

Restore the Feeling / NYC

Troy Ave

I got the streets, you heard!

BSB, Powder!

I'm on some New York shit, to the Max so wavy
And I hustle hard like my name Maino or 80
Though I'm my moms first baby, Roc-A-Fella did raise me
She said I was a Bad Boy, but now I'm more like Jay Z
During Reasonable Doubt I went the independent route
Now I'm the big poppa that the industry talk 'bout
Coogi sweaters and all, praise God and my faith
Free to GS9 I hope them niggas beat up that case
I'm still gettin' mine, young and cocky
I'ma be the king ASAP, no Rocky
Unless we talk about my jewellery, the wrist and my neck on glitter
Me and Block was coke boys before French Montana
R.I.P. Chinx, ya boy about to bring in the bricks
A city on lock, Raekwon and Ghost, Cuban my links
Them is O.G.'s man I might be the youngest O.G
Right after Fab, that's family, luck 'til I'm
In this soil I was raised to be loyal
My squad are several, my pockets don't go though
Might flip the mode, put my Porche on auto
It's gon' be a ruff rydin' like X, where my dawgs go
This one here fo' fo', nigga even think
That will be a hit, should've signed to Murder Inc
Or maybe GMG, Uncle Murda what you think
My whole set dip down in different color minks
Jewels and the gems, shining like a motherfucker
Standin' in front of the cam, lining like a motherfucker
We don't Mobb Deep, but I rock with P and Hav
Guess some d on the block that thing went fast
Countin' up the Louch, stylin' like P
Now ima MCM, hoes tryna kiss me
A nigga on the run like N.O.R.E
We the breaking news, CNN, BSB Records nigga
And you see us out here hoopin'
Free B-Loved and Bang they ain't do that shooting
But I'm a gun clapper, Yayo weighing bagger
With mad Bucks in the Banks, Fifty my favorite rapper
I got one milli, now I'm tryna get two
Put rocks on any block, watch the fiends fall through
Never been caught, God bless we know we had to choose
Somehow the flow is sick, so sick I just flew
In from out of town, they always sayin'
We don't fuck with New York rappers, you the one that we playin'
The South said they jackin' our slang, that shit wack
Seeing that fuck 12 now every line is a trap
A lame from Texas was sippin' lean tryna be Future
If it wasn't for you, your city wouldn't have a future
L.A. say Kendrick got God, but Troy be spittin'
You tell stories like Nas when It Was Written
Chicago said niggas wanna bang like us
Now it's blown up, come on dawg enough is enough
Who held it down when niggas was licking Westcoast dick
But tryna sound like Atlanta desperate for a hit, record
I'm on record saying I don't respect it

I'm just splittin' image they way I record on my records
You guessed it the young king hails from New York City
I fuck with YG cause he look and sound like his bity
Migos, Gucci and Thug got that country bass
If it ain't from Chi-Raq then that drill don't count
If you a swagger-jacker and your shoe fits this Ether
Niggas got they own fucking sound clown don't need ya
They ain't come here for that or your remix neither
You don't go to the Chinese store when you want pizza
They ain't come here for that or your remix neither
You don't go to the Chinese store when you want pizza