

## Pastor Troy

# "It's To Late Now... We Ready..."

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Troy:What that shit talking

Guy:Uh Pastor Troy

Troy:Get the fuck away from my motherfuckin door

Guy:(Knocking on door)This P nigga I'mma sign you up nigga

Troy:I do not feel like being disturbed

Guy:That D.S.G.B. album was straight my nigga

Troy:Will you please get away from my motherfuckin door

Guy:UUGGHHH!

Troy:I'll probly let your ass in

Nigga and I ain't never going to the door,without my peice

I don't know who's on the other side,you get a peice

And If I do just happen to die,fuck that shit

I hope they burry me and drop me quick

I getting sick,

Thinkin bout my so called enemies,till I explode

Grab the motherfucking 45,it's lock and load

And all these other pussy motherfuckers,they in danger

It's the wrong nigga to anger

The fucking dope

Slanger showed me how to do,whatl got to do

In this industry to make a livin

While all of my intensions was to avoid the prison

I'm still listenin for the Lord to tell me that I'm forgiven

I'm drivin to the point of no return

Where water burn

I learn that nobody out here really gives a danm

I know I sell dope,I know I bust on bitches but from bitches

So my nigga shit I am who I am

And Yay

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,Its pitch black so

the shadow is a scene,

I hear a faint voice red alert

Fuck that dirt and who you hurt

Young nigga persue your dreams

I started sellin dope when I was younger

What would you choose  
Sell motherfuckin dope or hunger  
It's up to you  
But for me and the route I chose it wasn't my choice  
Who's opinion who I need to voice  
Just thank about it you's that nigga with no family  
Ain't got no money  
So you cant afford no saminy  
They thank it's funny  
So you run across the tech 9 to kill the laughin  
Then they say they can't believe this happen  
Actions speak louder than words this counries yelling  
And do we go to Heaven or Hell it ain't no telling  
I put my trust in God and whats the odds of who's the  
saver  
Fuck em please come back savior  
Cuz it's like this I don't speak so they fuck my shit  
And now I'm faced with these crimes that I aint commit  
And It's fucked up cuz them bitches be the main ones  
They wanna stick a nigga for some shit they say he  
done  
These motherfuckers talking all about my danm fun  
While toting guns, death is gonna be the outcome  
For all them niggaz, drink my liquor put my trust in God  
I know that I must beat the odds, but this shit is hard  
I disregard everything that they taught in school  
With no diploma making move nigga who's the fool  
As I sit with my strategy the game begin  
And the Lord take my life from me I crack a grin  
Ha, Ha, Ha  
To friends tha missed the smiling  
Have no remorse nigga me and Jesus wildin, like thugs  
Cheifing leaves, and drinkin Hennessy  
Like on the corner  
Picture God feelin marijuana  
As I relax and devilish demonds disapear  
I got the feeling that a nigga gonna love it here  
I take ya Biblical  
Yall stay crunk off Mystikal  
Stay crunk off of P  
As long as motherfuckin Georgia can listen to me

We Ready(till song fades)

talking:we ready nigga we aint giving a fuck about  
nobody,cuz we aint got  
shit to loose, I aint got shit, I aint jealous of these little  
lame  
motherfuckaz

