

Backyard Freestyle

Troy Ave

Smoking blunts out by the yard
Niggas saying times is hard
That's cause they got a job
Me against the world
Nigga ion need a squad
I'll kill
I'll murder
I'll fuckin Rob

Cooking up crack on the stove nigga
I'm not tryna be the next Hov nigga
All you niggas jus wanna bee's
I'm tryna be the richest nigga in my dungarees
Self made and self paid
That's how it's gon be till ya boys in the grave
I got courage all these boys is afraid

Lamborghinis how I make my way
I don't say hi but I might say hey
I might fuck the bitch
But I can't stay
My sky's is never grey
It's always blue shining
Cause the ice hitting that way

Lotta bedrooms but ion sleep
Niggas talking nonsense but not a peep
I ain't tryna hear it
I ain't gotta fear it
I don't want ya bad energy all on my spirit
Might jump in the pool
I'm way to cool
Left outta school
Hauling hammers as a tool
If you ain't gettin money use a fool

I made my way up off the grams
I say thank you and yes ma'am
Even to a fiend Sabrina at the crib
Man you know what it is
She let niggas cook up rocks for \$10 dollars
I know a freaky nigga named Bing, he like to holla
I would never do it man that pussys valhalla
He on some Viking shit
I'm on some doing my thing and liking it
You niggas
Ain't got no bling it's exciting shit

How you gon say money ain't everything
When you ain't had a watch or a muthafuckin chain
It's the rocks in my ears
Man I'm like David Blaine
Cause I went from Zero to Mills
It's magic nigga
Y'all shit is tragic nigga
I got to have it nigga