

This Tha City

Pastor Troy

Venom...
All I spit is venom
A cobra...
Flinch my teeth and I'ma ride till its over
I'm never sober, I'm fucked up now
Say you want pistol play
Well then its Blah! Blah!
Cuz I'm tha Pastor...
Leader of a wicked church
Gets ta bustin out in public, gives a fuck who I hurt
Them hits was weak for the 2 triple O
Bitch ask me if I got your CD, Uh Naw Hoe! Cause I am not from the city of bullshittin
As soon as we come
Its time for wig splittin
Your debt is bitten, I want undivided attention
You say ya pimpin, I send my niggaz for da lynchin
Drenchin your blood
God forgive em but we have sinned
Dem Georgia boys, when we come we come like men
Fresh out da pen, I'm standin dead off in da' blaze
Wit a fifth of Remy
Pullin da pin out my grenade
(GET PAID!)CHORUS
(Okay...)
I come from the city dat dey don't play by rules
I come from the city dat dey ride da fucking fool I come from the city dat they don't play by rules
I come from the city dat they ride da fucking fool Well Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Uh-Ah-Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Ah Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Uh-Ah-Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(COME ON!! OH! WE READY!!) Okay I come from da city, If ya lame it's gon' be ugly
A buncha' niggaz bitin my game, But dey can't touch me
I don't drink bubbly, I'm drinkin remy out da bottle
Bout 5 Benz follow, My city is off da throttle
I heard you hard, Heard you da one dat crunk da style
Don't drop yo' cards, I got da lowest in da pile

You crackin smile, We crackin mud, sellin drug
We what hoes love, ATL fuckin thugsIt's real boy..
You know da His-to-ry
Dem Mac 10's poppin
My ca-pa-city
My home team prayin dat you make some noise
Uh so dat we can introduce ya to dem big boys, YEAH!
I got killas doin time as I speak ta you
Den some mo in da streets right next to you
And fo' you can say "Troy wasn't me cuz"
I'ma hit you wit the whole 63 cuz
You see a bitch
Slap a bitch, Oh Realla!
See youse' a fuckin joker
And I'm not fuckin tickled
When blood trickle, Dat's me up out da F-350
Ya feet besta be kickin yo ass a damn skippyIn my city
Ain't no games, We know yo name
And where you went ta school at
And where you used ta hang
And where I run across ya
It's where I'm gonna to drop ya
Breakin yo punk ass off
Somethin properCHORUS

(Okay...)

I come from the city dat dey don't play by rule
I come from the city dat dey ride da fucking foolI come from the city dat they don't play by rule
I come from the city dat they ride da fucking foolDis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Uh-Ah-Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Ah Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Uh-Ah-Hah)
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city
(Until Fade)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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