

Pastor Troy

"Vice Versa(feat. Peter The Disciple)"

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[Pastor Troy - talking]

Yeah (yeah)

This song is called Goddamn, Vica Versa

(I'm doin' my best to save my people)

It's like, (The people & I will rely in God)

Picture everything that you thought was good, was really bad

Everything bad, was really good

(What if Heaven was on Earth nigga)

The whole world, vica versa

(Good is bad)

Vica versa (Bad is good)

(Dear Lord am I the only one?)

This shit here, Goddamn, gon'

Go'n get you a fat blunt of that 'dro

Smoke that shit

(It's all vica versa)

Look up in the air nigga

(We rich nigga)

(This is what we doin', it's vica versa)

I know all these real niggas gone feel this shit

Vica Versa, Pastor Troy

(Vica Versa)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

What if Heaven was Hell and vica versa

If I told you go to Hell, would you tell I cursed ya?

I reimbursed ya with the truth so you know my fate

And pray I die, I'm that nigga that they love to hate

I wanna make you use yo mind, God has sent a sign

And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga take your time

Again I ask, Heaven was hell and vica versa

Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture--the spirit man?

Do you understand that there's a war?

It's ragin' on and the devil got some ammo too

Don't get me wrong, but I put my trust off in the Lord

It's too corrupt, know that God gon' help me blow 'em up

I give a fuck, Heaven was hell and vica versa, I have no

fear
I done witnessed too much Hell right here, lend me
your ear
Recall the beer we had to po'
For all our niggaz hit the Devil with the .44
Payback nigga
My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter, battle alone
And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zone
Know I'm grown, but I'm still a baby
It's vica versa so I guess I'll beg Satan to save me
God I'm confused, the fuse of all these motherfuckers,
makin' me sick
{*Virgin Mary never fucked nobody, but she suck
dick*}
With a clique of nasty concubines, and vice-a versa
So she'll probably do the whole nine, that nasty ho
I don't know where I'ma go this Christmas, it's Satan's
birth
I'ma try to smoke a pound of weed, and ease the Earth
While Jesus equiped with angels, the Devil's equiped
with fire
For God so love the world that he blessed the thug with
rocks
Won't stop until they feel me
Protect me Devil, think the Lord is tryin' to kill me
It's vica versa
Heaven is below, while this dozier keep me high
To see the Lord almighty nigga, I'm ready to die
My reply for any questions asked, "The Devil made me
do it"
Who's the Devil may I ask?, It's so polluted
Up-rooted from all this stupid shit
See me cremated, my adaption to the climate
So glad I made it
Elated that they gon' go to Heaven
But do they know Heaven may not be th place to go
Again I ask, Heaven was Hell and vica versa
The devil's in me and I'll be damned if I'm gon let god
hurt ya
Follow me...

[Peter the Disciple]

If it was vica versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil
A Down South Georgia Rebel, a whole 'nother fuckin'
level
Remenisin' on all the good and the bad that I did
Bustin' caps and splittin' wigs
And servin' nicks and talkin' shit
This is vica versa no fuckin' commercial
Heaven or Hell, where do we go?
When we die, eternal fire or the street of gold

Only God knows, vica versa

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