

# Brang Yo Army

## Pastor Troy

Verse 1: peter the disciple

I walk in hell, bucking and fighting, scratching and biting  
Throwing bows, showing gold's, and smoking dro's  
Drinking yak in the back, presidential  
Hand in hand with the devil, my team imperial  
We don't hang with that busta they call miracle  
The first disciple, 30 shots from the rifle  
Grab his soul like a reaper  
A.k.a. better known as lil' peter  
Light 'em up with the powder  
Best believe I'm a rider

The pastor said sic him and whoever else with 'em  
And watch me and my boys go and flip him, we ready  
(pastor troy)

I think somebody's bout to die (4x then to background of hook)

Hook: 4x

You say you want me, but you betta brang yo army  
Dez georgia rebels ain't gone let nobody harm me

Verse 2: blackout

Killa, disabled, stable, mentally challenged the name 'em  
But yet I manage over God given talents  
Enter near it, cause ravage and repercussions, and damages  
Pimpin' at them, iceberg slim, seeking titanic  
Creeping steady slow

Bobin' and weavin' we broke a do'  
Complication rules the nation so I roll while I smoke  
This one goes out to my folk  
This one they caught in they smoke  
Bungey jumping, hang gliding, and sliding of ski slopes  
Went from selling busta's dope, over used to be coke  
I can't cope, cut throat, rhymes over dope

I go fo' broke

Verse 3: pinhead

Smoking on that reefer, with the street sweepers

Suckers I got wiped up can't run from the grand reaper  
Peep a, miracle game so lame that you can't show  
You tried to steal a track from the pastor and got caught  
I brought my freaking folks

My folks that keep it real  
We drinking on that brandi and we handy with the steel  
Better guard yo grill, hard to kill, like steven segal  
Cause when I see him fall, i'ma shatter his brains against the wall  
(pastor troy)

I think somebody's bout to die 4x then to background of hook

Hook: 4x

You say you want me, but you betta brang yo army  
Dez georgia rebels ain't gone let nobody harm me

Verse 4: pastor troy

Okay they got me last and I'm mad

And I'm ready to fight

One hundred eighty pounds strong, but watch how I bite

They takin flight, cause this buster ackin' like my amigo

Hit 'em seventeen times with that chrome desert eagle

These my people, in georgia, ignore ya, I can't

Get dumped off in miami riding on candy paint

Now would you believe I got a body in my trunk?

I'm crunk out the window, hell yeah!, I shot the punk

The first to dump, the first one that punk scatter

I'm high I'm drunk, put I'm still labeled that pastor

So any bastard, that got plans to harm me

You best of be ready cause I got a army

(pastor troy)

I think somebody's bout to die 4x then to background of hook

Hook till end

You say you want me, but you betta brang yo army

Dez georgia rebels ain't gone let nobody harm me

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