

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: 4x

I 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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