Vice Versa

The REG Project

Pastor troy [talking]:
Yeah (yeah)
This song is called goddamn, vica versa
(I'm doin' my best to save my people)
It's like, (the people & I will rely in God)
Picture everything that you thought was good, was really bad
Everything bad, was 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'
Go'n get you a 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)
Know ain't everybody gon' feel this shit
Vica versa, pastor troy
Vica versaYeah, 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 re embersed ya, with the truth, so you know my fate
They pray I die I'm that nigga that they love to hate
I'ma make you use your mind, god, the 7th 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, 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 off 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 all the beer
We had to pour
'till all our niggaz hit the devil with the .44
Payback nigga
My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter
Better alone
And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zoneClick above to visit our sponsorsKnow 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 muthafuckaz
Makin' me sick
Virgin Mary never fu**ed nobody, but she sucked di**with a clique of nasty concubine
And vica versa, so she'll probably do the whole nine
Naste hoe
I don't know where i'ma go this christmas
It's satan's birth
I'ma try to smoke a pund of weed, and ease the hurt
While jesus equiped with angels, the devil's equiped with fire
Oh God so love the world 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 dozier 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 adaption to the climate
So glad I made it
Elated that they gon' go to heaven
But do they know
Heaven may not be th place to go
Again I ask, heaven was hell and vica versa
The devil's demons, I'll be damned if I'm gon' let 'em hurt ya
Follow me...Peter the disciple:
If it was vica versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil
A doun 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/