

Pastor Troy "Vice Versa"

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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 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)

Know ain't everybody gon' 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 re embersed ya, with the truth, so you know my fate

They pray I die I'm that nigga that they love to hate

I'ma make you use your mind, god, the 7th 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, 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 all the beer

We had to pour

'till all our niggaz hit the devil with the .44

Payback nigga

My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter

Better alone

And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zone
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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 muthafuckaz

Makin' me sick

Virgin Mary never fu**ed nobody, but she sucked di**
with a clique of nasty concubine

And vica versa, so she'll probably do the whole nine

Naste hoe

I don't know where i'ma go this christmas

It's satan's birth

I'ma try to smoke a pund of weed, and ease the hurt

While jesus equiped with angels, the devil's equiped
with fire

Oh God so love the world 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 demons, I'll be damned if I'm gon' let 'em
hurt ya

Follow me...

Peter the disciple:

If it was vica versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil

A doun 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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