

Hot Boy

Troy Ave

I wear icy gold chains, can't [?] me
Told you niggas I wrote this shit in the jail
God is great, paper straight

You know the boy hot, get a thermometer
So baby girl, she want me inside her
On the road to riches, pushin' my speedometer
Yellin' "go young nigga, get your commas up"
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[Verse 1]

On the road to success I pass many with their thumb up
Bird ass niggas come around when the sun up
I'm shinin' off grindin' out here with my ones up
You shot you dyin' motherfucker don't run up
They act like they happy but sick to they stomach
Niggas hope my downfall gon' be they come up
But that ain't the case, send it street 100
I'm only in here cause I keep it 100
That's some real niggas, what you hear when I'm brung up
Oh shit I'm goin' through another rapper with a hung up
To smoke my stress away you'll fuck around and burn a lung up
She throat my stress away, open wild, lift her tongue up

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I only put my faith in God cause niggas be bluffin'
When your back against the wall you see everybody frontin'
Wearin' all Givenchy in the photos and the news
Down to my slippers, try and walk in my shoes
Gotta watch what you say talkin' to dudes
Cause niggas be tellin' get to court and see him too
Paid my lawyer fees and my bail and my dues
Bout to pay and take my family on another cruise
Bein' a real man is the road less traveled
Responsibilities ain't never been a hassle
Niggas want beef like they own a White Castle
So niggas come creepin' they gonna hit gavels
All my raps is real, put my hand on the Bible
My life is a movie all that's missin' is a title
I be seen shootin' out the end of a rifle
These are not for kids but the kid is an idol
Pull up in some shit and I let it run idle
Not a short paper player, money tall as the Eiffel
Tower up at Lenny's, fuck her when I slide through
The clams and the oysters get her wet as a bayou
Was drownin' in sorrow now I make my moms glad
Back in 9th grade sold drugs on [?] Ave

Young dope boy king choice transition
I see man who don't make change and then get missin'
Lost in the system or lost where they dig 'em
A sentence feel worse than death depend on what they given
I was gone all this time you niggas still ain't hot
You niggas just rappers I real, they pop
King Troy everything real, they not
My art imitate life and not the other way, watch
No more doing nothing for niggas off the glove
No more coming through as a favor, that's a dub
I don't wanna hear about no promo points and splits
I don't fuck with artists who don't really live what they spit
And shit you shouldn't either
This is fake nigga Ether
Troy Ave the realest nigga comin' out his speakers
Out the East Coast, out the hood like "see ya"
Crabs in the barrel, in my rear view, leave ya
So long, so long, so long
It's way too much shade, I'm a go and get my glow on
Bitch nigga parade, go ahead and get your float on
God is great, my paper's straight and so on
Free the real

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