

# Crossroads

## Pastor Troy

Yea... yea... this PT... nigga... representin my DJ SQUEAKY!(SQUEAKY!)... nigga...I'm'a dedicate this song  
to the gone

All my niggas that left ya live on  
I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone

I'm'a dedicate this song to the goneYea... Yea...

What's up John Reed? Uncle Sweet... Uncle Randy(What's up sweet? I see you baby!) Gangstas nigga! Randy  
Van Troy! Rest in peace gangsta! Yea! We love you gangsta! Rest in peace gangsta! I know y'all niggas lookin  
down on me![Verse 1]

I'm'a dedicate this song to the gone  
All my niggas that left ya live on

Now Everybody! I need to put ya lighters up!  
WeLL UH HUH! I need to put ya lighters up!

I done lost a lieutenant, a mother lost her son  
A brother lost a brother, and that's not including others

That you touch through your personality  
And since I lost you the devil breathin'

But I'm'a prevail from ATL

And know that I'm missin' you like hell(like hell)

I'm talkin' bout a hood tragedy nigga  
And everybody always askin me nigga

I love this nigga, we ate together  
The same fork off the same plate together  
I wish I would've been there when they came

I would've left 'em in a flame[Chorus] x2

But I'm'a see him at the crossroads

I got some blunts and some liquor

Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture(or pitcher I'm not sure)

I'm'a see him at the crossroads

Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga

So he won't be lonely(lonely)[Verse 2]

Hit the club, hoes askin' where you at

"Chillin' with the father" I reply back

Sack after sack after sack after sack

They ain't even have to do ya like that

But niggas full of shit so I don't fuck wit 'em

Niggas lookin crazy, I get right with 'em

They killed my dog, They killed my ace

Forever I miss ya, Ya can't be replaced

I wish I would've been there when they jacked

I'd blew 'em out the door with that mothafuckin' mack  
I'd walk blackbottom for my mothafuckin' dogs  
Look him in his eyes, leave him in the fog  
I love ya unc, I miss ya man  
And I can't wait to grab ya hand  
And pull ya close and embrace ya with the other  
Man you my mothafuckin' brother[Chorus] x2  
But I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
I got some blunts and some liquor  
Sack of Timmy D and some bitches I'm'a picture  
I'm'a see him at the crossroads  
Cuz that's my mothafuckin' nigga  
So he won't be lonely(lonely)Yea(yea)

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