

Sold My Soul

Lil Wyte

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price (Ya)
I walk through motherfucking hell, screaming thug life (Ya)
I sold my soul to the devil for a small price (Ya)
I got them niggas with me that he taught to gang bang (Ya)
I sold my soul to the devil for a small price (Ya)
I walk through motherfucking hell, screaming thug life (Ya)
I sold my soul to the devil for a small price (Ya) (3x)

Yeaaaaaaah

They don't let me in no church, so I came to you to confess
I got a thousand thoughts on my mind and about a billion things on my chest
What do I do? Pastor Troy, do I kill em (Aha)
Or should I let these snitches off the stage and beat and crack their cerebellum
Destines where I go to chill to hang around with billionaires
We coulda fucked dude up really bad and no one would have gave a care
Ever heard of being dropped off the side of a hundred foot yacht
In the middle of a school of sharks in the dark
With 2 slit wrists to a pumping heart?
I have this on my bucket list to be the one that let you go
And let you know that you shouldn't have never fucked with this
Don't you see what's going on Dre found a white boy with some lyrics
And Paul found one in his own home, it's on
Better understand I helped build everything you fucking see
From now on any white rapper that drops has gotta go through me
Cause it's some phonies they fake, they snitches, they snakes
And I swear to God when I go to hell, all of their souls I'm gonna take

Yeeaaah

One and one G
The Pastor Disaster Live from Hell Street
I'm coming like a murderer
Don't you know if you heard of the
Way I bring them choppers out
What the fuck you talkin' bout
Pistol in them pussies mouth
Bet you watch your mouth now
Put your bullet through them fucking windows at your house now
Smoking on some gunpowder, drinking gasoline
I spit diesel, and sweat kerosene
Mean motherfucker, I think I smiled once
First time that I ever hit the blunt
I'm pulling stunts, pulling cables on that paper
I will rape ya, I'll duck tape ya and I'll take ya
There will be no one to save ya
You'll be begging me for favors
I'll be begging for my papers
Look at me now I'm the devil
Please don't take me to that level
Put the pedal to the medal
Ain't that motherfucker cold
It's the Pastor of Disaster and I don't have a soul

Ok I'm mic'd in with Tennessee
Everybody yelling out North Memphis
17 people, 19 pistols nobody in our line gets frisked
We go straight to the bar, fuck VIP

Unless VIPs gotta a bar in it and liquors free for me
Wyte Music we go hard ho, we go hard ho, or we go home, ho
And I might just fuck around and say whatever I want when I'm in my zone, ho
In this business if your white I really hate it for ya
On this road your unknowingly rolling on I pave it for ya
Your in now in my way I'm a fully automatic that will fuck around and spray
One phone call is all it will takes and I'll have G's coming from every way
You think you hard, you think you out
I'll put a mothafucking hex on you
I'm in one of the Mystic Stylez
You hoes can't even fuck with my lil homies
Wyte Musics in this bitch and some of you dudes are acting like these hoes o
n me
You got a problem with me, partner bring it to me
Remember 600 and 66 years before I met Paul and Juicy, Ya

I walk through motherfucking hell, screaming thug life (Ya)
And I was asking everybody where the devil hang (Come on)