

# Four Ring Thing

Troy Ave

Another day, another dollar in the county of kings  
I'm hittin corners, smoke blowin out that four ring thing  
Music up, seats back, two morenas in the back  
And Avon Blocksdales riding shotgun strapped  
You might see him smiling but don't take him for a joke  
If I tell him to fire, a nigga getting smoked  
The two in the back, half freak and half black  
Born on the same day, came from the same sack  
It's BSB period, bitches money and murda  
That's brick star boys period, nothing further  
Fuck these lame niggas and no love for these hoes  
They only recreation I pickle dick em and go  
See me when you see me, just don't see me unannounced  
And you ain't talking bout fuckin and I see yo ass out  
Wasting time or money really not what I'm about  
But I jazzy jump a bitch, half verse about the house, wussup?

On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggas do real things  
And all my niggas fucking bitches, getting money cha ching  
Real niggas doing real things, powder

Catch me if you can like I'm Frank Abagnale  
With way more swag, nigga it's nothing you can tell me  
I'm sure stay at the telli, yo I'm cruising on the island  
With a bad young bitch, her features is exotic  
Body like she Cuban but complexion more maroccan  
Blowing smoke up out this Cuban while she blowin on my rocket  
Tugging on my jeans, couple bands in my pocket  
I break gloves and hearts, being broke is not an option  
If it's not a profit to me, it's non-existent  
Made a commitment to get it and I'm persistent  
Never gave a fuck about a fake nigga's depiction  
I'm too relisted, nothing I speak is fiction  
Don't extend yo hands in efforts to say wussup to me  
If you can't acknowledge the fact you admire and look up to me  
I'm a real nigga and them real niggas with me  
And if you don't then be real enough to be above with me

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TROY AVE say no info for the DEA  
Check the rear views in several ramblers D state  
'Cause when you play for keeps them niggas be wanting replays  
And sore losers, runner ups get all rugga  
This is all true shit, what the fuck? I'm all ruthless  
And I appear to be and I lie that  
'Cause when niggas get murdered, this I ain't know he was like that  
And evil will div low, I'm peeking through the door  
Of the penitentiary and I ain't liking what I saw, it ain't for me  
I don't even like to visit  
I could do the time, each sayin enough bitches  
Them niggas living vicious, free all the real niggas  
Keep the bums and the haters,

Find every snitch, cut out they tongue with a razor  
No more singing, Whitney passed  
They been all suffered all, real life my nigga Cass  
Wussup?

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