

# Merry White Christmas

Troy Ave

(Verse)

Who the hottest in New York? It's really no debating  
Real niggas say that to fix suckers be hatin  
Like he likes but that nigga re-rhymes off his iPhone  
No, nigga I'm texting yo girl meet me at my home  
I always had dreams of a million while they was chillin  
I'm a new Benz 4 wheelin from dope dealing  
With a Rollie off track and a Rollie off rap  
But I hit you a few times if you tryna take that  
I'm ticked off, got on from a brick of salt  
Was getting mad money OT when it kicked off  
Out here I had a spot two doors down with heaters in the wall  
And the fiends lined up like sneakers on the wall  
Watch for the sneaks in the hole you peep  
When you get em high, 05, take you down at yo peek  
I'm in made with those made niggas get to point  
I mush the codeine without the PCP in my joint  
Nigga show yo bag, shipped in for marijuana  
Got my chips up, had em flown in from Kilofonia  
For the lower price, the nigga that rolled the dice  
Lose 100 grand once, out here man but shit twice  
Be the traitor already, I still don't think I have it  
Ain't like I can call in sick, where's my fragments?  
If I take a loss then f\*\*k it, I'm still gon eat  
But as long as a nigga undefeated in these streets  
It's all good, it's all good  
Baby it's all good, it's all good  
I'm from a broke hood  
Where the guns go (blap)  
And these niggas runnin  
Cus they f\*\*kin hoes  
And we them niggas  
And you f\*\*kin know  
Troy Ave motherf\*\*ker, I'm about to blow

(Hook)

While you was kissin that bitch under the mistletoe  
I was hustling this shit, had to get this dough  
Everything was all good but now that her man know  
He gon put holes in yo ass like a tic tac toe  
Nigga life's a gamble, I'm into the risk  
I bet it all every day just to get to the chips  
I can't afford to be played or get killed for a bitch  
Thank the Lord as we pray, Merry White Christmas

(Verse)

I'm on a BQE with 2 pistols in a cup  
And the light uptown, big booty splash bro  
You know a nigga picky, hovaine here with me  
And my honey Hennessey D, whippin the 7-60  
Later on at night I'mma bury it in the dough  
But for now I'm hatin Queens for a plate of that curvy gold damn  
I don't know what the f\*\*k I want on the side  
Matter fact you can give a nigga macaroni pie  
A steak with cheese and shells, my squares flow steady  
It's really like I'm here eating already  
I got 400 in this shoebox for real

I'm 600 away from making a mill  
Give me 2 M's today, I'm taking a deal  
But for now this the motherf\*\*kin gangsta grill

(Hook)

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(Outro)

Merry White Christmas  
My gift to the world is nothing but dope music  
I promise to restore the feeling  
Men do what they say and say what they mean  
I told niggas I was gonna blow the f\*\*k up  
Oh!  
Keep spreading the word  
Keep spreading the gospel  
Let these motherf\*\*kers know  
Troy Ave that nigga  
Aye listen man  
I told niggas I'm worth 1.2 million  
They laughed at me  
Now look  
The price went the f\*\*k up  
I mean 2 million  
I mean I'm just counting money right now in this motherf\*\*ker mane  
BSB them niggas man  
We got the highest quality of street music across the lane  
I represent the east coast, New York City  
Real niggas worldwide just like me  
It's a fact though  
BSB records, the future is here  
I'm the only nigga, and I speak chuck shit in yo ear  
Yea, I seen other niggas get on  
What I do?  
I never hate it  
I stay humble and stay workin  
And I waited my motherf\*\*kin turn  
I'm like I ain't waitin my turn, I'm makin my turn  
Yea