

## Intro

Troy Ave

Locked in the jail but I'm gon' get free  
I wear icy gold chains, can't no brass break me  
Pussy nigga tried to assisaniate me  
I took the gun from him and turned the tables 'round like a G  
RIP my real nigga B-A-N-G  
Couldn't make your funeral but I heard that you was flee  
Riding through the sky, know the luggage Louis V  
When we get to heaven's doors save your boy a spare key  
You in a better place but I'm sad and enraged  
Try not to let tears fall on the page  
It's been a few days and a nigga still hurting  
If you was here you would say I hope you still working  
Can't explain the pain with a whole dictionary  
There's nothing to explain, you niggas fiction-ary  
Find out what's up when the shit goes down  
And you fighting for you life, not a homeboy around  
Fuck 'em if they frauds, I'm fucking with the lord  
You never let me down, never ran out the door  
The fake help you appreciate the real more  
This opened up my eyes and shit I never would've saw  
I'm OD stressed but I'm OD blessed  
And the khakis and Obamas in the back getting rest  
Using this time to get ready for the grind  
Just like the saying when I rise I'm a shine  
I'm innocent  
It ain't the end of Troy Ave, not at all  
This just the beginning  
I'm innocent  
Unless you charging me with being real From the very beginning  
I'm innocent  
That's a facto  
Can't even finish the rest dog