

# Payin Homage

Troy Ave

The comeback feel so much better than the come up

Aye, BMF

Free the whole mob till it's nobody left  
Free Ramadan, that's my dog to the death  
Ballin' so hard I got a tec and a ref  
My money made her wet, BMF  
Free the fuckin' mob till it's nobody left  
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Lambos, Bentleys

And drop-top Porsches  
You couldn't walk a mile off in my Air Forces  
All white snow business, bricks built a fortress  
Shop with the bosses in iced-out crosses  
Street money, deep money, goin' corporate  
Might as well movin' more work than a office  
A fortune 500 be a shipment of raw bricks  
Dope boys profit always outweigh the losses

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Got it for the low, droughtin' but we pourin'  
Wayne made it rain, mob came, it was stormin'  
Throw away the phones but the money keeps callin'  
Feds tappin' in, tryna lock us up for ballin'  
Shoulder bounce, ooh, bounce in a foreign  
From the Motor City but we known in the New Orleans  
From Cali to New York, St. Louis to Atlanta  
When we in ya town hoes swear they seen Santa  
50 boy from the hole ED started up  
Shinin' like new money, heavy traffic, foreigners parked up  
Movin' like some brothers, family business, powder product  
Come and get ya teeth in somethin', baby, it's the mob, what!

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