

## Lick It

Troy Ave

Keep niggas out my loop  
I get money, keep a coupe  
Ice and cream, so she scoop  
Pick up game and I hoop  
Niggas mad I ball, I shoot  
Handle business with no suit  
Blowing heat, don't get sued  
(B-b-boom) Word

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Weak niggas think it's cute  
Ridin' dick and climbing gooch  
They ain't hunnid on Ma Dukes, nigga, word  
I know they be in cahoots  
Over my back they gotta boost  
I'm 'bout to come back off the stoop, nigga, word  
I ain't got no motherfuckin' kids  
Judge sittin' in the chair  
In his eyes is where I stare, ay, word  
I'm facin' twenty years a pair  
That's a forty, listen here  
It ain't right and it ain't fair  
It's wack, word  
So, it's life, but I don't pout a lot  
I smile in style  
Gucci down to my socks a lot, word  
Still fuckin' up the parking lot  
Exotic cars, matching broads  
Love this chocolate, word

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Fork in the stove

Scrapin' the blue  
Cookie the dough's  
Facin' the blues  
Like cotton and candy  
I'm stackin' the youth  
Should the Rollies  
Rock that goop  
Good, runnin'  
Them checks in my loops  
Good, strawberry, but no shortcake  
Money long as my hallway  
Mint chip, I eat all day  
And the nightmares of no Parkay  
I'm a millionaire with a court case  
I could Tay-K what my flows say  
My jewelry cost at least hundred bands  
In your face  
Only rapper owns several homes and the cars that I race  
Fuckin' these bitches, gettin' this money  
Fuck these niggas, they move funny  
How you real, when you be hungry?  
You ain't workin', you a dummy  
Feet all gummy, stuck on bummy  
It's a wrap, boy you a mummy  
With your hands out, movin' from me  
My shit buzzin', I got honeys  
Talkin' flavors  
Asian persuaders, icy Italians  
Butter pecan Ricans, Vanillas' creamin'  
Chocolate's be stylin'  
Middle East ones love to pray before they get in they throat  
My Dominican mixed with rum and make a Brugal float  
It's good, word

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