

The Congregation

Johnny Griffin

[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)

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