

# We Ready 2000

## Pastor Troy

[Verse 1: 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

[Hook 2x: (We Ready in background)] 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

[Verse 2: Pastor Troy] 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 tried

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

[Hook 2x: (We Ready in background)]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  
[Verse 3: Pastor Troy]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  
Don't fuck wit us

[Hook 8x till end: (We Ready in background)]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

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