

Pastor Troy "Crossroads"

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[INTRO:]

Yea... yea... this PT... nigga... representin my DJ
SQUEAKY!(SQUEAKY!)... nigga...

[Background:]

I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone
All my niggas that left ya live on
I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone
I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone

[Foreground:]

We live forever baby... (put ya lighters up)
Y'all will never die baby...
You live forever baby... (put ya lighters up)
You live through me...

Yea... Yea... [random yea's throughout the next part]
What's up John Reed? Uncle Sweet... Uncle
Randy(What's up sweet? I see you baby!) Gangstas
nigga! Randy Van Troy! Rest in peace gangsta! Yea!
We love you gangsta! Rest in peace gangsta! I know
y'all niggas lookin down on me!

[VERSE:]

I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone
All my niggas that left ya live on
Now Everybody! I need to put ya lighters up!
WeLL UH HUH! I need to put ya lighters up!
I done lost a lieutenant, a mother lost her son
A brother lost a brother, and that's not including others
That you touch through your personality
And since I lost you the devil breathin'[?] after me
But I'm'a prevail from ATL
And know that I'm missin' you like hell(like hell)
I'm talkin' bout a hood tragedy nigga
And everybody always askin me nigga
I love this nigga, we ate together
The same fork off the same plate together
I wish I would've been there when they came
I would've left 'em in a flame

[HOOK: x2]

But I'm'a see him at the crossroads
I got some blunts and some liquor
Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture(or
pitcher I'm not sure)
I'm'a see him at the crossroads
Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga
So he won't be lonely(lonely)

[VERSE:]

Hit the club, hoes askin' where you at
"Chillin' with the father" I reply back
Sack after sack after sack after sack
They ain't even have to do ya like that
But niggas full of shit so I don't fuck wit 'em
Niggas lookin crazy, I get right with 'em
They killed my dog, They killed my ace
Forever I miss ya, Ya can't be replaced
I wish I would've been there when they jacked
I'd blew 'em out the door with that mothafuckin' mack
[imitating gunshots vocally]
I'd walk blackbottom for my mothafuckin' dogs
Look him in his eyes, leave him in the fog
I love ya unc, I miss ya man
And I can't wait to grab ya hand
And pull ya close and embrace ya with the other
Man you my mothafuckin' brother

[HOOK: x4]

But I'm'a see him at the crossroads
I got some blunts and some liquor
Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture
I'm'a see him at the crossroads
Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga
So he won't be lonely(lonely)

Yea(yea)

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