

## Pastor Troy "No Mo Play In GA"

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[phone ringing]

[Pastor Troy:] Y'all watch this, watch this

[laughs]

[Guy on phone:] No Limit Studios

[Pastor Troy:] yea, yea, yea, can I speak to P?

[Guy on phone:] P ain'y here

[Pastor Troy:] Hey yo, tell him that Pastor Troy and  
them Down South

Georgia Boys said since everybody thank they soldiers  
then what's up we'll  
go to war

[Voices in background:]

Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, (Gunfire)  
Wha

Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha

[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background)]

My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)

My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)

My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)

My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)

[Pastor Troy:]

What's up, Big mouth, Big talk, Big game

Teacher's pet, takin' aim, pop the Tech, takin' aim

Plenty range, plenty shot

Plenty change, plenty glock

Pack the heat and I'ma keep em' hot

And I'ma take my stress right off the top

'cause I'm not, nothing like

Anyone, once on the mic

Wish you might, show ya right

Have ya'll thinking I'm Barry White

In the night, pack em' tight, c all a fight, T.K.O.

We got mo', you ain't know, numero, uno,

Keep a O we burnin slow, we optimo, y'all swisher  
sweets

And don't compete, I'm too unique, sit back be quiet  
when the Pastor preach  
I made the beat, you beat your meat, yeah punk you  
touch yourself  
It be Pastor Troy, D.S.G.B, represent until my death  
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no  
fear  
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come  
down here  
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no  
fear  
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come  
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[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) (2x)]  
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My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

[Pastor Troy:]  
Fake real, fake soul, sold this, sold that  
Story grew old, old 'vo's, old lac  
But I'm back, verse two, and you, know me  
Ain't no, owe me, you die, slowly  
Holy, Bible, assault, rifle  
Thou shalt, not kill, unless they make you feel  
Like they, superior, naw brah, who you wit'  
D.S.G.B. my clique, all the money that we can get  
In the mint, gone and pick, I'm like Vick, Vapor Rub  
Pinch a nick up out your dubb, who the fuck you think I  
was  
Enough of, talkin', talkin', what's up  
Is we, actin up, you best, be backin up  
Rember, re-up, red mouth, straighten me  
All these niggaz be hatin me, because we keep all the D  
O-P, add a E, O.P.P. we ain't down  
None of my folks don't fuck around, quick to spit every  
round  
Come on clown, you so bad, you so raw, you so mean  
In the car, looking mean, all you see, is the green  
I'm the king, of the thrown, still shown, every song  
Punks due to not live too long, Pastor Troy and now it's  
on

[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) (2x)]  
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)  
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)  
Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)  
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)  
Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)  
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)  
What say the fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

[Pastor Troy: ("We Ready!" in background for last 8 lines)]

I make the ghetto my lobby, make they habit my hobby,  
Bought a little Arm & Hammer, cook it, then sell the  
copy,  
Got me watchin for coppers, all I want is to prosper,  
Niggaz climbing with me, don't know they claimin they  
"G"  
So bump this beat 'cause it's real, just change your air  
change the station  
Watch the story bout hatin', then another bout bassin'  
I'm takin' riches to get it, but now I'm sick of this shit  
So with these last couple of dollars, we gone flip it legit  
I bought this beat machine, bout big as a calculator  
Who would have ever dreamed we hit the studio later,  
Its like I owe them bassers, for making me take this  
serious  
Wasn't for the struggle 'cause, you would not be  
hearin' this  
In the mist I'm frisked bout three times a day,  
What I'm doing down here, nigga this where I stay  
I just pray, that I relay, the message to some  
And let them know, goddamn, ain't no more play where  
I'm from

[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) 2x]

My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)  
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My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)  
Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)  
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My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)

Now shit's real

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