

# Taste of Revenge

Troy Ave

I swear the taste of revenge is more sweeter than honey  
I'm on the streets in a Benz, see me getting this money  
Can't forget about my friends, I'm yelling "Free Roney"  
Real nigga for real, and that's my day Onie!  
Ya'll know, I shine bright when I roll, plot on mines and I blow  
Smoke, POW! Here you go! I am not the one, but I'm the one  
Troy Ave, New York City, Brooklyn, UNH!

I know this Lil' chick who reminds me of myself  
As far as being a hustler, gettin' it by herself  
Dancin' in the clubs, sellin' off some pounds  
She even do taxes when the season come around  
She had a dream like Martin (MLK) to get up out the streets  
But was saving her bread for 156 weeks  
She did everything right, except choose the wrong peeps  
And unknowingly shouldering a snake where she sleep, damn!  
Pictures on the gram, stacks of money on the dresser  
She about to start a business last night as a stripper  
Although she thought, got home and got caught  
Thieving nigga robbed the crib and left everything tossed  
Close, to 72 O's and all the paper that she stacked switched her to bigger g  
oals  
She wondering should she call the cops or fill him up with holes  
You know how I be on it, I say that nigga must go! Revenge, what!?

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I'm laying with a blonde, like Frankie Sinatra (Frank Sinatra)  
She did it my way, head over my boxers, yeah  
Drawers by Versace, know they match the socks, yeah  
I'm just a Young Don, no plate, full of pasta  
Shorty Portuguese, I'm importing ki's  
Might go to Monaco, hit Monte Carlo overseas  
French Riviera, French toast, never French kiss  
Holiday sauce, smoked salmon, eggs benedict  
Before we hit the Grand Prix, you know who her man be  
A blogger, who don't know no better than to offend me  
For all your columns, who rather hit you with the Semi'  
I hit your bitch with this DICK! You bitch nigga, REVENGE!

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Ice on my neck, on my waist where the heat at  
Looking for these tough niggas "Where the fuck they be at?"  
I got plenty shows, plenty more, as I blow up

They 'posed to be foes with our (goals?) they don't show up  
I guess it's all talk, rub my dick in they jibbers  
You know they tight pussy, critters with some Twitters  
Body shots will put you on the clock with the shifters  
Head shots, you don't need a doc' just the dickies  
Even once cool, might take a bat to that fool  
This ain't that common when they ask for an interview  
First and last one, I don't speak twice  
Cause you responsible for all your friends who don't talk nice  
Lil' nigga, you've been warned! For your ungratefulness I play you like a pa  
wn  
Lil' old nigga, you've been warned! Yeah, I sampled ya voice you was using i  
t wrong!