

# Chuck Norris (Hoes & Gangstas)

Troy Ave

You the type of low I ain't feeling  
The type that don't take care of they children  
I never, ever let a nigga play me  
If you get caught, don't say me  
I fucks with the hoes and the gangsters  
I'm up with the dough yelling thank you  
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I'm out here just to flourish  
Kicking that shit like Chuck Norris  
Saint Laurent, stand firm though  
Close your motherfucking mouth, you can learn hoe  
Real ones know to be quiet  
I'm getting money, you should try it  
Eating off a digi-scale, fish diet  
I don't do drugs, let the bitches try it  
She get high on the fucking low  
She get by so I fuck 'em both  
Now they kissing in the strip club  
A few dollars make 'em do the most

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Fake niggas stop acting like you know me  
We ain't cool, we ain't friends, we ain't homies  
Yousa Kit Kat, gimme a break  
I'm head to toe in Versace but don't fuck with snakes  
Medusa, all this Medusa  
I'm a pretty fly nigga that'll shoot ya  
Catch a bitch eyeing niggas, then manuver  
Getting head in the Benz, it's a Supra

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In the streets with the top off  
Giving niggas every chance just to pop off  
They frauds, they knock offs  
They a Charmin, they are Scott soft  
Tissue, what's really the issue?  
Unofficial niggas always hate on the official  
I ain't that kind when I blow it, ain't a whistle  
I am that kind that stand over you with pistols

It is what it is and I feel no remorse  
Been married to the game and we still ain't divorced  
Harry with the cane, got the powder, get the cost  
Doing Business, doing fitness, so I floss, of course

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