

Light Up Freestyle

Troy Ave

I got a vision like Cyclops
I look out at these little niggas sky box
These niggas can't see we get 'em eye drops
You lil niggas will never fit in my high tops
I get money, check my stocks
Never see time freeze, check my watch
Any competition nigga I mop
The floor with 'em the hippy say that I rock
Like Diddy say what, I can't stop
I won't stop no, my bros nah
That's why I'm on the grind till my bones pop
And my younglings getting sales like a phone shop
Shit, we all sin on the Lord's watch
I'm just trying to make a castle in this sand box
Ask around no marathon I ran blocks
I'm a wolf these little niggas is lamb chops
Lord forgive me I'm a sinner
When it come to that money I'm a sprinter
I need that paper dog I'm like a printer
Look me in my face you see the eyes of a winner
Them cars that you rap about we be in them
In the clubs too but I ain't even seein them
Shit, I got friends I can't see again
That's why every day I ball I don't need a rest
I do it big I don't need a kim
Eventhough I got a bus full of holes I got my seats in them
And tell my bro homles free fat nigga
First name "I'm" last name "that nigga"
The love is fake, the hate is real
I ain't worried about these niggas though my fate is sealed
I'm in a whole different lane on the highway to the money
These niggas in my rearview looking all funny
Audi in that audi like a nascar rally
The 4 ring king nigga just call me John Sally
I'm in and out the fast lane swerving traffic
These niggas ain't really I'll though Earvin Magic
And I'm feelin like Jordan with the flu come through drop 40
And there's nothing you could do
Respect for my niggas and they not your clowns
You wacked out, we backed out like a hospital gawn
BSB the team, nigga we the movie
Tell these niggas catch up is forth colder than losing
We on that u-haul shit nigga we movin
Shit get fell right here we all shoot

Light up, dumb down the flow
Dim down the lights let my jewerly glow
I shine no pope, bad boy no hope
Can't ever say they fuck me and then want some more
Better blues on my sack you lose you be dead
Like if I were still selling NBU's in the track
Battle head squeezing dead o I'm getting cheeseey
If the feds taking pictures then I might as well cheese in
Cool it in the breeze on a beautiful cover girls
She gave me good head now I'm ready to fuck the world
Married to the game so I'm the cheater who blocks
But these niggas got my name involved in all this gossip

Mob shit, put a hit on you
My repercussion be the reaper getting grimm on you
Unidentified shoot a load grim on you
Rearrange face bitch little kim on you
No time for fake niggas
Acting like they all gangstas I hate niggas
I don't wanna be friends I ain't gotta do raps
There's bricks in my backpack, motherfuckers