

## Pastor Troy "Livin' Today Thru..."

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[pastor troy]

Lord I'm sorry, I'm tired

God I'm tired, God I'm tired

Don't nobody know what it is, don't nobody know it's  
like

I'm livin today thru tommorrow and I know I ain't gon'  
make it

[verse 1]

Livin today thru tommorrow while yesterday was  
cursed

I put the pistol in my mouth and yell fuck the earth  
I worked for food stamps without the book instead of  
helping me

Or blessing me my niggaz below, I thank my niggaz  
And tommy hill can't help me figure a damn thang  
Less than frontin me a pound of weed or some cocaine  
I had got to the same conclusion that uncle sam made  
Don't touch the dope but know it's movin'  
And if it's proven what I'm doin's gonna hurt to the  
hustle

That's on the muscle this whole motherfuckin world is  
trouble

When I don't laugh took the color,

Took the color blind while toatin dimes and my nut sack  
full time,

I'm grindin playa, damn askin momma may i

I'm writin fire bet you wanna fuck up nigga start gettin  
high

I rely on my mother nature, quarter to break her

Gotta show her I appreciate her, with all these haters

That be constantly surrounding me, nowhere to go

So I smoke some weed and drink some mo'

Now they my friends and I been in a bunch of crazy  
moods

God please excuse quick to race because I love to  
loose

Yeah I'm the loser

[pastor troy]

God I can't take this no more, I can't take this no more  
I'm sorry, I can't take this no more (\*gun goes off\*)

[chorus 2x]

Livin today thru tommorrow while yesterday was  
cursed

I put the pistol in my mouth and yell fuck the earth

Livin today thru tommorrow while yesterday was  
cursed

I put the pistol in my mouth, put the pistol in my mouth

[verse 2]

Now see the thouhgts of what you showin me

A empty picture as I beg the world for everything

Never could get a piece of this american dream

(I took a nap) I took a nap when I wake up the same  
thang

Back in trap, shootin craps without shootin guns man  
that's my life

They say that I'm the son of god, I thinkin twice

The price of the leather see and I don't speak

As I preach keep the pistol in my reach

'cause niggaz crazy, look at how this doja made me  
man I don't sweat

Playin russian roulette with the tech place yo bet

Love let the devil kill me (I'll be okay)

'cause I'm gone have to die any fuckin way why not  
today

Chorus

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