

**Yeah!!!**

**Pastor Troy**

How can I explain this game?  
Got me on the road everyday, to fill my name,  
Me and my dreams of gettin the world crunk,  
The hits bring bling, and do the ATL stomp, this thang real,  
I got the gun chill, cranberry's and x pills,  
Smokin on the best of the best,  
When you see me you know I'm fresh,  
In the black lambo, I ain't ridin there hoe,  
Probably roll my other up, tell them what, I don't give a fuck,  
Prince's cut, round my neck, round my wrist, in my ear,  
In my son ear, in his mama ear, crystal clear,  
Listen hear, this fo all ya'll niggaz bitin' my flow,  
Wanna come up in the game, I can't stand a mane actin like I do  
n't know,

Yeah!, There's been a whole lotta talkin, Pastor Troy nigga, wh  
ere my motherfuckin offerin?  
Yeah!, It's a whole lotta bitin', tell them niggaz keep motherf  
uckin fightin,  
Yeah!, It's a whole lotta suspicion, about who I'm fuckin, abou  
t who I'm hittin  
Yeah!, Baby give me why ya can't, cause I ain't playin with ya  
this year man(well ah haaaa)

I been watchin these niggaz from a fog,  
My best friend left me with some dope in his car,  
So now I been hesitant to roll with the crowd,  
I represent niggaz smokin dro', actin wild(ya feel me now?)  
I been bouncin, ever since the 9 dro,  
Money, cars, clothes, hoes, 17 years old...  
Hop in the club with no I.D., no nigga here is gonna try me, zo  
ne 1, 2, 3 r e s p e c t  
V.I.P, bout 20 deep, hardest nigga in the street,  
Tryin to find me a bitch I can check,  
Probably be the bitch on the deck,  
Better yet, I'm a slap a bitch ass nigga, a fuck ass nigga, ol  
bitin ass nigga,

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