

No Mo Play in Ga

Pastor Troy

[phone ringing]
[Pastor Troy:] Y'all watch this, watch this
[laughs]
[Guy on phone:] No Limit Studios
[Pastor Troy:] yea, yea, yea, can I speak to P?
[Guy on phone:] P ain'y here
[Pastor Troy:] Hey yo, tell him that Pastor Troy and them Down South
Georgia Boys said since everybody thank they soldiers then what's up we'll
go to war[Voices in background:]
Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha
Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background)]
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)
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Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)[Pastor Troy:]
What's up, Big mouth, Big talk, Big game
Teacher's pet, takin' aim, pop the Tech, takin' aim
Plenty range, plenty shot
Plenty change, plenty glock
Pack the heat and I'ma keep em' hot
And I'ma take my stress right off the top
'cause I'm not, nothing like
Anyone, once on the mic
Wish you might, show ya right
Have ya'll thinking I'm Barry White
In the night, pack em' tight, c all a fight, T.K.O.
We got mo', you ain't know, numero, uno,
Keep a O we burnin slow, we optimo, y'all swisher sweets
And don't compete, I'm too unique, sit back be quiet when the Pastor preach
I made the beat, you beat your meat, yeah punk you touch yourself
It be Pastor Troy, D.S.G.B, represent until my death
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no fear
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come down here
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no fear
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come down here[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in

background) (2x)]

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My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)[Pastor Troy:]

Fake real, fake soul, sold this, sold that

Story grew old, old 'vo's, old lac

But I'm back, verse two, and you, know me

Ain't no, owe me, you die, slowly

Holy, Bible, assault, rifle

Thou shalt, not kill, unless they make you feel

Like they, superior, naw brah, who you wit'

D.S.G.B. my clique, all the money that we can get

In the mint, gone and pick, I'm like Vick, Vapor Rub

Pinch a nick up out your dubb, who the fuck you think I was

Enough of, talkin', talkin', what's up

Is we, actin up, you best, be backin up

Rember, re-up, red mouth, straighten me

All these niggaz be hatin me, because we keep all the D

O-P, add a E, O.P.P. we ain't down

None of my folks don't fuck around, quick to spit every round

Come on clown, you so bad, you so raw, you so mean

In the car, looking mean, all you see, is the green

I'm the king, of the thrown, still shown, every song

Punks due to not live too long, Pastor Troy and now it's on[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) (2x)]

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What say the fuck what ya say (We Ready!)[Pastor Troy: ("We Ready!" in background for last 8 lines)]

I make the ghetto my lobby, make they habit my hobby,

Bought a little Arm & Hammer, cook it, then sell the copy,

Got me watchin for coppers, all I want is to prosper,

Niggaz climbing with me, don't know they claimin they "G"

So bump this beat 'cause it's real, just change your air change the station

Watch the story bout hatin', then another bout bassin'

I'm takin' riches to get it, but now I'm sick of this shit

So with these last couple of dollars, we gone flip it legit

I bought this beat machine, bout big as a calculator
Who would have ever dreamed we hit the studio later,
Its like I owe them bassers, for making me take this serious
Wasn't for the struggle 'cause, you would not be hearin' this
In the mist I'm frisked bout three times a day,
What I'm doing down here, nigga this where I stay
I just pray, that I relay, the message to some
And let them know, goddamn, ain't no more play where I'm from[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background)
2x]

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My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)Now shit's real

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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