

Finagle the Bagel (feat. Young Lito)

Troy Ave

roy Ave Ft: Young Lito It's just the way my day go tryna, finagle the bagel
Playing with the Legos, I'm talking bout the yayo
I be in the mix, in the mix, in the mix, in the mix, in the mix
Making money flip, make it flip, make it flip, make it flip, make it flip A nigga hardly right but I
did this time
Whipping up the white yeah you know his rhymes
All he talk is dealing, balling shit, and killing
That's what the fuck I'm seeing on my way to a million
Would you rather I be broke, a struggle rapper for your laughter with no hope?
These niggas lead you to disaster in they quotes, it was depressing every time them niggas wrote
I talk about getting the most out of life my nigga
I can't settle and grin, I'm ain't a Pilgrim, I am built to win
That's why I do well with the blow, I just chill and win
The boy got a glow can't filter him
These niggas don't wanna see me ball, they rather see me fall
Or laying in the morgue, instead of shopping in the mall
Or mad cause I'm like Wall, your boy a young Wizard
When it come to them digits the know I really get it
Got the city on my fitted and the hood on my back
A lot of gold around my neck and on my hip is the strap
They since I started rappin' I don't know how to act
But i was never into acting so front and clapped
Man down, all you little niggas better stand down
You can't block these shots, put your hand down
The block I used to walk on getting ran now
You ain't deaf I know you heard I'm the man clown

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>