Do Me No Favors (feat. Fabolous & Jadakiss)

Troy Ave

You ain't never counted paper 'til your gums hurt
You ain't never had to make do wit' bum work
Shit ain't comin' back, you get delirious
It's a job in these streets, shit is serious
My 'migo got locks in the city mud
Back against the wall and I need a plug
Flew the fam to the (-) verse the Heat
I had twenty thousand grams just last week
Shit stopped comin', bills keep comin' 'round
Holdin' on my last bird, 'bout to break it down
Charged you higher out of ten, then I went in Brooklyn
Phone blowin' up, the homies ask how it's lookin'
You think if I had the work
I wouldn't call you to sell it, you fuckin' jerk
You start gettin' mad, talkin' out of frustration
In the game, six figures can easily turn to nothin'
Damn, I'm hot, dog
The fork on the Masi grill pickin' up grot, dog
Bought a white house (-)
In the presidential, watch me go to the top, dog
Man, I got that glow
I done came on nothin' to motherfuckin' floor
Couple niggas be hatin', I Just be like, 'So?'
I never get mad, I just get that door
If the shit get bad, then I let that goYou do it cause you have to, I do it cause I could
And this is all factual, I do it for the hood
Cock the four, cop and go
Cause these drugs are for sale, they are not for show
Keep a eye on the monitors and lock the doors
No comprende unless it's 'bout lots of dough
They love it, they still want it, the block is still haunted
Turbo in the garage, the cover is still on it
One hundred bundles by 9AM, it's a ill mornin'
A nigga lookin' good, the bitches is still on him
Money, power, mega respect
Al-Qaeda is how I got the montega connect
If that paper ain't right, they put the K to your neck
Give your family a visit, they send your baby a threat
A lil' deeper than the repurcussions on the block
But that all bein' said, is you hustler or not?
Man, I got that glow
I done came on nothin' to motherfuckin' floor

Couple niggas be hatin', I Just be like, 'So?'
I never get mad, I just get that door
If the shit get bad, then I let that goI don't get mad, I get dough, I get bags and get low
Everybody wit' me good, my bitch bad as shit though
You get gas, you seco, we whip ass, we clisco
It gets bad and shit slow, we really with the shits, bro
Twist your cap for it, (-)
When I'm hungry, I eat myself, Snickers commercial
I got to eat before a nigga catch a attitude, (-)
Fuck sandwiches, I want the chips and dip
Whips are quick, Contours, seats grips the hip
I (-), at least a hundred grand to understand
They put me on a flyer for twenty, I'm a wanted man
Son of Sam, I was born in '77
The bitch a late-night Slurpee, She 7/11
Yeah, the family, so you gotta love it
I'm a boss, so I got to (-) itMan, I got that glow
I done came on nothin' to motherfuckin' floor
Couple niggas be hatin', I Just be like, 'So?'
I never get mad, I just get that door
If the shit get bad, then I let that go
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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