

It's Too Late Now, We Ready!

Pastor Troy

what that shit talking
uh, pastor troy
get the fuck away from my motherfuckin door
(knocking on door) this p nigga, i'mma sign you up nigga
i do not feel like being disturbed
that d.s.g.b. album was straight my nigga
will you please get away from my motherfuckin door
uugghhh!
i'll probly let your ass in

Nigga and I ain't never going to the door, without my piece
I don't know who's on the other side, beauty or beast
And if I do just happen to die, fuck that shit
I hope they bury me and drop me quick, I'm getting sick
Thinkin bout my so called enemies, til I explode
Grab the motherfucking 45, it's lock and load
And all these other pussy motherfuckers, they in danger
It's the wrong nigga to anger
The fucking dope
Slanger showed me how to do what I got to do
In this industry to make a livin
While all of my intentions was to avoid the prison
I'm still listenin for the lord to tell me that I'm forgiven
I'm drivin to the point of no return where water burn
I learn that nobody out here really gives a damn
I know I sell dope, i know I bust on bitches but from bitches
So my nigga shit I am who I am
And yeah though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
It's pitch black so the shadow is a scene
I hear a faint voice red alert
Fuck that dirt and who you hurt
Young nigga persue your dreams
I started sellin dope when I was younger
What would you choose
Sell motherfuckin dope or hunger
It's up to you
But for me and the route I chose it wasn't my choice
Who's opinion who I need to voice
Just thank about it you's that nigga with no family
Ain't got no money
So you cant afford no sanity they thank it's funny
So you run across the tec 9 to kill the laughin
Then they say they can't believe this happen
Actions speak louder than words this counries yelling
And do we go to heaven or hell it ain't no telling
I put my trust in God and what's the odds of who's the saver
Fuck em please come back savior
'cause it's like this I don't speak so they fuck my shit
And now I'm faced with these crimes that I ain't commit
And it's fucked up 'cause them bitches be the main ones
They wanna stick a nigga for some shit they say he done
These motherfuckers talking all about my danm fun
While toting guns, death is gonna be the outcome
For all them niggaz, drink my liquor put my trust in god
I know that I must beat the odds, but this shit is hard
I disregard everything that they taught in school
With no diploma making move nigga who's the fool

As I sit with my strategy the game begin
And the lord take my life from me I crack a grin
Ha, ha, ha
To friends tha missed the smiling
Have no remorse nigga me and jesus wildin, like thugs
Cheifing leaves, and drinkin hennessy
Like on the corner
Picture God feelin marijuana
As I relax and devilish demonds disapear
I got the feeling that a nigga gonna love it here
I take ya biblical
Yall stay crunk off mystikal
Stay crunk off of p
As long as motherfuckin georgia can listen to me

We ready (till song fades)

We ready nigga we ain't giving a fuck about nobody,
'cause we ain't got shit to loose, I ain't got shit,
I ain't jealous of these little lame motherfuckaz