

# The Congregation

## Pastor Troy

[pastor troy]Uh-huh?uh-huh?uh-huh?uh-huh

Come on? uh-huh?uh-huh

Hook: 2x

Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)

Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)

The congregation we gone give you what you want (come on)

Verse 1: eleven twenty-nine

R-e-s-p-e-c-t

We rollin' wit' dis in the trunk

Told 'em when we hit the streets that we gone make 'em all jump

Kept 'em crunk

Screaming out the congregation off the whip

Popping clips

Haters trip

Have some shit to make 'em dip

Turn out these shows

Got these hoe's shaking ass now

This just how we got 'em now

Pimping got 'em breaking out

Stop 'em with these dicks

We ghetto building on my block and stuff

Break 'em off when we getting buff

Stepping off in this thing what

Too much for the ? ? ?

We conducting like a firm

Told y'all haters it's our turn

See we on fire

Just watch and learn

This the way that we gone do it from the south

Nigga whatever here on out

In the game s.m.k. gone put 'em level

[pastor troy]Break it down! (repeatedly 15x)

Hook: 4x

Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)

Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)

The congregation we gone give you what you want (come on)

Verse 2: t-mac

I wonder what would jesus do, if he was in my position

Would he grab for them gats

Waiting for ammunition  
I'ma bout to blast with it  
Hit 'em with the purple expedition  
Cause dj ? ? ? stay running his mouth  
Must don't know where I'm from  
Dirty south affiliated  
Killers and cons

Dirty south affiliated  
Niggas with guns  
Verse 3: eleven twenty-nine  
I'm making flashes to the man in the booth  
To get 'em crunk  
So you know just what I got up and did  
I got 'em crunk  
Congregation off in it hit 'em hard as we could  
So if you ready say you ready  
Then it's all understood  
Riding dirty to the flo'  
We get up in it for free  
South memphis kings and pastor troy  
This what y'all waiting to see  
[pastor troy]Break it down! (repeatedly 15x)

Hook: 4x  
Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)  
Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)  
The congregation we gone give you what you want (come on)

Verse 4: t-mac  
At 16 I was hustling trying to get paid  
Trying to make a damn dollar for I go in my grave  
Pimp a been paid  
I was only short in my days  
The way I been paid  
Only cause I'm ducking them feds  
This world of crime  
Kept me in the street trying to grind  
Bumping my mind  
Cause that's how the system designed  
I'm sick of struggling  
I'm sick of hustling  
I'm sick of running from the feds trying to bust again  
I'm trying to maintain  
One foot stuck in the game  
I'm living lavish man  
I'm use to having thangs

But cause I'm down for whatever  
Cause t-mac show no luv  
2 gats on my side  
Cause this whole world dying  
[pastor troy]Break it down! (repeatedly 15x)  
Hook: 8x  
Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)  
Y'all know what y'all want (uh-huh)  
The congregation we gone give you what you want (come on)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>