

Troy Ave "Chillin"

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[Hook] x 2

Iâ€™m just ridin on some chillin shit
With a bad little joint, feelin good and shit
And weâ€™ve been drinkin so we kinda hit
But Iâ€™ma smoke just a little bit

Tink top on with my big chain
Riding through my city numb bit a chief thang
Money in my pockets shit Iâ€™m getting checks
Just got a text, ran my pussy wet
20 minutes later, hood bad and select
She a bad little bitch but I donâ€™t eat up, never
Go and get a bottle from the Å...
Slow sippin if Iâ€™m trippin Iâ€™ma hit it raw
Grand papers filled with the weed, smoke that
Now I got the feeling that I need
Iâ€™m feeling her and she feellin me, come on
But feeling loveâ€™s for the suckers be
We could fuck if we both agree
And if I spill enough, she gonn eat the peas, you do
that
I double up, for the mornin after
And Iâ€™m a real nigga, double on tantrum

[Hook] x 2

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And weâ€™ve been drinkin so we kinda hit
But Iâ€™ma smoke just a little bit

Still ridin in the backseat, listenin to mac be
Thousand dollar belt, buckle holdin up my cachis
It ainâ€™t nothing, I ainâ€™t ballin, Iâ€™m just playing round
Kinda wish my bitch stayed around
Still runnin slow when I smoke a mind drough
Still keep it low from the fuckin 50
Still ainâ€™t got a penny for any of these hoes
Still getting shows, still getting throwed
Still let a bitch suck my dick while Iâ€™m on the mike
Still call that hoe a fiend cause she on the pipe
And then mom still tell me I ainâ€™t talkin right

Still bring my homies with me when Iâ€™m on a flight
I ainâ€™t chillin on the ave, shout to rally or smash
Still chillin with some bitches, watchin belly smokin
hash
For the oprah cash, weâ€™re fuckin by the badge
Till the spazz going fast, 120 on the dash
Throw some rap, that ainâ€™t shit, man thatâ€™s easy to
me
Itâ€™s funny cause itâ€™s money like jesus to me
How would be, my bitch japanese,
Shout to french montana still Iâ€™m mac with cheese

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But Iâ€™ma smoke just a little bit

Nigga, in the hood and Iâ€™m kinda heavy
I just bought a 2 pack now the Å...
Ideal, itâ€™s slick talk fucked up birds
First of the month gone by the 3rd yes sir
If you donâ€™t hustle, then you wonâ€™t relate
Bricks in my backpack, niggas on it late
Powder, itâ€™s all good, niggas only cake
On my way about the hood, niggas show me hate
I need that, believe that
Fuel to my fire, fire up the weed at
Alright, alright, pack loud than a motherfucker
Iâ€™m ballin hard baby act Å...
In the bare jays, and a pair of shades
Got the club going crazy and Iâ€™m center stage
Puttin on for my city, got a bunch of fly niggas
And my real niggas with me

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