

# 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