

Pastor Troy

"Face Off"

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[heavy breathing]

[Pastor Troy]

One...

Two...

Three...

In the beginning, God created drugs

And other thugs, with other thoughts

The path that's never walked

The class that's never taught

Often sought, 'cause salt from player haters

Make trials greater, all of my plans I must do later

I made a buch of bad mistakes, some bad desicions

But look at all this money I made, I ain't bitchin'

I knew my position but my coach ain't put me in

So, I quit this shit and started sellin' dope with friends

I'm in this situation, I'm the only nigga cool

These niggaz think they ballin' but these niggaz just
confused

But 'cause I love to lose, I'm muthafuckin' lost

From muthafuckin' nothin' to muthafuckin' boss

Face off

[heavy breathing]

I'm leavin' that joint like that

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