

# Having A Bad Day

Pastor Troy

Nigga don't fuck with me I'm having a bad day

Sometimes I get in a mood when a nigga wanna hate this  
Sitting back watching niggas die  
You don't really wanna face this  
If you niggas want it  
I'm take 'em all down with some buck fire  
Flip 'em off with a couple of rounds  
Hundreds in my clip like that when I click clack  
With my click better what  
Coming from the waist better what  
Eleven finna hit 'em with the what  
Troy finna hit 'em with the what  
Kill 'em all when they be thinking that I'm playing with 'em  
Knowing that we gone get 'em  
Watch how many bullets hit 'em  
Leave 'em all dead  
Aiming for the head  
Running from the feds  
Living for the bread  
Y'all just don't know all the shit that niggas done said  
Trying to get paid in a cold world  
When it ain't all-to the good y'all  
Wanna big ball  
Wanna shot call  
Wanna test this  
Make a death wish

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I don't think you wanna fuck with me  
Cause I'm having a bad day  
Sat up in my bed got out the wrong way  
Reload my clips in both my a.k.'s  
Brush my head cause I ain't got no braids  
Bad to the bone when a nigga get wrong  
And I'm still bucking with my muthafuckin' tone  
Niggas you can't handle this so leave this alone  
I'm the type of nigga right even when I'm wrong  
Jump out the ally making niggas get gone  
Y'all ain't ready  
If you will then it's on  
The congregation got yo mind in a zone  
That we kick better cover up ya dome  
Cause it's gone be on till the break of dawn  
In tha dirty dirty where them niggas riding chrome  
Quick to bust a slug at a nigga  
Take a plug  
Got that nigga from my muthafucking home

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I pump slugs  
Pow, pow, pow, pow, plow  
Yeah bitch, shit what the fuck you saying now  
My whole click, been begging for this gangster shit  
I pack a deadly weapon

Bitch I'm the crucifix  
The virgin mary gave me head last night  
I flipped her on her knees  
Shook ya ass with that pipe  
Nigga the whole fight between me and lucifer  
And I think he winning because I be steady shooting  
It ain't nothing new to the- - muthafucking moon  
I'm sent to hell cause heaven ran out of room  
The sonic... boom just like street fighter  
But I drank gasoline and I smoke muthafucking lighters

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