

## Pastor Troy "Eternal Yard Dash"

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Ha Ha Haa Ha Ha Ha HA Ha Ha Ha  
Come on cuz, we almost there  
We almost there cuz  
Goddamn, where the finish line?

(what)(11x)

Fuck this shit, I need some cheese  
And I need the cookie and the nestle  
If I have to kill then God bless me  
All these pussy motherfuckers, they shouldn't have test  
me  
Left me looking like the villain , I was thinking of ending  
Nobody knew what I was going through  
All these motherfuckers saying what they gonna do  
But then again all these motherfuckers ain't true  
So who am I gonna trust, am I going on and bust  
Myself nigga, damn this shit  
Fuck riding round' nigga, fuck being rich  
I can't take it, the shit to thick  
And it ain't my fault  
So I ought to give the motherfucker telling lies to me  
Hey the say, what it's gonna be, but empty pockets all I  
goddamn see  
D-E-F, no ones left, then again, shit no ones right  
I'm a kill my damn self the night  
I get fear, it ain't my fault he couldn't fight  
It ain't like, when I motherfucking die, this whole world  
gonna fall apart  
But it's a race, and I got a bad heart  
Breath in the mouth, and I got a head start

I'm running for nothing, I'm running for nothing (7x)  
So I'm gonna kill myself

A motherfucker tellin' me what he gonna do  
When I knew the motherfucker wouldn't do shit  
A nigga tease you, then a nigga leave you  
Cause he heard that the shit done got thick, punk bitch  
I'm in the mood for cocaine  
The only thing I see when a nigga look  
Come and get the baking soda, let me split the powder

open  
Then I got this dope when the shit cook  
What it took for me to really understand if it really don't  
matter  
What the fuck you been through  
If a motherfucker see you doin' better, my nigga I'm  
here to tell ya'  
Motherfuckers gonna hate you  
Not a clue, If I really wanna new motherfucking 22.  
Two years was that far away  
I never would have had a chance and would have killed  
Pastor Troy on yesterday

Hook

This heaven, where the streets of gold, and why the  
hell is the a/c off  
Where the fuck, all the loved ones that I lost  
Fuck this shit, take me to the boss  
Do you understand the cost, ever paid  
In order for me to be here tonight  
Nigga what's up, something ain't right  
Tell the Lord to turn on the damn light  
Feeling like an angel when I take flight  
Shit, as I try I'm on the damn mic  
All my pounds tune out my damn sight  
Look, why the fuck I was packed so tight  
Nigga I ain't Mike I'm Micah  
Think I'm in the wrong spot  
Not only do I have on black, it's too hot  
But why my K motherfucker ain't shot  
I got those halos, hello, motherfucker shit nigga, I'm  
talking to you  
Slap the clip in the tech 22.  
Let the shit fly going straight through  
Now I got a clue, where the fuck I'm at  
Shawty want the tech and a nigga want the bud  
Nigga just bleedin', motherfucker out of blood  
Looking at me smilin', asking me what  
I got cuts, but cuts got down  
Everyday shit I can't tell  
Went from dwellin' in hell on earth, now I'm living  
inhaling hell

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