

# Dealership

Troy Ave

Man I just left the dealership, and I  
Just bust a mill and shit, damn I  
Be that nigga for real  
I got drugs in my bag, I'm 'bout to go deal  
Gotta get money 'til a nigga dead, word  
I gotta get money, bitch it's in my bag, word

Rips in my jeans  
I got bands busting out the seams  
I got plans, they used to be dreams  
I got fans, they usually scream  
Troy Ave, what up boy? You that nigga  
I reply that's love and I fucks back witcha  
Girls just smile and wanna take a picture  
If she cute and got style then I might just hit her  
From the back, from my phone, fuck it why not?  
All black Air Force One's, they high top  
I am making moves, I do it for my gwap  
You know what time it is without no tick tock

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This little bitch, hips crazy  
I might get her pregnant with a baby  
I might go buy my moms JC  
New crib for selling 80  
Money ain't an issue for  
I'm sippin' creative juice out a BSB cup  
And I'm get in the goose for the winning touch  
I'm dragging furs and phones, they like the F is up?  
I got ambition nigga, and my heart is on froze  
So it's fuck who in the way of me achieving my goals  
Got a kilo on my neck, hangin' front me, some' froze  
Thank God I ain't in jail for what I did on that stove

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