No Mo Play In Ga

Pastor Troy

[phone ringing][Pastor Troy:] Y'all watch this, watch this
[laughs][Guy on phone:] No Limit Studios
[Pastor Troy:] yea, yea, yea, can I speak to P?
[Guy on phone:] P ain'y here
[Pastor Troy:] Hey yo, tell him that Pastor Troy and them Down South Georgia Boys said since everybody thank they soldiers then what's up we'll go to war
[Voices in background:]Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha Wha, Wha, Wha, (Gunfire) Wha, Wha, Wha, Wha
[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background)]My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
Ain't no more play in GA (We Ready!)
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[Pastor Troy:]What's up, Big mouth, Big talk, Big game
Teacher's pet, takin' aim, pop the Tech, takin' aim
Plenty range, plenty shot
Plenty change, plenty glock
Pack the heat and I'ma keep em' hot
And I'ma take my stress right off the top
'cause I'm not, nothing like
Anyone, once on the mic
Wish you might, show ya right
Have ya'll thinking I'm Barry White
In the night, pack em' tight,c all a fight, T.K.O.
We got mo', you ain't know, numero, uno,
Keep a O we burnin slow, we optimo, y'all swisher sweets
And don't compete, I'm too unique, sit back be quiet when the Pastor preach
I made the beat, you beat your meat, yeah punk you touch yourself
It be Pastor Troy, D.S.G.B, represent until my death
And anyone else, that want us, you can trust, it aint no fear
You can talk that in my ear, but it aint shit, 'til you come down here
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[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) (2x)]My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
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[Pastor Troy:]Fake real, fake soul, sold this, sold that
Story grew old, old 'vo's, old lac

But I'm back, verse two, and you, know me
Ain't no, owe me, you die, slowly
Holy, Bible, assault, rifle
Thou shalt, not kill, unless they make you feel
Like they, superior, naw brah, who you wit'
D.S.G.B. my clique, all the money that we can get
In the mint, gone and pick, I'm like Vick, Vapor Rub
Pinch a nick up out your dubb, who the fuck you think I was
Enough of, talkin', talkin', what's up
Is we, actin up, you best, be backin up
Rember, re-up, red mouth, straighten me
All these niggaz be hatin me, because we keep all the D
O-P, add a E, O.P.P. we ain't down
None of my folks don't fuck around, quick to spit every round
Come on clown, you so bad, you so raw, you so mean
In the car, looking mean, all you see, is the green
I'm the king, of the thrown, still shown, every song
Punks due to not live too long, Pastor Troy and now it's on
[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) (2x)]My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
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What say the fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
[Pastor Troy: ("We Ready!" in background for last 8 lines)]I make the ghetto my lobby, make they habit my hobby,
Bought a little Arm & Hammer, cook it, then sell the copy,
Got me watchin for coppers, all I want is to prosper,
Niggaz climbing with me, don't know they claimin they "G"
So bump this beat 'cause it's real, just change your air change the station
Watch the story bout hatin', then another bout bassin'
I'm takin' riches to get it, but now I'm sick of this shit
So with these last couple of dollars, we gone flip it legit
I bought this beat machine, bout big as a calculator

Who would have ever dreamed we hit the studio later,
Its like I owe them bassers, for making me take this serious
Wasn't for the struggle 'cause, you would not be hearin' this
In the mist I'm frisked bout three times a day,
What I'm doing down here, nigga this where I stay
I just pray, that I relay, the message to some
And let them know, goddamn, ain't no more play where I'm from
[Chorus: Pastor Troy (voices in background) 2x]My nigga fuck what ya say (We Ready!)
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Now shit's real

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