

Regretful

Troy Ave

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I know you wanna be wit ya boy
But you can't, and it's stressful
I ain't mean to break your heart, but I did
I'm regretful
And it would be a lie if I said
What he had wasn't special
Although I had to let you go, you should know
I'll never forget you, ooh

I'll never forget you, ooh I'll never forget you
You should know, I'll never forget you

1: Troy Ave

Now how the f*ck could I forget Destiny?
Shorty bought out the best and the fresh in me
She was just a lil older with a baby girl
But I'm a young nigga, still tryna see the world
I knew it wouldn't work, but I dragged her along
Reminisce about her while I take a drag of the strong
Goddamn, that bitch was fine
Good food, good moves, with the "Bump N Grind"
But the fights was bad, my other hoes was mad
Took the numbers out my phone and she called they ass
Makin' threats with a follow through, "bitch I'mma follow you"
She always want me stay up the house, but I gotta do
Things in the street like get this money
When you be's in the streets you'll get them honies
Hid away in the comb, short stay, get 'em gone
I was getting back to her, couldn't wait now she gone
Word

2: Troy Ave

Chesapeake, you trifling' bitch
I'll never forget the day you sucked another nigga dick
Back in high school, 2003
You the main reason these hoes gotta deal with me
Present day MayBae, you was 'posed to be my wife
You 'posed to have my baby, we 'posed to have a life
Things don't always go how they supposed
We 'posed to be in jail for all them trips on the road
Reminisce 'bout my silver Benz
You and Zanti in the back breaking' 40, 000 into stacks of 10's
I ain't gon front, it's plenty times I miss you
I won't put you on front, but you had your issues
Some due to me, shit I was doin' me
I do the same to Nae, I did the same to Ri
I'm a work in progress, I'm improving me
But "When A Woman's Fed Up," get the eulogy

3: Troy Ave

RIP to Pop Pop, I miss my nigga
I get the chills, when I spit there's no tissue nigga
I ain't cry since your funeral, no tears left
And it's been over 12 years ago since you left
You had the gold Rolex, I got on mine today
I remember you used to play Billie Holiday

And like her "I'll Be Seeing You" uh, later on some day
Playin' pool you once cracked a fool head with the 8 ball
I'm just like you, hit crackheads with the eight-ball
New cars? yea I'm into that
Remember how you would do broads? yea I'm livin' that
Say your quote everyday: "no man is smarter than the next
It's the one who works hardest that achieves success"
Carry myself with respect, put muf*ckas in check
You live through me, get your rest, my Grandfather, God Bless
Word

Troy Ave
I'll never forget you
If I got it, then you got it, it's no issue
It was a lotta bullshit I went, been through
But every girl I done named was official
In the words of the Reverend P. Diddy, while I sip this liquor, liquor
"Some of these bitches, they roll harder than your niggas"
And everybody know it's a fact
Troy Ave. beatin' up this track
Yea nigga, yea you know how I'm strapped
Eryday I'm down for that clack
Powder!

I'm a lesson teacher, I don't learn shit
I'm hardheaded, doin' the same to my bitch right nowwww
But if you hold a nigga down
Then I promise you'll go to the top with me
Stay at the top with me, where you supposed to be
Just be patient B, knahmean?

Don't beef with me, then leave me for the next man
When he gon do the same damn thing, and not be as dope as I am
How do that make sense?
I been f*ckin' mad bitches and they leave they man
And I'm like "damn
You was beefing with that nigga for cheatin'
But you f*cking with me, I'm just a... slam... dunk, lay up"
Hit em in the back of the trunk, in the parking lot
Yea, I did that, that's a fact tho
Troy Ave oh
I get stacks to blow, but I don't spend 'em on no bitches
Trickin' ain't shit, I don't care how much riches you got
B\$B niggas straight to the top
Even smoke a lil bit of pot
But I specialize in having drug spots
Allegedly
Enjoy the album