

## Dope Boy (Hands Up)

Troy Ave

Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga

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!

Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga

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!

Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga

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

Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Hands up if you fucking with a dope boy  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga  
Every bad bitch want a real nigga.