

## Brang Yo Army

Pastor Troy

I walk in hell, bucking and fighting, scratching and biting  
Throwing bows, showing gold's, and smoking dro's  
Drinking yak in the back, presidential  
Hand in hand with the devil, my team imperial  
We don't hang with that busta they call Miracle  
The First Disciple, 30 shots from the rifle  
Grab his soul like a reaper  
A.k.a. better known as Lil' Peter  
Light 'em up with the powder  
Best believe I'm a rider  
The Pastor said sic him and whoever else with 'em  
And watch me and my boys go and flip him, we ready

I think somebody's bout to die (4x)

(4x)

You say you want me, but you betta brang yo army  
Dez Georgia Rebels ain't gone let nobody harm me

Killa, disabled, stable, mentally challenged the name 'em  
But yet I manage over God given talents  
Enter near it, cause ravage and repercussions, and damages  
Pimpin' at them, Iceberg slim, seeking Titanic  
Creeping steady slow  
Bobin' and weavin' we broke a do'  
Complication rules the nation so I roll while I smoke  
This one goes out to my folk  
This one they caught in they smoke  
Bungee jumping, hang gliding, and sliding of ski slopes  
Went from selling busta's dope, over used to be coke  
I can't cope, cut throat, rhymes over dope  
I go fo' broke

Smoking on that reefer, with the street sweepers  
Suckers I got wiped up can't run from the grand reaper  
Peep a, Miracle game so lame that you can't show  
You tried to steal a track from the Pastor and got caught  
I brought my freaking folks  
My folks that keep it real  
We drinking on that Brandi and we handy with the steel  
Better guard yo grill, hard to kill, like Steven Segal  
Cause when I see him fall, I'ma shatter his brains against the wall

I think somebody's bout to die (4x)

(4x)

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Okay they got me last and I'm mad  
And I'm ready to fight  
One hundred eighty pounds strong, but watch how I bite  
They takin flight, cause this buster ackin' like my amigo  
Hit 'em seventeen times with that chrome desert eagle  
These my people, in Georgia, ignore ya, I can't

Get dumped off in Miami riding on candy paint  
Now would you believe I got a body in my trunk?  
I'm crunk out the window, hell yeah!, I shot the punk  
The first to dump, the first one that punk scatter  
I'm high I'm drunk, put I'm still labeled that Pastor  
So any bastard, that got plans to harm me  
You best of be ready cause I got a army

I think somebody's bout to die (4x)

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