

# Gone Getcha

Pastor Troy

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (I'm P-Troy nigga!!)  
Y'all know what time it is, baaaby!

Now let's pray lord have mercy, help 'em God  
Pastor Troy baby, and I'm - coming hard  
Had to sit back, and see the big picture  
Probably in the back seat, bustin' me a Swisher  
Know how I getcha  
Huffin' and puffin' and cussin' over percussion  
Out the back field, two-thousand yards rushin'  
I'm struttin', I'm rushin', spinnin', I'm jukin'  
Gotcha girlfriend on the side-line lookin' (Whassup, baby?)  
It's all a game, but the winner is the one who maintain  
They all know my name, I'm the heavyweight champ  
I rock the belt and got some killers on my camp  
This drank done got me amp, it got me ready to shut the club down  
Can't get all the way, for a motherfuckin touchdown  
Let's clown  
Dancin' in the endzone, I'm lookin' good, I'm lookin strong  
Pastor Troy 'bout to getcha buck, tell them hoes it's on (Yeah!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (This right here!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (This right here!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (Now, this right here!)

Gone getcha hype, (Hell yeah!) gone getcha crunk (Gone getcha buck, nigga!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (This right here!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (This right here!)

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (Now, this right here!)

Gone getcha hype, (Hell yeah!) gone getcha crunk (Gone getcha buck, nigga!)

Ok, If you came to get buck throw it up (Throw it up!)

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EASTSIDE!!! (Eastside!) WESTSIDE!!! (Westside!)

NORTHSIDE!!! (Northside!) SOUTHSIDE, HO!!! (Southside, ho!)

P.T. baby, I came to get crunk  
I'ont get low, I'ont ATL stomp  
All I do, is come through in the clutch (In the clutch)  
Kick Atlanta shit, back Atlanta shit up  
Them suckers took a real low, motherfuck a dutch  
I'd rather grab a mic and grab my nuts  
I got it in cruise control, I got it set  
From Colli Park, bout to hurt a known in the Dec  
All over Zone Three and Zone Four  
Every set that you claim, I got a ho; you know  
She ready!  
Probably got more balls than you  
She ready!  
Hey, there boo, what they do

The Pastor, after me, there'll be three  
Two that ain't there, and one you can't see  
It's just me, the PT Cruiser  
I'm independent, and bout to do ya  
And it's...

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Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk (Gone getcha buck, nigga!)

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