

# Major Distribution

Troy Ave

Yea

I'm gonna take this and straight through, ya heard?

Powder, powder

I'm a

In my backpack it's one bricks, two bricks, three bricks, four  
Yo, foreign away

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Them niggas don't drive like me, they don't shout like me

He ain't never go put in work with a man like me

If you ain't death, dumb and a blind then you must see

That I'm the only new nigga reppin NYC

The right way, big body Benz, I might say

Drop top Jeep on a right day

See me in Barclay, tickets for the season

And I'm the next fan boy, flows for no reason

Money long, short temper and it's never you won't feel it

Nice, ironic, I got the chubby home, chubby gone

But I'm bass, new weight, odo rims say

Real life, one take, and scene of the crowd

They ain't even know my rely I sweep fine

Many chicks laying next to me, really just be fine

Tell er why I'm on the low, red bone ergo

And I do that, left her snoarin in Kettlo

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Yo, powder

Yea nigga, bricks in my backpack 4

Or should I call it New York City: The Album?

It's on her motherfuckin way

We droppin these chizz every phrase so every 15th of the month

I'm a restore the feeling

And then take it somewhere else, you heard?

In the bag when Dib sat and G-

Unit they was dropping quality and quantity music

Niggas lost that, niggas lost their identity

They don't know who the fuck they

Nigga I'm proud to be from New York

Nigga I'm from Brooklyn nigga

This what I represent nigga

I show that, you seen on my videos, you hear it in my voice

You seen in my swag

I got chick too on my motherfuckin collar nigga

Come on man, what fuck here's got a white leather with the chinchilla

Man the niggas used to rock the white avorex leathers  
I was too young to get one  
But I said man once I get old enough I'm a restore the feeling  
I got a white but it's soft leather  
With chinchilla on the cop, nigga that boy cray  
BSB period nigga, ain't nobody fuckin with us  
That's a fact  
We was going hard in America  
In case you didn't know  
Troy Ave, aha