

# 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