

## Loco

Troy Ave

Its that temperature on low  
Louboutins homie, Versace down  
Everything, t-shirt, , socks  
I got blood on my shoes, they from murder nigga  
Motherf\*ckers wanna act loco  
Hit em up, numerous shots from the four-four  
See, I cant do promo, cant do no shows  
f\*ck rap, coke by the boatload  
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Rapstar, hundred bars in my Fendi bag  
I couldnt get a check so I bodied away  
Got a kilo on my neck, nother nine on deck  
Dope boy Troy, what the f\*ck you expect  
Whippin extra, no extra friends  
Young nigga came in the game with a Benz  
Shittin on niggas, shoulda came with Depends  
Grippin on niggas, Ima spray em again  
Boomin shit, roomin shit  
Married to the game, Im a groom and shit  
Carrying a K, all full of shit  
And Im still Indy like a Hoosier bitch  
Ballin out in these Louboutins, Im like f\*ck these sneakers  
They only cost me an ounce of blow  
When my account is low  
Put a nigga in your speakers  
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Moving weight, picking up the bag  
Where the base I could bust their ass  
Fix a plate, than we cut the cash  
Eatin good like succotash

Money still iconic shit  
Bean-town, double up Chubby Chubb the fit  
So much damn money in these f\*cking Balmain  
Now I swear these shit dont be tryna zip  
Still got it on lock  
Still got the streets, still got a Glock  
Still got my wrist here in the pot  
Still makin whip-whip till it rock  
Drug dealin, dream fulfilling, murder killing  
f\*ck about your feelings  
Of a drug dealin, dream fulfilling  
I want from zero to a motherf\*cking million  
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