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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