

Cigar Smoke (feat. King Sevin)

Troy Ave

Aha, just let the pain out
Uh, baby When I'm in it she screams my name out
TROY AVE
Yeah bitch shit,
Brother, relax
I got his burning desire to be better than most
Probably the main reason I'm only come up like smokes
See me in magazines, model and flicking with smoke
But I keep the magazine, confusing that pretty G in your smoke
I'm not the one to provoke, I don't make sense, I just reach
Cause giving the word 'bout my moms,
Still I took to the streets,
With heart beats get your hand, the main focus is balling
How many gamble with life and every time I was owning
My style was never determined by my . and source
Fly since dollar wise, we catch up with high source
I used to cut my wings up then I f*ck my dreams up
And when I feel?? still cutting wing cup
Bird ass nigga you know relation
I cannot in the city you ever . taking
Unless can teams playing, you're my . call about the bum
But you ain't really mean it, you just mad, cause you drop forty on Brooklyn I've seen it
I felt the same way inside got about my feelings,
You had this slang yey, don't sleep . when the lose still struggle
Making love on use the office is still at the bunch
. for my hustle, I could f*ck this
Just let the pain out
When I'm in it, she screams my name out
TROY AVE
Yeah this beat shit, brother Ayo, this my New York life,
Forget the money underneath the city lights
I put food on that table, every mother*cking night
They say you're living fast you picture die slow
It don't matter where you get it in, bop like casco
Ain't taking no losses, I creep on them blocks slow,
Every type of certain movement, I'm letting the shot gun
At this fake real niggas I don't play it fair,
Cause they been near since before I have . here
I ride through and all I get is . stares, let a nigga try
He gonna have to get his face with him, yeah
That's how a nigga want it, ask me where I was looking like
I'll tell you I can't call you, no I ain't living right

So I say my prays at morning, they get goal for this fly shit and nigga being .
End it for the morning, suck it free and stayin humble,
Why we're in this . jungle, word up.
Just let the pain out
When I'm in it, she screams my name out
Be us be reckless, the future is here
Beat nigga I'm spitting . in your ear
You could verify with my rats, get stacking be clear
If only . cracks hell yeah
Don't forgive about my women, they all find it on that
I only drink Chris style, for imperial wet,
No more freak ass hoes, that's why the game is too sweet
We don't . that close, we don't do sounds beats
That ain't New York, I restore . cause dick riding never been a form of transportation
That ain't New York, I restore our identification,
Cause dick riding never been a form of transportation
Mother*ckers.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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