

Mind On My Money

Pastor Troy

Verse 1: pastor troy If this is space age pimping

Then i'ma work for nasa

Coming up with tight ass shit

Cause this the pastor

Creep up on 'em wit laughter

Soon as she show them pearly whites

I grin back at her

Cause I'm gone fuck her ass tonite

Pussy be tight

But that don't mean that it's gone end

Cause once I hit

Here comes the grand opening

She hoping then that she can be my main lady

And to keep pussy

I smile and tell her maybe

We lounge on leather

I wonder if whether

You know I'm da playa

Not the captain save a. ho

Then I'm back sinking banks

While slitting swishers

Lights, cameras, action

Why bitches be snapping pictures

Wish ya had the lout

Wish ya had the money

Wish ya had that big body benz filled with hundreds

It's funny

Cause niggas think just cause we got stacks

But when I was broke bitches still rode on my lap

Perhaps

The money that's earned the game that's learned

Them hoe's that yearn

Make them pussy niggas eat yo worm

But here's your turn

Shit go ahead bust shots at me

Cause fucking hoe's and making money the priority Hook: I got my mind on my money

I ain't studdin' these hoe's (repeat 2x)

I ain't studdin' these hoe's 2x Verse 2: pastor troy A bunch of bitches don't bring no glory

Shit all they bring is a fucking bunch of lies and stories

And yeah I got a stack of stories standing weed high
And you can't take 'em with you when a nigga has to die
So I say fuck her
Bitches I try my best to duck em
I'm on the run
All these jealous motherfucking niggas
Is packing guns
For fun they wanna take the air
The pastor breathe
But the shit does not give me a scare
They best believe
With ease I want to leave this earth
But i'ma let these muthafuckers try to kill me first
Let's keep it interesting
The topics I be mentioning
Hell and heaven walking streets with that mack 11
Shot 'em with 7
Pop them niggas pick my shells up
And run and kick 'em
Tell them niggas we don't give a fuck
And fuck who with 'em
Equitted so see me smiling to a round of applause
Shot a bird at the judge
Tell 'em fuck they laws
My ball is hard as bricks
So I be damned if he charge me with shit
I'm sick as o.j.
And gonna make these hoe's day
It's understood

Pastor troy up out this muthafucker with the money and the goods
Hook: 4xI got my mind on my money
I ain't studdin' these hoe's (repeat 2x)
I ain't studdin' these hoe's 2x

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