

# Everything

Troy Ave

Uh

Dope boy swag to the max on 'em  
Dealing yay for the pay with the strap on 'em  
Money ain't a thing but a quick meet  
Nigga murder ain't a thing but a hip reach  
BK nigga and I've been what's up  
Word to my mother I don't give a f\*ck  
Like a fronting ho  
I ain't fronting though  
I ain't gotta make a call I just dump and go  
Fast lane living shit I'm in the streets  
And you can feel that when I get a beat  
D-town raps you can see my sheet  
I've been toting gats since I had the peach  
Fuzz lit, thug shit  
New York City crack house drug shit  
That's what the f\*ck I'm representing  
30 cash for the cross what the f\*ck am I repenting nigga?

Yea, I'm selling birds come and get a wing  
BSB in the hood we the Medellín  
I'm all good wearing heavy bling  
Niggas front we putting holes up in everything, everything, everything  
My niggas putting holes up in everything, everything, everything  
My niggas putting holes up in everything.

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Niggas who ain't selling no records look defeated

No shades on in the club, clothes repeated  
Since '02 I told you I ain't need it  
Billie Jean step on the square tell you to Beat It  
Bricks in my backpack, scale and the black mac  
Niggas don't talk on the phone, they can tap that  
Unwrap raw, ice a tall mix  
Once it shrink, wrap, mummify bricks  
100 thousand dollar car minimums  
And they're candy color coated like an m&m  
Came with the bleach blonde bitch who love's eminem  
And a tan on her skin like a Timberland  
Everything nigga I got everything  
Money cash hoes that's my everything  
Niggas talking like they heavy slang  
We get it straight from the Medellín.

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