

Brooklyn Shit

Troy Ave

Ayo New York City, don't worry I got us
Troy Ave and B&B is that brand you can believe in
East Coast nigga, Anti weirdo chuck shit
We representing the streets (PowederRRR)

Rappers want features but that ain't no swap nigga
Pay me motherfucker I'm about my guap
I'm the talk of the city, New Yorks savior
My little brother can buy no jordans with favors
I'm blowin up, Flex droppin bombs to this
We ain't the same nigga you live with ya moms and shit
My bitches like bags and shit, sometimes I buy the shit
But I don't be mad I stuff that thing high with bricks
That's the only way the only way they carry off I just get my blow off
Heavy white base, dope runnin marathon
Leader of the race, keep up with my pace
Look Weezy in the eye get Cash money in ya face
Niggas is basic I'm more complex
I could hear ya rhymes, figure out what comes next
I'm really living mines tryna figure out what comes next
That freshman cover, a major deal, jail or death

Brooklyn shit, this is not the known
This that safety off, with the engine on
This that Brooklyn shit, this is not the known
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This that safety off, with the engine on
Mercedes Benz, good watch sitting above them all
How he got money when he ain't have a job in so long

Fuck it, tears of joy in a bucket
On the road to success I'm doing over a 100
Doing the shit you wanted, fuck waiting for turns
Turned my safety off, engine on, went and earned
Never looking for handouts, I came to stand out
Represent my city, show what being a mans about
Niggas dressing pretty showing you what a scams about
Denims can't be skinny, a skirts are worn when a ma'ams out
Miss me with the bullshit, get hit with a full clip
Hand on the bible I done put niggas under pull proof, front row a mother
I react you suffer, and that's a fucking fact yo Murda come get these suckas

GMG, I run New York yeah I said it and I'm not no liar
They wanna see me run into Suge and shots get fired
Lemme tell you a little bit about how I grewed up
When if ya daddy didn't come home, he ain't gonna show up
Momma told us don't worry we be okay
I believed her then 2 years later she passed away
Beefin in my head with God in my head like we gon see wassup
I'm shootin at the sky thinkin I could hit Jesus up
God damn Uncle Murda shootin at Jesus now
He on that project roof squeezing off that pound
She like that white porsche I'm in, with red interior nigga
Your wifey outta pocket winking at me curious nigga
I'm the Brooklyn Richie Porter, if you ain't know
Killing a nigga close to me if he tryna play Al-Po

No trust, hammas bust, that's the end of that shit
Half a brick to a whole one, now I got 10 of them shits
Put the order in, whatever you need I can get it
I got the plug wanna shout out my Dominican nigga (Flacko)
I remember when a nigga got beat uptown, they saw me [?]
Know what I went through to rebound
You know how many robberies, had niggas laying down, face down in the ground
Too many lame New York rap niggas claiming the crown
They not Biggie, not no Jay, not Nas
I'm the closest thing you got to them guys, open ya eyes nigga

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