

## New York City

Troy Ave

Aye yo, times is hard, but we get through it  
And even though it's crimes involved, we had to do 'em  
By any means, Malcolm X marks the spot  
I went from ridin' bikes to ridin' through in a drop  
The road to success for me was real gritty  
Wasn't no stress for me, don't feel pity  
Life is a bitch and she sure ain't pretty  
And I'mma do me anyway, nigga  
'Cause I'm from New York City

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills  
A young prodigy when it come to drug deals  
In New York I get blood money  
Dirty cash bought my matte black Jeep  
I used to skip out on cabs  
Went from givin' no dough to given limos to get to shows  
Either way I'm driven - this shit shows  
Spit flows like B?, sick hoes, got a Master Rolex watch above my Mo'  
Drinkin' champagne out the bottle  
Young Crisco, pop it, hop in, let's politic, ditto  
Same niggas sayin' "time to get this money"  
They've been the same niggas sayin' that for years, still hungry  
New discussion: New York artists wanna be southern  
The city's lost, so out-of-towners find themselves frontin'  
It was Big, Jay Z, now Troy here after  
But Kendrick Lamar's just a weirdo rapper

We went from Uzis to elephant guns  
Small pistols on Gynsills - little shorties, cheeba, big forties  
Sittin' back in the 'hood - good, nigga, good  
Retrievin' every dollar bill, grabbin' my wood  
You know we specialists at nighttime  
Call us the poisonous pumpers  
Who run up on these niggas like Nightline  
The arsonists and good vines  
That means the wares is amazing - assignment, baby, since '89  
Creepin' through hallways, big laundry bags  
Four Ks - handle them niggas, now jam niggas  
Fuck they gon' do with no CREAM? You might as well be a bum  
'Cause you could never represent the money team  
We smash faces, flash bracelets, that's the basic  
Don't get smacked in your mouth with 45 razors  
Yeah, the jungle brothers rollin' with all coverage  
Get 'em young Troy - What? He fucked with us...

You know how I steady rock - New York City bop  
Used to slang grainy rock - war on the petty block  
Back-to-back cases...  
Now we drink liquor, drinkin' back-to-back cases  
No, we ain't erase this  
Spades hand, aces - out of town papers  
Luck's all Vegas - herb shit, Avis  
I graduated from the street life accordingly  
Said my first rhyme on a jail phone, recordedly  
I been shot niggas since 14  
I've been to war, mean - got guns from Fort Greene  
I exorted niggas - I was the re-up man

I gave the orders, nigga - P.A.P.I. gave the orders, nigga  
King flow, used to get coke from Domingo  
...in the old folks' home, he's playin' bingo  
He sold it for 10, but I got him for cinco  
Safe in the ceiling, the guns under the sink flow

The life and times of a New York Nigga, we very different  
Please pardon my aggression, but move from my vision  
With that bullshit you spittin', you talkin' my high off  
You blowin' my high, you forcin' my iron off my belt  
I'm forcin' myself to be chill...  
Listen to them journalists, get yourself killed  
They ain't never lived this life, and no nothin' 'bout it  
They hide behind aliases and talk rowdy  
From behind a MacBook, fuck a blog, dawg  
If I see you in the flesh you'll be shook  
Like a martini - I know they tired of me  
I know they wish I would die already, but I'm very dope  
I'm so cold, you should get your February coat  
That NY shit, you niggas got warm hearts  
No offense, but I'll tear you apart  
No matter which part of the map you reppin', get your weapon

[Hook: Troy Ave]