

Pastor Troy**"Look What I'm Going Thru(feat. Kingpin Skinny Pimp)"**

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[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 1: T Mac]

I was sitting at the table while popping on my yego
Dual off in my Chevy got me loose finna let go
And I got 'em ducking finna buck 'em
Shaking bitches off with fire when I'm lucking
Murder keep me fiending for a pill in the kill and I steel
when I ratter
tatter tatter
Watch her body splatter cause it really doesn't matter
If I gotta I'ma pop her and the clip gone stop her
Ena Forina sipping on a Zima
Smoke cut it out
How you live about
Bitches in the South
Women in the South
Where my yams and my chicken and my color I'm
picking,
I'm picking, I'm choosing,
I'm losing my mind my niggas is all of the time
Dope than I choke
Coughing the smoke
So I be like fuck that dope
Let's go bump a dime
Fuck with my mind
Keeping the nine all of the time
I'm chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing
pine
Fuck what a nigga say he gone do
I represent BulletProof
And I been down since '92
Y'all don't know what I done been thru

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 2: Pastor Troy]

Shit all I got is a bunch of problems and other stress
In the land where a little man must wear a vest
Settle for less
But I got lesser
Got this bitch that ain't shit and God won't bless her
Won't slow me down
Front this ho around let's be fo' real
Kill or be killed
I got feelings but I still can't feel
Hungry for meals
And until I can say I got it
I'ma go take these crackers hostage at they college
That's Higher Learning
Blunt burning gone help me see
The realness of this fucked up reality
It's blasphemy
A quarter ki of cooked coco
Beware, although a bunch of fucking punks out there
Ain't no scare
Look what I'm going thru

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 3: Eleven Twenty-Nine]

Quarter birds slabbed on the scale with no cut
Can't worry about what niggas think cause they don't
wanna see me up
1988 we had connections like them Goodfellas
Smith and Wesson on my side cause can't nobody tell
us
Nigga what the fuck you doing how we do it when
I pray to God that he forgive me for my sins
My mama still tell me till this day
Better watch this how they play
And muthafuck what niggas say
That's that's why my mind can't get trapped
inside a nigga no bullshit
Tripping off some Anna that's why I be quick to pull
quick
Money still rolling holdin' down this shit with
Congregation
Sold my soul
Done pimped my foes, still big facing
Got me pacing

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 4: Mica B]

Coming up in the game making this money
We constantly bumping gimme some on the scene
Gotta pocket in the bank full of green
And all my real thugs roll to clean
Chiefin' that goody
Thinking bout business
Short term and long term
Bullets we burn
With a thick firm
Let the whole world know it's our turn
Major D in Tennessee, ATL, Georgia, and M-Town
Bound to crank a spot up now
Yes you know we pack them rounds, uh
Making moves in the hood
Chiefing with the big boys
Rolling in the big toys
Making all the big noise
Ain't scared to go to war
And all us hustlers like to score
I'm dropping that pants worse
Pimp first
Then fuck what haters speak
I'm pimping on these streets
And these south joints paying me
Mange twah in the Marriott I send 'em to the private
parties Then scoop 'em up From the snake joint and big
bodies

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