

I'm Dat Nigga

Troy Ave

They Checking for me cause I got a check
But I ain't wearing Nike likely I'm wearing a tec
Bullets that make you tell em to go in ya neck
Double X L so icy Gucci in my steps

I'm about to show you why I am the shit
And then after I show you you'll be on my dick
Cause I'm that nigga but you don't know it yet
I'm just that nigga but you don't know it yet

I be that Brooklyn nigga with the golden smile
They ain't know me 09 bet they know me know
George shorts and a white T fork in the white B
Made more with the Pyrex then Givenchy
Shop never close now hundred for O's
If you buying 36 hoes sell for the low
I'm major without a deal I'm not these rap niggas
My art imitates life and that's a fact nigga
No respect for suckers who run they lips
Then pick who they will and won't get tough with
Anybody who play me, I fold em or shot em
And I ain't got to get em cause I already got em
Sixteen with a Mac 11
Now you hearing my 16's on Hot 97
Young Harry Powder blooming like a Cocoa flower
Hamper full of towels all the bitches took a shower
Clean kills, Stan Smiths by the poolside
Fireplace lit every day is Utah
My presence a gift to my sexiest bitch
Dog dressed light skin with devilish lips
Stop blushing and show em I ain't fronting
Take a Instragram with that nigga for no hustling
Casino flow me and Mo playing roulette
My life is a gamble what's a thousand dollar bet
Pro chip the pound no fro willies around
Double shots of crown royal losing me down
We young niggas with grown money they all watch
No hand I could throw cost more than my watch
Watch me make moves don't wait for no niggas
Started from the bottom I levitated on most niggas
Hard work pays literally coke whipper
Big body benz too I'm a fucking dope dealer nigga

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Young Lito fresher then a new bar
That six top just fold like a futon
Flyer then Clark Kent when he got the suit gone
Used to be too short now my money too long
And bad bitches date me, broke niggas hate me
Tell em get a little more paper they could trace me
Aiming for the stars and my gun is off safety
Swag on Mars and my group is on spacey
We hit the club hoes screaming take me

Fuck em then I tell em leave now they screaming "MAKE ME!"
Niggas can't shake me I be out in A.C
Shooting drug money block jumping like Blake G.,
Winner since H3 or when I rock the AVE
Moms had Chryst in my bottle as a baby
Now I pour Chryst on a model like I'm crazy
Young live nigga but these hoes say I'm wavy

Every re-up I'm building another level up
Won't live life as a pilgrim I'm not a settler
Shipment full of birds to my hood I'm Columbus
We Chrystal, Chris Wallace, and Chris Dudus
Gangsta rap the pack, you pay me I dap
You play me I clap just stating the facts
I wanna be a millionaire so freaking bad
Half waited off crack, really did it the most
Never did it the boast, sitting amongst the gross
Picture and getting toast, counting and making jokes
Bout hating niggas that's broke
I would kill em but me making a killing
Is killing them slow (Die!)
New car like a shot to the head (Bah!)
New bitch like I pushed her off the ledge (Ahhh!)
New songs flex bongs niggas fed
When I do this million dollar deal niggas gone be dead
I'm living taking pictures with the Kool-Aid smile
Flashy dope dealer yea you know my style
Had no hope nigga I came up real wild
Most of my friends are killers some of them blew trial
See you in 15 with good behavior
If I don't make it doing rap I'm a be ya neighbor
For now I'll be that nigga New York's savior
Save ya breath the and bet ya wagers
Powder...

Motha fuckas