

Edge Of Sanity

"For Years"

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(*talking*)

You motherfuckers, fucking nickel and dime niggaz
and shit
Talkin bout stopping me, how the fuck you gonna stop
me
I started this Short Stop ass shit, nigga I Short Stop
Every motherfucking body you know dat, huh

[Lil' Troy]

What's up y'all, Lil' Troy is back
The more you try to stop me, the more I stack
Money, clothes, cars, hoes
S.U.V.'s, six T.V.'s
How the fuck did I come up
Boy mama ain't raise, no dumb punk
I stepped in the game, flipped my change
Got the fuck out, 'fore the people came
But I still got caught, in the cross
Just got released, from the half way house
Threw a champaign party for myself
Paid fifty G's, like I never left
So bow down, when I come through
Short Stop Wear, that's my shit too
Dream about it, I done that
I'm the first nigga, signed Scarface to a contract
You might say, I'm ahead of my time
I did FED, and regular time
Nickel and dime, niggaz always bumping
Let me tell y'all motherfuckers something

[Hook]

I've been making this money for years
I've been breaking these hundreds for years
I've been driving these cars for years
Making the deals, shifting the gears
I've been fucking these hoes for years
I've been buying these clothes for years
I've been with Pat and them for years
Making the deals, shifting the gears

[R-Dis]

H-Town is the spot, where niggaz get shot
Hoes sell cock, every block is hot
Try to take what I got, we gon box
9 times out of 10, I'ma knock yo motherfucking ass out
Nigga I'm trained to whoop ass, and count cash
Can I rock the mic, you god damn right
But if I got my tool, I'ma drop a fool
From a distance, I'm not gon fight
You can make it easy, or you can make it tough
Why rassel with a nigga, when I can just bust
My nuts hang, to the flo' like drapes
Niggaz tripping off my tapes, since 1988
I make money money, make money money money
Pretty hoes I trap put down my mack
Get that cat, from the back
Gon be like that, until I fall
I'm with y'all, fuck the laws
Gots to ball, try to put me on pause
I'ma bust em, in they motherfucking jaws
When it comes to paper, I ain't a stranger
Mark my fucking words, ain't nothing gon change
cause

[Hook]

[D-Man]

Guess who jumped in the industry
With Lil' Troy, niggaz tried to finish me
'Fore I started, departed
Now I'm back, as a junior mack to make noise
Like Too Short, I just can't stay away
Cause I'm tired of putting shit, on lay-away
So I gotta get up, and try to make a way
I feel great, I signed my contract today
Can you believe, Lil' Troy didn't even
Want my style, raps, flows, rhymes
Just my loyalty, so he ended up spoiling me
I got God with me
And now I'm as hard as can be, nobody harder than me
You see through niggaz, just like water to drink
I'm like Pinocchio, when my flows start to grow
The big we ego straight
Now I'm in the game fa sho, who say I ain't no pro
Who said a making ass nigga, can't go
Let a nigga know, so I can put it in your face
And take it on your toe
Since 9-1, nigga I've been doing this
Been around the world, airplanes and cruise ships
Don't cap, even if you could prove the shit
Trying to get rich quick, by moving hits
So fuck fame, I'ma sold game

Make hits get mo' change, but won't change
I'ma be a star soon, platinumize myself
And turn it all to a cartoon
Short Stop is the hardest, Lil' Troy, Bay-B. Doll and R-Dis
We top notch, we taking over that's a promise bitch
Wanna know me, look me up under max anonymous

[Hook - 3x]

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