

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 Blocksdale 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 rambled 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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