

Karate

Troy Ave

Pull up in a big body
All my homies stacked up, real mobby
These ain't no raps, these my real habits
And New York got me what, call me up mobbin
Mine is stacked
And I sell a bunch of cocaine powder
No I don't fuck with dope things, shower
RIP my nigga Skin Peeps
And free my nigga Rum, he in 6C

Polo will be probe sniffed on my jinx
Got me sky snickers, yea I got winks
I ain't talking shoes fool, old things
And I don't ball dudes with they whole bling
On whole it means they shit could do it music
These labels get they butt up, yea so we can do it
For now I got a shade to cook, nigga choose it
The price is right, hoes is white, play your dank music
Tu ru tu tu tu spin that wheel
Spend that 100 with me, I could give a better deal
I'm a count this money, that move funny
You just better chill
Put a band on the grand and look for the man
Cause niggas do got fake bills

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