

Young King

Troy Ave

New young king, I don't need a crown and y'all helped
Niggas ain't want to pay me, I pay myself
The way I made it flip, they should call me Young Spatula
I'm countin' money, draggin' first, call me Count Dracula

I look and sound like my ten, I am not these bozo clowns
If the shoe fits, then you hit, man down
BSB that sound you were searchin' for and found
You could thank me and God for this blessin'
Constantly feedin' the streets, these other niggas can't compete
You on a major label, I'm independent
Have a seat, gettin' fucked all in your cheeks
I'm gettin' ninety-five percent off each
You only gettin' fifteen, that's the difference
I can match most of y'all wit' cars
Fucked half of you niggas' main bros
I spent three-fifty cash on a condo, that's large
Why you mad? It's not my fault
You rather dick-ride than to walk on your own two feet like a man
Most of these rappers all be rat
They actors, they should just act
But enough about them, let's talk about me
Let's talk in old facts, I barely sold mad crack
I barely toked on gats, been a get-money nigga since scratch
Uh-oh, uh-oh, oh-oh, no, no, no, oh
There's blood-suckers in my crown
Fuck outta here, you think I don't know about you niggas?
Smilin' in my face, I see the ho about you, nigga
I'm a fun can of oil that you can't outslick
It's a difference in showin' love and just ridin' my dick
You bought my album, or you just know my radio hits?
You see me stylin' and you just want to parlay in some flicks
Man, you niggas be worse than these hoes and it's a shame
My VIP section is closed to your fake chains and your fake watch
Fake watch busters, look what we got
Another nigga tryin' to be who he not
Big cars and jewels, that's dope boy swag
You ain't street, you a bitch-nigga dressin' in drag
And it's sad, so sad how these junkies try to do you
I put your ass somewhere, boy, where nobody knew you
Don't forget, I'm the dealer, you are the user, but that's straight
I'm a get back to my meal off this Hermes plate
I'm almost at a mil, man, God is great all the time
And I earned every dollar
These other niggas lookin' for dick to ride or swallow
And that ain't G shit, this is BSB shit
Self-made and self-paid, get money 'til the grave

New young king, I don't need a crown and y'all helped
Niggas ain't want to pay me, I pay myself
The way I made it flip, they should call me Young Spatula
I'm countin' money, draggin' first, call me Count Dracula