

## We Ready 2000

Pastor Troy

These niggas asking how I choose to die  
Just like a muthafucking G is my only reply  
Hi 7, Mac 11 with the shoulder slang  
Crank me up, bitch I'm gunning killing everything  
And my veins pumping nothing but this thug blood  
Maybe blue nigga, till I'm through nigga, yeah  
Situation got a nigga bout to self-destruct  
Better tell them niggas I don't give a fuck  
I make money, nigga money doesn't make me  
Guess that's why all these weak niggas hate me  
And lately I been letting a bunch of shit ride  
But fuck that where my muthafucking forty-five

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price  
I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life  
And I was asking everybody where the devil hang  
I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang

My head gone, cause I been on this earth long enuff,  
In this land of little trust  
Where all my models and rubs, till I been bottled and brewed  
And it's been provin' that it ain't shit to prove  
I move about a gram a so, but clientele won't grow,  
until all them basers know, that I keep that butter  
A new face runs shop with me, said she need a 30 piece  
But I can't do shit because I think she's undercover  
My brother doing fed time, so I move nickels and dimes  
Praying when he comes out I can break him off  
He taught me all the game, make them boys find our name  
but from point blank range show them fuckers we ain't soft  
I lost about a dozen of my cousins, homicide  
How the hell am I supposed to hide the fucking hurt  
The many tears I cry, understanding me I tryed  
Then my cousin came to me and said coz go to work  
Now I'm grinding  
My timing, perfect, pick a mack and me some clothing  
The corner stores, the ski masks, the forty-fours  
Run up on 'em so slick, and get my pistol and click  
Give me the muthafucking bag or I'm gone buss yo' shit  
Now I came up, a fifteen thousand dollar lick  
Yeah Red Mouth, the Pastor need about a brick, and now it's on  
Strictly, quarters or grams,  
them down south georgia boys done blew up on all ya'll haters

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price  
I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life  
And I was asking everybody where the devil hang  
I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang

I fill my mind with weed, uh,  
I can't believe my congregation is testing me  
Retailation would be less than me,  
While praising me in my face  
Shit these the same muthafuckers trying to take my place  
I hate to waste yo blood and leave ya church clothes filthy  
But believe I will do it without feeling guilty  
Let's understand though the Pastor, I'm still that nigga

Praising the Lord for blessing me with nica triggas, and laser beams  
And my team, my original team, killers and bandates  
Try your best to understand it  
Nigga respect, I demand it  
I feel its mandatory,  
I'm popping on these niggas as I give the Lord the glory  
Like David, My slang shot human made  
Fuck whirling rocks, nigga my niggas got handgrenades  
Who payed?, I have layed my life on the line  
Cops pulling grind, got the Pastor dodging one time  
Signs of holy wars  
Touting magnum forty-fours, and forty-fives, mac 11's  
There's a hundred ways to die  
Up in the mist, surrounded by these evil men  
Got to stay hi',  
Grab the pistol and I let 'em fly, just like hulk  
So what, I thought you would've never done  
Nigga you did it and death will be the outcome  
I sholl hate it but I put up with it long enuff  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to fucking dust  
Go head and buss

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price  
I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life  
And I was asking everybody where the devil hang  
I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang