

Dealership

Troy Ave

Man I just left the dealership, and I
Just bust a mill and shit, damn I
Be that nigga for real
I got drugs in my bag, I'm 'bout to go deal
Gotta get money 'til a nigga dead, word
I gotta get money, bitch it's in my bag, word

Rips in my jeans
I got bands busting out the seams
I got plans, they used to be dreams
I got fans, they usually scream
Troy Ave, what up boy? You that nigga
I reply that's love and I fucks back witcha
Girls just smile and wanna take a picture
If she cute and got style then I might just hit her
From the back, from my phone, fuck it why not?
All black Air Force One's, they high top
I am making moves, I do it for my gwap
You know what time it is without no tick tock

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This little bitch, hips crazy
I might get her pregnant with a baby
I might go buy my moms JC
New crib for selling 80
Money ain't an issue for
I'm sippin' creative juice out a BSB cup
And I'm get in the goose for the winning touch
I'm dragging furs and phones, they like the F is up?
I got ambition nigga, and my heart is on froze
So it's fuck who in the way of me achieving my goals
Got a kilo on my neck, hangin' front me, some' froze
Thank God I ain't in jail for what I did on that stove

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