out they motherfuckin shoes
The name is Troy Ave, but I'm far from local
And my gun goes off
I am far from vocal mother fucker

I'm young and thuggin, my name buzzin
Slangin drugs and slangin wood
Jim Duggan, girls loving
I'm just fuckin, never trustin, never bust in
Niggas baby moms be disgusting
I'm done lustin, back hustling, the phrase MOB
Couldn't be more humbling
To other niggas, blow pop sucka niggas
I sell blow, Berra Paul, take under niggas
Coke Hogan,
Buy and sell be the slogan
I'm on my high horse, 500 when I be porche'n, HP

I'm vivid as HD, when I talk that shit
Niggas know that is really me
It's not right, but it's okay
Like whitney, RIP
Out in Houston I bought keys, opened up doors
From opening up raw,
They opened up investigations
Fuck the law
Powder Life

I'm a smooth dark pretty young nigga that's stylish
But don't get it confused, I be into the violence
Take my word or go ask niggas about my work
Niggas violate me, niggas do get merked
Pay no mind to the subliminal, they lyrical
Spray my nine at any physical, spirituals beams
I make 'em, send 'em holy to Satan
You just a soon to be t-shirt mural or painting
Hope ya niggas Matisse, Cause when that Van go
My gun go, Cracccci
Fuckin loco, I don't Play like OCHO
Chad Johono, I just root for the Giants
And keep it hundo, that's a buck nigga
Fuck boi, fuck nigga
Got homies out the state penn that'll touch niggas
No homo, but for the low dough
A couple light bands will have you meeting with Joe Paterno

I ain't lion