

Dope Boy (Hands Up)

Troy Ave

Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy
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Every bad bitch want a real nigga
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P is for power nigga you know about that
I eat and devour niggas, you talking bout rap
Spoon full of dope, every ball to the point
You need a little fix you broke
And what's your point of even living?
You fucking up the rhythm, drum's full of coke
Pulling strings used to get em
Beat the cold base, beat the pussy in the system
Playing bricks in my backpack, no kidding
Spit what I'm living, I'm giving all facts
These other niggas spitting they shit, is just so whack
Straight about a Brooklyn and they saying New York back
The streets know a problem just responsible for that
Fuck what you ball from the avenue of joy
Shouts my nigga boo bizy and my nigga troy
I'm bout to go fishing, bring me a scale, ahoy
Ladies rub your tits if you fuck with a dope boy!

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See I used to be at harlem fucking mays bitch
All black leather like the matrix
And me and cameron's like brothers from another mother
Now we don't speak much, but he still my brother
My puertoricans wailing out in bushwick
We watch to the front, we just push shit
Left frackle I'm not a hood melts
A bunch of wild niggas rocking good belts
Still smoking bogies, while I'm banging boats
Kush in the... riddle save the roach
Try ave, you from my favorite coats
So I'm a come through with my favorite toats
Hammers out in France, that's French toast
Drive bies on the pedal fights, hit you closer
Casper, your phantom gonna get you ghost
My goodbyes come in Spanish, adios!

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Fake niggas be quiet, real nigga speaking
Hard them say with the hammer peeking
Free my homie 8 ball from the beacon
I got a few niggas on the run eating
We all chasing mills, the hunger for more
The streets is the field, I run up the scope
But I ain't playing with you niggas, before I go broke

I get to spraying at you niggas
We all get the blood money, what what?
Troy ave getting drug money, fuck is up
I'm your dealer, I'm your daddy,
I would kill you in the alley
I'm your pushing man, white base, call it berry
Can't get enough of your love, baby
Haters getting nothing but slugs, shit crazy
Bk all day, catch games at the bob clay, in the suite
But ain't nothing sweet about make powder

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