

# Small Time

## Lil' Troy

I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Pushin' rocks on the block, I'm never broke mayne  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Boy don't test me I'm gettin' tired of teachin' lessons Lil' Troy, a superstar, choppin' rocks on  
your block  
Representin' Shortstop  
Sellin' rocks, oh, see four point gold  
Shortstop, double platinum sold Tell my momma, she don't have to work no mo'  
I pay the bills by the flow from the studio  
And I was out in the game by old players and G's  
Hollerin' 50 G's, LP's to CD's I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
So raise up off of me, I'll show 'em I'm a dope man  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Boy they're fuckin' with me Troy man I done told 'em  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Nobody crosses me, especially in this dope game  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
You try to school me you'll get served, with no regard Uh, uh, excuse me, remember me?  
And I be swangin' and bangin' biggin' and bangin' with the E and G  
And as for Yungstar, I've been in the game  
I've learned the game, I've peeped game now I'm get a 50 a mayne To rollin' riches, the G is  
licksin', for a 'lil rotation  
Don't need it for the placement  
They call me Tyke Ignition', in a blizzard, Shortstop baby  
They can't fade me, talkin' Mercedes That's how we ride, south side nigga  
How the fuck you figure? We some H-Town 'bout it type niggaz  
Leavin' this bitch, sick, three piece pitch, hittin' licks  
Overseas, overseas, with bricks, trick  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Boy don't test me I'm gettin' tired of teachin' lessons  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
So motherfuck you and that bullshit you stressin' I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
South Park, night falls, over the streets  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Boy they're fuckin' with me Troy man I done told 'em Peep game, peep game, straight 'caine  
Feelin' five and thirty six, huh, I can't explain in mayne  
I never use lower, to blow the dope up, to be load up  
The girls show they ass when I roll up In Benzoes, five double oh, you never knew  
The trunk fizzo, I carry it on the low, low  
Like the cheese, from the F E D  
So I'm back up on the streets, slangin' G's Over the years, I stacked mo' G's than trees grow  
leaves

I've been in the industry, since nine three  
My so called dogs, haven't paid me no royalties  
Lord please, south side G's from fo's to three's  
Cook up ki's, watchin' out for the enemies  
They can't fuck with me, I'm a Charisma  
Straight up G, cleaners keep me creased  
Middle finger to police, Grim Reap meets to slay the beast  
I started small time, dope game,  
cocaine  
So motherfuck you and that bullshit you stressin'  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Shit ain't nothin' but the money flow in this camp  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
So watch your back and prepare for the hit man  
I started small time, dope game, cocaine  
Pushin' rocks on the block, I'm never broke mayne  
Get yo' paper, watchin' out for them haters  
Dressin' up in gators, takin' flights to Vegas  
Rollin' navigators, on the seven acres  
I'm a money maker dough baker, bitch breaker  
Never ever be a faker, try to make a hit like  
Anita Baker  
In the rap, in the dope game, tryin' to make some hits mayne  
Fo' sho', gotta let the people know how the game go  
Shortstop break a bitch and gotta let the world know  
Who back with the tracks, I guess I'm the  
Junior Mack  
Hell yeah, I'm rollin' 'llac, Shortstop paper stack

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>