

Gone Getcha

Pastor Troy

Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (x 8) Verse 1

Now let's pray lord have mercy, help 'em God

Pastor Troy baby, and I'm coming hard

Had to sit back and see tha big picture

Probably in the back seat bustin' me a Swisha

So how I getcha?

Huffin and puffin and cussin' over percussion?

Out the back field 2,000 yards rushin

I'm struttin, I'm cuttin, spinnin, I'm jukin

Gotcha girlfriend on the side-line lookin (Wassup, baby?)

It's all a game, but the winner is the one who maintain

They all know my name i'm the heavyweight champ

I rock the belt and got some killers on my camp

This drank done got me amp it got me ready to shut the club down

Take it all the way, for a mothafuckin touchdown,

Let's clown

Dancin in the endzone, I'm lookin good, I'm lookin strong

Pastor Troy 'bout to getcha buck, tell them hoes it's on (Yeah!) Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone
getcha buck, nigga (x 8) Ok, If you came to get buck throw it up (Throw it up!)

If you came to get buck throw it up (Throw it up!)

EASTSIDE!!! (Eastside!) WESTSIDE!!! (Westside!)

NORTHSIDE!!! (Northside!) SOUTHSIDE, HO!!! (Southside, ho!) P.T. baby, I came to get crunk

I'ont get low, I'ont ATL stomp

All I do, is come through in the clutch (In the clutch)

Kick Atlanta shit, back Atlanta shit up

Them suckers took a real low, motherfuck a dutch

I'd rather grab a mic and grab my nuts

I got it in cruise control, I got it set

From Colli Park, bout to hurt a known in the Dec

All over Zone Three and Zone Four

Every set that you claim, I got a ho; you know

She ready!

Probably got more balls than you

She ready!

Hey, there boo, what they do

The Pastor, after me, there'll be three

Two that ain't there, and one you can't see

It's just me, the PT Cruiser

I'm independent, and bout to do ya

And it's...Gone getcha hype, gone getcha crunk, gone getcha buck, nigga (x 8)

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