

Dear Pac

Pastor Troy

Dear Pac I know you don't know me but it's yo boi Pastor Troy
Georgia Boi
I'm writen you today cause I'm sick of dis
Dis mutherfuckin rap game with dat bullshit
I mean these muthafuckin niggas bout these hoes
Tend to trust on any other two songs
They talk about chrome
These niggas won't kill shit and won't let shit die
But they thugs in da public eye
Why I
Continue to tote pumps but minus da picture takin
As soon as dem hoes jump we handle dat situation
I'm tired of da fakin
My balls big as Alaska
Who wanna bless da Pastor
I ask ya
Before I muthafuckin cock my weapon
And watch how quick they muthafuckin ass be steppin
But it ain't nuthin to run for
Ain't gone shoot shit what you tote da gun for
Naw bra
(gun shots) boom boom
It's P.t muthafucka they lookin for me I'm at my mansion in Aug
usta
I'm slick as butter
Da human canon ball
And make no mistakes cause I will kill em all
I never fall cause I'm to busy comin up
I'm pullin my benz with my monster truck
I cut a few friends but my endz still meet
And fuck sellin out cause I got love in da street
So Pac holla if ya at da Bahamas
I'm a come and ball witcha it'll be my honor
Much luv for da game dat ya gave to me
Pastor Troy representin D.S.G.B
Much luv