

Merry White Christmas

Troy Ave

(Verse)

Who the hottest in New York? It's really no debating
Real niggas say that to fix suckers be hatin
Like he likes but that nigga re-rhymes off his iPhone
No, nigga I'm texting yo girl meet me at my home
I always had dreams of a million while they was chillin
I'm a new Benz 4 wheelin from dope dealing
With a Rollie off track and a Rollie off rap
But I hit you a few times if you tryna take that
I'm ticked off, got on from a brick of salt
Was getting mad money OT when it kicked off
Out here I had a spot two doors down with heaters in the wall
And the fiends lined up like sneakers on the wall
Watch for the sneaks in the hole you peep
When you get em high, 05, take you down at yo peek
I'm in made with those made niggas get to point
I mush the codeine without the PCP in my joint
Nigga show yo bag, shipped in for marijuana
Got my chips up, had em flown in from Kilofonia
For the lower price, the nigga that rolled the dice
Lose 100 grand once, out here man but shit twice
Be the traitor already, I still don't think I have it
Ain't like I can call in sick, where's my fragments?
If I take a loss then f**k it, I'm still gon eat
But as long as a nigga undefeated in these streets
It's all good, it's all good
Baby it's all good, it's all good
I'm from a broke hood
Where the guns go (blap)
And these niggas runnin
Cus they f**kin hoes
And we them niggas
And you f**kin know
Troy Ave motherf**ker, I'm about to blow

(Hook)

While you was kissin that bitch under the mistletoe
I was hustling this shit, had to get this dough
Everything was all good but now that her man know
He gon put holes in yo ass like a tic tac toe
Nigga life's a gamble, I'm into the risk
I bet it all every day just to get to the chips
I can't afford to be played or get killed for a bitch
Thank the Lord as we pray, Merry White Christmas

(Verse)

I'm on a BQE with 2 pistols in a cup
And the light uptown, big booty splash bro
You know a nigga picky, hovaine here with me
And my honey Hennessey D, whippin the 7-60
Later on at night I'mma bury it in the dough
But for now I'm hatin Queens for a plate of that curvy gold damn
I don't know what the f**k I want on the side
Matter fact you can give a nigga macaroni pie
A steak with cheese and shells, my squares flow steady
It's really like I'm here eating already
I got 400 in this shoebox for real

I'm 600 away from making a mill
Give me 2 M's today, I'm taking a deal
But for now this the motherf**kin gangsta grill

(Hook)

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(Outro)

Merry White Christmas
My gift to the world is nothing but dope music
I promise to restore the feeling
Men do what they say and say what they mean
I told niggas I was gonna blow the f**k up
Oh!
Keep spreading the word
Keep spreading the gospel
Let these motherf**kers know
Troy Ave that nigga
Aye listen man
I told niggas I'm worth 1.2 million
They laughed at me
Now look
The price went the f**k up
I mean 2 million
I mean I'm just counting money right now in this motherf**ker mane
BSB them niggas man
We got the highest quality of street music across the lane
I represent the east coast, New York City
Real niggas worldwide just like me
It's a fact though
BSB records, the future is here
I'm the only nigga, and I speak chuck shit in yo ear
Yea, I seen other niggas get on
What I do?
I never hate it
I stay humble and stay workin
And I waited my motherf**kin turn
I'm like I ain't waitin my turn, I'm makin my turn
Yea