

Pastor Troy "Rhonda"

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KD had called and gave me the word
Said this nigga had ten birds, in Augusta for the week
From the islands, as soon as K told me this shit, I
started smiling
'Cause all I could see was money piling, shit, on top of
money
Now, can't you come up with the money for the week,
and Chesapeake
The heat made my nigga take a break
If I could catch all 10 of them bitches, and I don't look
suspicious
I'ma sell the fucking quart for the A.A., ha ha

As I told K bye bye, he shot me advice
If you gone do it nigga do it nigga, fuck thinking twice
This is ya nigga for life, go fight 'em fire for fire
Hit my hip when you finish said his calling card expired
Hung up the phone, contemplating on who help me do
it
There's Kia and Jessica and then Rhonda truitt
Now Jessica to stupid and Kia lie to much
I guess I'll take Rhonda, 'cause Rhonda don't give a
fuck

But first I got to pump her up, I'm give her what, 10 g's
Tell her if she really love me she would do this for me
Eternally we'll be together for better or for worse
But first we got to take these niggas to the hearse
Burst in they shit, get the bricks come back out
I'm be waiting in the Chevy, you know I'm ready to take
em' out
If they front 'cha baby, come on, we make it we rich
Come on, shit, Rhonda, my down ass bitch

Help me Rhonda, help
Help, help me Rhonda, help
Help me Rhonda, help
Help, help me Rhonda, help

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Help me Rhonda, help

Well, I'm the realist bitch, I'm mo realer than reality
Fuck that dumb shit, it take nothing to a casualty
FBI be after me, quareter ki in my womanly
Coming back from St. Croix, First lady to Pastor Troy
Even I'm a Georgia Boy, 'cause boy I'm ready jack
All you got to say is where them pussy niggas hangin'
at
Drop it like a maniac, set it off by myself
Fuck them pussy motherfuckers and who ever else

Okay baby, you set it off, there will be no more living
single
I'll be ready to tie the knot after we lick them for them
blocks
Grab the glock, and shot out the lot, and keep on
bustin'
Then I'm gone bust in cusin' and leave his punk ass fa'
nothing
Now what's in store for you is 10 G's
That's enough for me, I don't give a fat fuck
What's the fucking hold up? About this time I saw a
truck, to a familiar
K had said them motherfuckers had a truck similiar

Passengers are him and her, playing some reggae shit
Two a.k.'s, me and my bitch, one false move we gone
spit
Guess the driver thank he slick, dred head
motherfucker
Guess he most be know my bitch, Rhonda watch them
motherfuckers
That owe 'em money, that what, with K.D. and
Chesapeake
Heard that when he spoke with me and now her folk
wanna smoke me
If he had the keys all I can do now is wonder
But for now me and Rhonda filling 'em up with the
thunder

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