

New York City

Troy Ave

Aye yo, times is hard, but we get through it
And even though it's crimes involved, we had to do 'em
By any means, Malcolm X marks the spot
I went from ridin' bikes to ridin' through in a drop
The road to success for me was real gritty
Wasn't no stress for me, don't feel pity
Life is a bitch and she sure ain't pretty
And I'mma do me anyway, nigga
'Cause I'm from New York City

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills
A young prodigy when it come to drug deals
In New York I get blood money
Dirty cash bought my matte black Jeep
I used to skip out on cabs
Went from givin' no dough to given limos to get to shows
Either way I'm driven - this shit shows
Spit flows like B?, sick hoes, got a Master Rolex watch above my Mo'
Drinkin' champagne out the bottle
Young Crisco, pop it, hop in, let's politic, ditto
Same niggas sayin' "time to get this money"
They've been the same niggas sayin' that for years, still hungry
New discussion: New York artists wanna be southern
The city's lost, so out-of-towners find themselves frontin'
It was Big, Jay Z, now Troy here after
But Kendrick Lamar's just a weirdo rapper

We went from Uzis to elephant guns
Small pistols on Gynsills - little shorties, cheeba, big forties
Sittin' back in the 'hood - good, nigga, good
Retrievin' every dollar bill, grabbin' my wood
You know we specialists at nighttime
Call us the poisonous pumpers
Who run up on these niggas like Nightline
The arsonists and good vines
That means the wares is amazing - assignment, baby, since '89
Creepin' through hallways, big laundry bags
Four Ks - handle them niggas, now jam niggas
Fuck they gon' do with no CREAM? You might as well be a bum
'Cause you could never represent the money team
We smash faces, flash bracelets, that's the basic
Don't get smacked in your mouth with 45 razors
Yeah, the jungle brothers rollin' with all coverage
Get 'em young Troy - What? He fucked with us...

You know how I steady rock - New York City bop
Used to slang grainy rock - war on the petty block
Back-to-back cases...
Now we drink liquor, drinkin' back-to-back cases
No, we ain't erase this
Spades hand, aces - out of town papers
Luck's all Vegas - herb shit, Avis
I graduated from the street life accordingly
Said my first rhyme on a jail phone, recordedly
I been shot niggas since 14
I've been to war, mean - got guns from Fort Greene
I exorted niggas - I was the re-up man

I gave the orders, nigga - P.A.P.I. gave the orders, nigga
King flow, used to get coke from Domingo
...in the old folks' home, he's playin' bingo
He sold it for 10, but I got him for cinco
Safe in the ceiling, the guns under the sink flow

The life and times of a New York Nigga, we very different
Please pardon my aggression, but move from my vision
With that bullshit you spittin', you talkin' my high off
You blowin' my high, you forcin' my iron off my belt
I'm forcin' myself to be chill...
Listen to them journalists, get yourself killed
They ain't never lived this life, and no nothin' 'bout it
They hide behind aliases and talk rowdy
From behind a MacBook, fuck a blog, dawg
If I see you in the flesh you'll be shook
Like a martini - I know they tired of me
I know they wish I would die already, but I'm very dope
I'm so cold, you should get your February coat
That NY shit, you niggas got warm hearts
No offense, but I'll tear you apart
No matter which part of the map you reppin', get your weapon

[Hook: Troy Ave]