

No matter what you say and what you do
The streets is mine and nigga you are through
Yourself is who you're lying
Caue if you're fuckin' with mine
You must be out of your mind
Go L [x5]

I heard somebody call me Troy Average
Well let me tell you 'bout the shit, a nigga average
The the four new hoes on a average
And they ate her at the dime on the average
Every show I get a dime on the average
I am loco with the gun, gotta have it
Make my diamonds 'bout eighty one carats
Use a revolver or we might go automatic
Easily ten shots on the average
Brought a Porsche, mad horses no carriage
So when you hate is tweet Ave, I have no care-age
Cause spent four thou' weekend, I still manage

You niggas ain't comin' out eever, never, never, never
You coded in December driving Jetta, Jetta, Jetta, Jetta's

No matter what you say and what you do
The streets is mine and nigga you are through
Yourself is who you're lying
Caue if you're fuckin' with mine
You must be out of your mind
Go L [x5]

The weather gettin' nicer, in the Villa with my feet up
Patrón margarita's gettin blow like the speaker
Mix and smoke liquor while she rollin' up the reefer
We all gettin' money, livin' fast like a Cheetah
These niggas broke, I'm livin' like a broker
My deal is stackin' chips, we ain't even playin poker
They wanna wave the flag like they listenin' to soca
I could pull you niggas cards, but I ain't playin' with you jokers
I'm chasin' quotas like I had to make a quota
A nigga actin' fly, then I can lay the nigga over
I'm still a good fella, I ain't playin' Ray Liotta
I be in the grey Rover, armed with hammers like the baking soda
The games over, we shining like the armor all
And all my niggas stay strapped, like an armoured car
You think we worry 'bout you? Oh niggas not at all
Cause lil' headaches get popped like tylenol

It's the killer, you remember me?
Stayed on punishment, but now I'm on MTV
At Hot 97, 105 faithfully
My competition's in the back screaming "Wait for me!" (what)
Nigga please, I can't wait I gotta speed up
'Bout to turn the heat up
Niggas sneak dissin', but they peaceful when we meet up
And all these fans travelling from miles just to see us
Man I'm still in the hood c-c-countin' up my re-up
I ain't lyin' I gotta get it, came up, already did it

Might hit the strip club and go throw a Honda Civic
I do it for the times I was piss po'
Now I just kick rhymes, get money and hit hoes
Sip mo', like it's some water, if you hatin' you autta
Look at the scoreboard, man this shit is a slaughter
And you double my age, I'm probably fucking your daughter
Don't think rap is your thing, just try taking an order, nigga

You niggas ain't comin' out eever, never, never, never
You coded in December driving Jetta, Jetta, Jetta, Jetta's

No matter what you say and what you do
The streets is mine and nigga you are through
Yourself is who you're lying
Caue if you're fuckin' with mine
You must be out of your mind
Go L [x5]