

Love You / How I'm On It

Troy Ave

I just wanna love her, She won't let me love her
Too busy being a bitch, too busy being in my shit
My name buzzin' these bitches fuckin' I'm being rich
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Talking in my ear though
About the rumors that you hear so
These bitches love the kid though
Bitches fuckin' I don't give her dough
I'm that nigga in a major way
I'm from Brooklyn they say I'm the new Biggie or Jay
All my Cubans about a Kilo in weight
I'm boomin' all these niggas that hate
Girl you fuckin' up your whole mind
Bringing chicks up from my old time
If you with me be happy I'm a gold mine
I'm still spending dough from 09'

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I just get some jo-jo, I'm in love with her toto
No evidence or photos, silent on secrets so you won't know
From the back like the po-po, when you open up your 4 door
You know that we violent, they approach slow
When I kill you its over, got my hat low
I escape just through the game
Can't escape putting you through the pain
All this cake man I'm doing my thing
Bitch I'm straight all you do is complain

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You don't understand the type of shit I'm on
Cause all you niggas weak and I'm just hitting it strong
The say I'm slightly off but my pistols be on
I'm on it that's how I'm on it everyday
You don't understand the type of shit I'm on
Cause if I fuck your bitch I guarantee you she gone
She ain't fake or I put that bitch in a song
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Getting this dough, fuckin' these hoes nigga I do what I say
Semi-Autos, hollow tips loaded nigga we filled to the head
Heat on my foes, creep on the low love when I see them for days
We don't love hoes, we just get chose do you see me shaking my head?

The hat by Gucci, the shoes by Gucci
The backpack Louie and the cash stacks doofy
That's that stupid bread, I get stupid bread
Keep looking for proof he said, my coupe is red we rolling

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I'm dope like Anita, probably more lethal
You're fraud and you're see through, no we don't believe you
Pushing you like the movie star actor
You look at me greasy and you know I'm about action
The lights, the cameras shining all on my jewels
She light, she Spanish bitch in her mood
And she ain't never fucked no nigga in Versace socks
about to pop, Cartier all on the watch

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