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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