Stop Tryin'

Pastor Troy

[Pastor Troy]They had me dodgin` the law, while I was serving my raw
Though I was young in the game, a lot of things I saw
I just bought that fifty pack, and just believed in me
And with barely could ease, that fifty pack fit the peas
I got mo` cheese than Kraft, but teachers laughed at me
They asked me what would I be with out my damn degree
I told them they would see me on T.v. and videos
I`m all about that money, y`all can have them hoes
And I got goals, I know that I can do all things
Cause now I make my beats, I write, I sing
And pain was my stepping stone
Help me realize shit, even my own`ll do me wrong
But y`all a never stop me, `cause see I got this game in order
Started off with a fifty pack, with dreams of a quarter
Catching that thing from the border, and leave my enemies crying
I will never be stopped, so you can stop ya` tryin`
Chorus: Stop tryin` nigga
[Pastor Troy]Okay my money was mandatory, the glory of wealth
It`s plenty niggas with promises, I keep them myself
I`m 15 on this grind, but my age don`t matter
All they want is that butter, from whoever come faster
And I was after a monoply, ambition to rule
Be the Hitler of this game, if I keep my cool
I`m counting money every morning from the previous night
Go and spend, ten with Twin, heard he packing `em tight
I`m sitting right, I`m right where I wanted to be
Ain`t no mo` fifty packs for me, give me the whole ki
And I`m sure that you agree that I be hard to stop
In the three, yes three, years, I went from block to block
And now these haters are hot, cause I done locked the counter
Got the calibur glock, because I know that they `round me
Found me laughing at these pussy boys, making me sick
While y`all be shooting for attention, I be shooting to hit
And who I`m with don`t matter, cause I`m gone handle my own
Got them DOWN SOUTH GEORGIA BOYS in case you get wrong
It won`t be long `till doctors doing autopsy
Cause reason for death, its` gone send back to me

Cause y`all can`t stop me, nigga, shit, this game in order

Started off with a fifty pack with dreams of a quarter
Catching that thing from the border, leave my enemies cryin`
I will never be stopped, so y`all can stop ya` tryin`
Chorus
[Pastor Troy]Shit, fatalities get numerous, smother with cover
Send a dead rose to his mother labeled that hustla`
And they say that that`s a small price, I disagree
If ya` stuck between a small life, unlike me
I can`t see myself going out, without a battle
Put the bomb on the stadium, aviod the hassle
Flip the tassle, I`m a skull cap, I graduated
From the school of hard knocks, nigga, others ain`t make it
So I make it my duty to be richer than Rudy, yeah Ramo
Cause this here pay way mo`, you decide
And ain`t no mo` lettin` me ride, hell nah shawty
Be starrin` down the barrel of that autie
Don`t test me, arrest me, I`m out like Gotti, without a clue
Tell the judge that they besta pop me, or die too!
County blue, not my forte
I`m only comfortable when I got on that grind with what, with a a.k. And with a couple of banana clips, dip in ya lip
Better hush when I hit that hip, and disconnect it
Perfect it, from day to day, I take game and call it stayin`
And watch em` pay, I ain`t the one
Many come up, until I dump `em, but then they scatter
I leave ya` mamma asking ya` baby what`s the matter
I`m after ya` ligaments, no movement
From Down South Georgia bitch, I REPRESENT!!!
Convince the jury, we done payed them off
Evidence don`t matter, since they paid, you lost
I`m the boss, that cost ain`t even worth conversation
Pastor Troy, the pastor of the true congregation
Blood wasting if ya` cross me, ya` lost me 'cause
Was a eye for a eye, now its` SLUG FOR A SLUG!
June Bug know I lay `em low, that 44, he got`s to go
Shit, he got`s to go, shit
Nigga stop tryin` nigga, stop tryin`

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