

Uhohhh

Troy Ave

Gang gang
R.I.P. to Bang Bang
Praise God
Smash on 'em, smash on 'em
Get a whole lot of cash on 'em
Two-twenty in the dash on 'em

Smash on a, smash on a
Lookin' good, whole lot of cash on a
Two-twenty on the fuckin' dash on a bitch
Before I leave, buh-buh-buh-buh-blast on a bitch

I'm wildin' in this bitch, they like, "Uh-oh"
Countin' on some shit, they like, "Uh-oh"
You mad 'cause I'm rich, nigga, uh-oh
Fully-loaded clip, better duck low
I'm wildin' in this bitch, they like, "Uh-oh"
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Word
DBT, real trap nigga, birds
Look, I am not friends with no rap niggas (Birds)
Man, I used to buy cards, now I'm buyin' boats (Wavy)
Man, I used to have a heart, now I'm cuttin' throats (Slay 'em)
Come to my neck of the woods, you already know
I got trees and pistols, but they ain't for show
I got two million in cash and I made it slow (How?)
I made a million off music, million off of blow (Powder)
Winning, I'm a boss with some dirty hands
Filthy, I use 'em poolside, countin' thirty bands
Feel me? Writing from my motherfuckin' waterfall (Make it rain)
But when I spray a house, it ain't no water, y'all
Listen, whip it 'til it change, nigga, word
I am rich off cocaine, nigga, word
I give a fuck about fame, nigga
I emerged from the fuckin' crack flame, nigga, word

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Look, you ain't really rich, that's your man's paper (Hold up)
I got a housekeeper and a landscaper (More up)
I'ma come clean, dawg, we ain't the same (Why?)
I know where you shop, you got a fake chain (Oh my)
Fraudin', so much fraudin' (Hah)
Man, I'm dead, where the hell is the coffin?
Fuck it, instead of me resting in peace
I rest twenty-carat VS1 stones in my piece (Bling)
Icy man, icy man, how you so cold?

I kept it independent, they like, "How you so bold?"
You read a nigga penny and his story gettin' told
I make ninety-five percent of every record that I sold
Realest nigga in this shit just to be specific
Hard work, faith in God, grind, I'm committed
Made it on my own, can't nobody say I didn't
Niggas ridin' waves, tryna [?]

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