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 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

[Hook 2x: (We Ready in background)]I sold my soul to the devil for a small price
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And I was asking everybody where the devil hang
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[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
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