

# Crossroads

Pastor Troy

Yea... yea... this PT... nigga... representin my DJ SQUEAKY!(SQUEAKY!)... nigga...

I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone  
All my niggas that left ya live on  
I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone  
I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone

We live forever baby... (put ya lighters up)  
Y'all will never die baby...  
You live forever baby... (put ya lighters up)  
You live through me...

Yea... Yea... (random yea's throughout the next part)  
What's up John Reed? Uncle Sweet... Uncle Randy(What's up sweet? I see you baby!) Gangstas nigga! Randy Van Troy! Rest in peace gangsta! Yea! We love you gangsta! Rest in peace gangsta! I know y'all niggas lookin down on me!

I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone  
All my niggas that left ya live on  
Now Everybody! I need to put ya lighters up!  
WeLL UH HUH! I need to put ya lighters up!  
I done lost a lieutenant, a mother lost her son  
A brother lost a brother, and that's not including others  
That you touch through your personality  
And since I lost you the devil breathin' after me  
But I'm'a prevail from ATL  
And know that I'm missin' you like hell(like hell)  
I'm talkin' bout a hood tragedy nigga  
And everybody always askin me nigga  
I love this nigga, we ate together  
The same fork off the same plate together  
I wish I would've been there when they came  
I would've left 'em in a flame

(2x)

But I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
I got some blunts and some liquor  
Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture(or pitcher I'm not sure)  
I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga  
So he won't be lonely (lonely)

Hit the club, hoes askin' where you at  
"Chillin' with the father" I reply back  
Sack after sack after sack after sack  
They ain't even have to do ya like that  
But niggas full of shit so I don't fuck wit 'em  
Niggas lookin crazy, I get right with 'em  
They killed my dog, They killed my ace  
Forever I miss ya, Ya can't be replaced  
I wish I would've been there when they jacked  
I'd blew 'em out the door with that mothafuckin' mack [imitating gunshots vocally]  
I'd walk blackbottom for my mothafuckin' dogs  
Look him in his eyes, leave him in the fog  
I love ya unc, I miss ya man

And I can't wait to grab ya hand  
And pull ya close and embrace ya with the other  
Man you my mothafuckin' brother

(4x)

But I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
I got some blunts and some liquor  
Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture  
I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga  
So he won't be lonely(lonely)

Yea(yea)