

Quarter Million

Troy Ave

Quarter million dollars, fifty rubber bands
If you ain't into gettin' money, you won't understand
Petty motherfucker, I got bigger plans
I been about my business and I been a man

More money, more problems, I invite the stress
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RIP to B.I.G., the homie said it best

In the streets of Brooklyn, I'm a motherfuckin' hero
Started runnin' wit' the 'caine like Nevin Shapiro
Speakin' of frauds, when I'm out, they be in my ear
Pussy-niggas know better than to get in my way
You playin' both sides, you don't think we know about it
Until you both die and they makin' sure about it
Cold Case Files, cold Cristal
Givin' pain, sit in pain as he kissed out

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Uh, I be flourished under the fire, laugh in a face of doubt
You ain't got enough money, your fingers'll count me out
I heard haters supposed to do me somethin', all they do is pout
They don't do it in my presence cause they know what I'm about
Troy blow smoke, I ain't talkin' no weed
BSB niggas, we a whole 'nother breed
They try to bury us, they ain't know that we was seeds
Growin' from the concrete, open crack, we succeed, nigga

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Uh, over green, red , black gage
Do pussy, put 'em on back page
Above the law, what the fuck I'm respectin' 'em for?
Money and violence, do disrespect in his jaw
I get them Ms and be leave 'em every bit of G
I keep the Ks and your girlfriend can get the D
You want to get money? Need to get wit' me
Mr. Flee, got more gold chains than Mr. T
Summertime, chillin' on the stoop
Five and fiend cleanin' up the coupe, but I...
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Eighty on the pinky, hundred on the other hand, man

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