

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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