

The Symphony

Troy Ave

I'm recallin this motherfucker live from puerto rico
Suavemente, these bum ass niggas with they struggle music
Can't fuck with me mane
I'm out here sippin mojitos,
These niggas under like the 3 chain
My nigga avon block still, on the pete rock peek
Nigga pete rock hit me, listen I'll fuck with you
This the all mighty bsb, black get em!

I'm big block I'm hard knock like fort knox
I sling rocks the projects, the crack spots
I toke block, this headshots, you dead pop
Like web rock, no red dot for a headshot
Same george, same junes, dealer mind set
Different crack, new money, hustler mind set
You wanna cheat the stretch, get in the wines wet
Cook some dust up in it, have your ...vexxed
See that paper flip, like the likatry
Every move for the chips, so I remove the piece
Shots blow, bodies droppin, I'm a wilderbeast
Boc blaze the packs, low flames, good crack
I got keys to distract, got keys in the trap
Fuck deez and raps, walk fiends with bats
I don't know how to act, I got a fucking problem
Or a black hood strap, you want that fucking problem

Bitches checkin for me, I ain't even made a name yet
Put me on the track it's guarantee to be a train wreck
Crash course collision any nigga in my vision
Tryina stop me and my niggas, intentions of getting richer
Heard me on that crossfighter, like we ...
Now I'm buzzin like a blood talking to his orange son
Niggas real want something, y'all know where to find me
I be right there on the back blocks so blocks still beside me
Find me on troy ave with troy ave, strapped up
Niggas get a whole movie clip for tryina act tough
Put you in a black tux, body decomposin
I got bitches on they knees, and now they ain't composin
Like the dog off the leash man the nigga runnin wild
Talking all these pretty hoes like it's going out of styles
Who caught the most bodies, not convicted in trial
I raise my hand I got committed to foul, word up

Rolling with my niggas and I'm stunting on these bitches
Cooking coke in kitchen's letter, fiend do the dishes
Shout out to sabrina, a freebase diva
I'm charging for mine, and grand at the 3 fever
Hot headed nigga, my temperature on fuego
Killing niggas dead depending on how my day go
Mobbing like a day go, bsb got yayo
Come and shop with us big bro
The price go down when I weight more
Counting money, getting hypy like a babe bro
Digi scales where I lat blow
It's 4 pounds on my waist though
Got a spanish girl pregnant with my lil baby
I made her get an abortion, I got a mercedes

Blood on my hand, money in my pocket
I'm going till the law or the lord come and stop me
Power to the people and I really got it
Streets know your boy selling coke for a profit
...great bands, 3 bitches, one frame
Hoes in the back, 2 seats just lac
All white sheets, I don't sleep, just nap
When we get there, I'ma bust they crack
Nigga that's a fact, that's how I be on it
Your bitch is a rap, I can tell that she on it
Playing on my songs, as she sing along
Fantasizing bout the time when
We could get it on
I'm a dope boy swag to the max type nigga
You a working ass job office max type nigga