

Look What I'm Going Thru

Pastor Troy

Hook: male singer Look what I'm going thru 16x Verse 1: t mac I was sitting at the table while popping on my

yego

Dual off in my chevy got me loose finna let go

And I got 'em ducking finna buck 'em

Shaking bitches off with fire when I'm lucking

Murder keep me fiending for a pill in the kill and I steel when I ratter

Tatter tatter

Watch her body splatter cause it really doesn't matter

If I gotta i'ma pop her and the clip gone stop her

Ena forina sipping on a zima

Smoke cut it out

How you live about

Bitches in the south

Women in the south

Where my yams and my chicken and my color I'm picking,

I'm picking, I'm choosing,

I'm losing my mind my niggas is all of the time

Dope than I choke

Coughing the smoke

So I be like fuck that dope

Let's go bump a dime

Fuck with my mind

Keeping the nine all of the time

I'm chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing pine

Fuck what a nigga say he gone do

I represent bulletproof

And I been down since '92

Y'all don't know what I done been thru Hook: male singer Look what I'm going thru 16x Verse 2: pastor troy Shit

all I got is a bunch of problems and other stress

In the land where a little man must wear a vest

Settle for less

But I got lesser

Got this bitch that ain't shit and God won't bless her

Won't slow me down

Front this ho around let's be fo' real

Kill or be killed

I got feelings but I still can't feel

Hungry for meals

And until I can say I got it

I'ma go take these crackers hostage at they college

That's higher learning

Blunt burning gone help me see

The realness of this fucked up reality

It's blasphemy

A quarter ki of cooked coco

Beware, although a bunch of fucking punks out there

Ain't no scare

Look what I'm going thruHook: male singerLook what I'm going thru 16xVerse 3: eleven twenty-nineQuarter

birds slabbed on the scale with no cut

Can't worry about what niggas think cause they don't wanna see me up

1988 we had connections like them goodfellas

Smith and wesson on my side cause can't nobody tell us

Nigga what the fuck you doing how we do it when

I pray to God that he forgive me for my sins

My mama still tell me till this day

Better watch this how they play

And muthafuck what niggas say

That's that's why my mind can't get trapped

Inside a nigga no bullshit

Tripping off some anna that's why I be quick to pull quick

Money still rolling holdin' down this shit with congregation

Sold my soul

Done pimped my foes, still big facing

Got me pacingHook: male singerLook what I'm going thru 16xVerse 4: mica bComing up in the game making

this money

We constantly bumping gimme some on the scene

Gotta pocket in the bank full of green

And all my real thugs roll to clean

Chieffin' that goody

Thinking bout business

Short term and long term

Bullets we burn

With a thick firm

Let the whole world know it's our turn

Major d in tennessee, atl, georgia, and m-town

Bound to crank a spot up now

Yes you know we pack them rounds, uh

Making moves in the hood

Chieffing with the big boys

Rolling in the big toys

Making all the big noise

Ain't scared to go to war

And all us hustlers like to score

I'm dropping that pants worse

Pimp first
Then fuck what haters speak
I'm pimping on these streets
And these south joints paying me
Mange twah in the marriott
I send 'em to the private parties
Then scoop 'em up
From the snake joint and big bodies

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