Champion

Scribe

Come on D S G B ya'll know what time it is
Ga ya'll know what time it is
Pastor Troy for President for 2000
I'm ready, I'm ready
I made up my mind to hit the grind and get paid
That glock 45 I go to war with all these haters
My faith is now greater because I know that I'm the man
My package not shaper 'cause they say they didn't understand
Together we planned to lock G A on the map
And only I can because them other busters sap
They claimin' they rap but too lame to me
You wanna come strapped it ain't no thang to me
Probably gone be layed up in a ditch
I'm a kill you, slay your main bitch
And oh how quick the game done switched up
I'm screaming G A the crowd screaming what
Pastor, Pastor, Pastor, Pastor
(I am D S G B)
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I ain't playing with these busters or all these enemies
I got hated I got people, who'll shoot you till you bleed
I'm the leader of the army and Atlanta is the base
Let me catch you in my city I'm a shoot you in the face
Better tape clothes to your nose 'cause I know I'm the shit
Pastor Troy, D S G B, I represent for my click
Red mouth nobody mouth as red as mine
Down south affiliated with that Georgia Pine
Ain't nothing kind when I enter, doberman pincher I'm pit
While you doberman pinching I done locked on ya bitch
And just that quick the so called game done switched up
I'm screaming G A the crowd's screaming what
Pastor, Pastor, Pastor, Pastor
(I am D S G B)
Pastor, Pastor, Pastor, Pastor

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