

Pastor Troy "The Intro"

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[hook 1x]

Talk like y'all walk it, walk like y'all talk it
Where my ghetto thugs mind for a mug
High for a nigga like me to show luv

Talk like y'all walk it, walk like y'all talk it
When the push come the shuv
Show 'em where the dubs and the hard ass thugs,
nigga what

(verse 1): eleven twenty-nine

Ya'll niggas better get fo' real (whassup)
Ya'll niggas know bullets kill (whassup)
Ya'll muggin' with y'all grills (whassup)
Don't make me weigh this steel (whassup)
Some of y'all be trippin' dope (whassup)
Now what you wanna go and do this fo' (whassup)
See them niggas kicking in yo do' (whassup)
Punk bitch nigga on the flo' (whassup)
I'm the kinda nigga that be ready (whassup)
Smoked out still chiefing on ghetty (whassup)
Ya'll kinda niggas just don't scare me (whassup)
? ? ? ? ? come and get me (whassup)
Peep a nigga been deep in the game (whassup)
And a bullet ain't got no name (whassup)
Ya'll niggas wanna get some fame (whassup)
We ain't gone play the same (whassup)
Slip the clip in the gat, then I roll
Where them muthafuckin' niggas be hanging at
(whassup)
Come around to the back (whassup), what was that?
(whassup)
Put the slugs in the pipe, rat-tat-tat (whassup)
Some of y'all niggas just be talking game,
Recognized for the shit you said (whassup)
You the kinda nigga let it go to yo head (whassup)
Step to me wrong get popped in the head (whassup)

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(verse 2): big boy

Where my niggas from the east? , where my niggas
from the west?
Bulletproof niggas wearing bulletproof vests
Niggas with the clout, where my niggas in the south
Big boy back with the grill in his mouth
100 golds nigga how we do it in the south
M-e-m-p to the h-i-s
We gone fire, muthafucka it don't stop
Burn baby burn, we gone rise to the top
Ghetto made niggas living to make hits
Sippin on some remi coz we stay gettin' lit'
Fried in the brain coz I smoked that shit
Real muthafuckers know we gotta get it, oh oh
Coming through this bitch finna lay 'em on down
Mug on my face cause I keep a mean frown
Tennessee now a nigga atl bound
Mug on my face when I mob through a crowd
Hand on my gat nigga get to loud
Hit 'em up with the uh, pow pow,
Hit 'em up with the uh, pow pow, pow pow
You can come up missing, if a nigga gotta bust the gat
I'm finna unload my 4-5,
Cause my automatic finna come bring the drama
So you niggas represent or you gone die

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Verse 3: pastor troy

Okay, they had hung me up on they cross for 3 days
I came down and went at they boss with the a.k.
Bullets ringing, I'm maintaining a steady grin

I'm killing him, I'm killing her, and any friends
When it begin I didn't know how to fucking act
You was so real, so treal, so fucking whack
If it's like that, i'ma go and suit up bitch
You talk that gangsta shit
I am that gangsta shit
I got a army buddy, ready to kill you
I'm bustin' mildew, I knock yo' grill through
Cause I done proved that proof ain't need no evidence
I walked up on 'em, pop, pop, pop and I represent
Ready

Hook till end:

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