

Vica Versa (feat. Lil' Pete)

Pastor Troy

Yeah, yeah
This song is called Goddamn, Vica Versa
(I'm doin' my best to save my people)
It's like
(The people and I will rely in God)
Picture everything that you thought
Was good, was really bad
Everything bad, was really good(What if Heaven was on Earth nigga?)
The whole world, vica versa
(Good is bad)
Vica versa
(Bad is good)
(Dear Lord am I the only one?)
This shit here, goddamn, gon'Gon' get you a motherfuckin' fat blunt of that 'dro
Smoke that shit
(It's all vica versa)
Look up in the air, nigga
(We rich nigga)
(This is what we doin', it's vica versa)
I know all these real niggas gon' feel this shit
Vica Versa, Pastor Troy
(Vica Versa)Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, what if Heaven was Hell
And vica versa, if I told you go to Hell, would you tell I cursed ya?
I reimbursed ya with the truth so you know my fate
And pray I die, I'm that nigga that they love to hate
I wanna make you use yo' mind, God has sent a sign
And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga take your time
Again I ask, Heaven was hell and vica versa
Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture, the spirit man?Do you understand that there's a war?
It's ragin' on and the Devil got some ammo too
Don't get me wrong, but I put my trust up in the Lord
It's too corrupt, know that God gon' help me blow 'em up
I give a fuck, Heaven was hell and vica versa, I have no fear
I done witnessed too much Hell right here, lend me your ear
Recall the beer we had to po', for all our niggaz
Hit the Devil with the .44, payback niggaMy liquor keep my from tryin' to enter, battle alone
And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zone
Know I'm grown, but I'm still a baby, it's vica versa
So I guess I'll beg Satan to save me, God I'm confused

The fuse of all these motherfuckers, makin' me sick
(Virgin Mary never fucked nobody, but she suck dick)
With a clique of nasty concubines and vice-a versa
So she'll probably do the whole nine, that nasty ho I don't know where I'ma go this Christmas, it's Satan's birth
I'ma try to smoke a pound of weed and ease the Earth
While Jesus equipped with Angels
The Devil's equipped with fire
For God so love the world that he blessed the thug with rocks
Won't stop until they feel me
Protect me Devil, think the Lord is tryin' to kill me
It's vica versa Heaven is below, while this doja keep me high to see the Lord
Almighty nigga, I'm ready to die, my reply for any questions asked
"The Devil made me do it", who's the Devil may I ask?, It's so polluted
Up-rooted from all this stupid shit, see me cremated, my adaptation to
The climate, so glad I made it, elated that they gon' go to Heaven
But do they know Heaven may not be the place to go
Again I ask, Heaven was Hell and vica versa, the Devil's in me
And I'll be damned if I'm gon let God hurt ya, follow me If it was vica versa, I'd be and Angel, 'cause I'm a
devil
A down South Georgia rebel, a whole 'nother fuckin' level
Remenisin' on all the good and the bad that I did
Bustin' caps and splittin' wigs and servin' nicks and talkin' shit
This is vica versa no fuckin' commercial
Heaven or Hell, where do we go?
When we die, eternal fire or the street of gold
Only God knows, vica versa

Songwriters

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