

On My Birthday

Troy Ave

Ay who celebratin a birthday?
A one two, a one two
Countin millions
Not bad for a nigga from the mud
I'm a pretty rich thug
Word

On my birthday looking like I hit the lotto
Free money, free my dawgs out the ya'll know
God is great and the paper straight
If you ain't seen a real nigga let me demonstrate

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Troy Ave the wave, all these niggas shores
Biting styles, flows all across the board
Why I can't find friends like me Lord?
Genuine love, loyal like a dog
I ain't got a roof on a few Vs
I ain't got no loot, spent it on a few keys
Real dealers know work worth more than cash
300K for Coke, 400 bagged
Traffic out of state for the bigger flip
In a small town buyin bigger clips
Runnin down on niggas with a fuckin 30
Make sure they feel it, ya fuckin heard me
Blowin on these (ballies?), headin out the door
Before I leave baby ask me what you tryna know
My favourite thing is dough, favourite word is "no"
Favourite colour white, it represent the blow

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Dope Boy Troy a real gun clapper
Don't ask me bout no bum rappers
I only listen to my heart and my intuition
I'm only hearin valid shit, I ain't on no fiction
Getting women like ya boy gofer
Then I drive em crazy so I'm wearin loafers
My newest boo like to wear a lot of Fendi
She like the Grand Marnier that I mix with Henny
Legs match the ass she for real thick
Hoppin out my whip, hoppin on my dick
Ride for me baby, ride til you cum
Don't stop when you tired, stop when I'm done
Versace sweatsuit on me it's velour

I ain't sweatin though, I'm finessin boy
Fuckin with some gangsta shit the long way
All about the money like my song say

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Big bread and the big heart in my chest
My pop gone now I'm shootin like Russell West
Guarantee I'm scorin, young nigga ballin
You'll hear about it one of these mornings
And ain't no real niggas mournin
Let one come see me even when I'm tourin
Ain't the first time, I been through it often
Immersed in the shine, still issue coffins
Troy Ave...