

Columbia

Troy Ave

Heavy powder nigga yeah,
Hottest nigga coming out my city, yeah, New York
Got this pyrex spinning in my kitchen yeah
Whippin extras got my necklace holdin frigid air
Hell is hot, god is not, you can see it stare
Don't get shot, tryina plot, I will leave you there
Doa, me no play and I never will
Pussy niggas so delighters but they never kill
I'm talking bout kilos, uncut, fish scale, that pedico
Got a guatemalan plug with mexico
Cartel ties tighter than virgin hoes
I ain't hit Columbia, cause my homie had a cheaper down in Pana
ma
Got deported from here went down set up shop
Now it's 35 hunned for a pure block
Yeah I got it for the low maine, louder
A lot of weight cocaine, louder
I rock it under low flame, powder
I can make cocaine, yeah