

## Pastor Troy "Mind on My Money"

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Verse 1: pastor troy

If this is space age pimping  
Then i'ma work for nasa  
Coming up with tight ass shit  
Cause this the pastor  
Creep up on 'em wit laughter  
Soon as she show them pearly whites  
I grin back at her  
Cause I'm gone fuck her ass tonite  
Pussy be tight  
But that don't mean that it's gone end  
Cause once I hit  
Here comes the grand opening  
She hoping then that she can be my main lady  
And to keep pussy  
I smile and tell her maybe  
We lounge on leather  
I wonder if whether  
You know I'm da playa  
Not the captain save a. ho  
Then I'm back sinking banks  
While slitting swishers  
Lights, cameras, action  
Why bitches be snapping pictures  
Wish ya had the lout  
Wish ya had the money  
Wish ya had that big body benz filled with hundreds  
It's funny  
Cause niggas think just cause we got stacks  
But when I was broke bitches still rode on my lap  
Perhaps  
The money that's earned the game that's learned  
Them hoe's that yearn  
Make them pussy niggas eat yo worm  
But here's your turn  
Shit go ahead bust shots at me  
Cause fucking hoe's and making money the priority

Hook:

I got my mind on my money

I ain't studdin' these hoe's (repeat 2x)  
I ain't studdin' these hoe's 2x  
Verse 2: pastor troy

A bunch of bitches don't bring no glory  
Shit all they bring is a fucking bunch of lies and stories  
And yeah I got a stack of stories standing weed high  
And you can't take 'em with you when a nigga has to  
die  
So I say fuck her  
Bitches I try my best to duck em  
I'm on the run  
All these jealous motherfucking niggas  
Is packing guns  
For fun they wanna take the air  
The pastor breathe  
But the shit does not give me a scare  
They best believe  
With ease I want to leave this earth  
But i'ma let these muthafuckers try to kill me first  
Let's keep it interesting  
The topics I be mentioning  
Hell and heaven walking streets with that mack 11  
Shot 'em with 7  
Pop them niggas pick my shells up  
And run and kick 'em  
Tell them niggas we don't give a fuck  
And fuck who with 'em  
Equitted so see me smiling to a round of applause  
Shot a bird at the judge  
Tell 'em fuck they laws  
My ball is hard as bricks  
So I be damned if he charge me with shit  
I'm sick as o.j.  
And gonna make these hoe's day  
It's understood  
Pastor troy up out this muthafucker with the money and  
the goods

Hook: 4x

I got my mind on my money  
I ain't studdin' these hoe's (repeat 2x)  
I ain't studdin' these hoe's 2x

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