

# Rhonda

## Pastor Troy

KD had called and gave me the word  
Said this nigga had ten birds, in Augusta for the week  
From the islands, as soon as K told me this shit, I started smiling  
'Cause all I could see was money piling, shit, on top of money  
Now, can't you come up with the money for the week, and Chesapeake  
The heat made my nigga take a break  
If I could catch all 10 of them bitches, and I don't look suspicious  
I'ma sell the fucking quart for the A.A., ha haAs I told K bye bye, he shot me advice  
If you gone do it nigga do it nigga, fuck thinking twice  
This is ya nigga for life, go fight 'em fire for fire  
Hit my hip when you finish said his calling card expired  
Hung up the phone, contemplating on who help me do it  
There's Kia and Jessica and then Rhonda truitt  
Now Jessica to stupid and Kia lie to much  
I guess I'll take Rhonda, 'cause Rhonda don't give a fuckBut first I got to pump her up, I'm give her what, 10  
g's  
Tell her if she really love me she would do this for me  
Eternally we'll be together for better or for worse  
But first we got to take these niggas to the hearse  
Burst in they shit, get the bricks come back out  
I'm be waiting in the Chevy, you know I'm ready to take em' out  
If they front 'cha baby, come on, we make it we rich  
Come on, shit, Rhonda, my down ass bitchHelp me Rhonda, help  
Help, help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help, help me Rhonda, helpHelp me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, helpWell, I'm the realist bitch, I'm mo realer than reality  
Fuck that dumb shit, it take nothing to a casualty  
FBI be after me, quareter ki in my womanly  
Coming back from St. Croix, First lady to Pastor Troy  
Even I'm a Georgia Boy, 'cause boy I'm ready jack  
All you got to say is where them pussy niggas hangin' at  
Drop it like a maniac, set it off by myself  
Fuck them pussy motherfuckers and who ever elseOkay baby, you set it off, there will be no more living single  
I'll be ready to tie the knot after we lick them for them blocks  
Grab the glock, and shot out the lot, and keep on bustin'  
Then I'm gone bust in cusin' and leave his punk ass fa' nothing

Now what's in store for you is 10 G's  
That's enough for me, I don't give a fat fuck  
What's the fucking hold up? About this time I saw a truck, to a familiar  
K had said them motherfuckers had a truck similiarPassengers are him and her, playing some reggae shit  
Two a.k.'s, me and my bitch, one false move we gone spit  
Guess the driver thank he slick, dred head motherfucker  
Guess he most be know my bitch, Rhonda watch them motherfuckers  
That owe 'em money, that what, with K.D. and Chesapeake  
Heard that when he spoke with me and now her folk wanna smoke me  
If he had the keys all I can do now is wonder  
But for now me and Rhonda filling 'em up with the thunderHelp me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, helpHelp me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help  
Help me Rhonda, help

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