

# Love Me Like I Love You

Troy Ave

If we goin', we both goin'  
Niggas be ridin' with you, they ain't ridin' for you  
Kid  
Kid on the beat  
Nothin' but some heat  
Put my enemies at my feet  
Dope Boy Troy, ayy

Why you don't fuck with me like I fuck with you?  
It's like I'm too real and I keep it too true  
I know you ain't been through what I been through  
But if it's all love, when I ride, you go too (Ride too)  
Why you don't fuck with me like I fuck with you? (Lied to)  
It's like I'm too real and I keep it too true (Too true)  
I know you ain't been through what I been through (What I been through)  
But if it's all love, when I ride, you go too (Ride too)

Too much fake shit (I can't do it)  
Too much undercover jealousy and hate shit (Think I'm proven)  
Too much play gorillas but they Bapin' (They be missin')  
I'm in the concrete jungle on my ape shit (That's how I do it)  
I pound my chest (Ooh ooh ooh)  
Gettin' a whole lot of money so I flex (It's nothin' new)  
Yeah, I'm stuntin' on you and my ex (What's up, boo?)  
Target on my head, wonder what's next?  
More money, more problems, motherfucker (Woo)  
Dope Boy Troy, I'm out here wildin', motherfucker (I do)  
And can't nobody tell me shit, 'cause ain't nobody put me on (Who?)  
Got rich off of coke, now I'm richer off of songs (Blue)  
Same color diamonds on my ears, neck, and arms (Bling bling bling)  
They hittin' shimmery but right (Ah-ha)  
It kill you niggas to see me in the light (Bah-baow)  
I'm shinin' 'cause I went to work, you didn't follow (You was lazy)  
I tried to move you from the 'jects into a condo (How you hatin'?)

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Balenciagas on my feet (On my feet)  
Soft 42, nigga, these ain't cheap (These ain't cheap)  
I ride Ferrari, Maserati, or my Jeep (Jeep, Jeep)  
I got seven bedrooms but I don't sleep (not a peep)  
I stay up, my pay up, niggas got they hate up (They mad)  
Me and all this cash, niggas gon' debate us (My bags)  
Barbershop talk (Talk), while I moonwalk (Hee-hee)  
One thousand dollar shoes (Shoes), that's a Loub walk (Bleed-hee)  
Word, a millionaire with nappy hair  
I was fightin' for my life, so-called homies wasn't there (They ran)  
I looked around, everybody for themself  
These the same ungrateful ass pussy niggas that I helped (I'm just sayin')

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