

# This Tha City

## Pastor Troy

Venom...  
All I spit is venom  
A cobra...  
Flinch my teeth and I'ma ride till its over  
I'm never sober, I'm fucked up now  
Say you want pistol play  
Well then its Blah! Blah!  
Cuz I'm tha Pastor...  
Leader of a wicked church  
Gets ta bustin out in public, gives a fuck who I hurt  
Them hits was weak for the 2 triple O  
Bitch ask me if I got your CD, Uh Naw Hoe!

Cause I am not from the city of bullshittin  
As soon as we come  
Its time for wig splittin  
Your debt is bitten, I want undivided attention  
You say ya pimpin, I send my niggaz for da lynchin  
Drenchin your blood  
God forgive em but we have sinned  
Dem Georgia boys, when we come we come like men  
Fresh out da pen, I'm standin dead off in da' blaze  
Wit a fifth of Remy  
Pullin da pin out my grenade  
(GET PAID!)  
CHORUS  
(Okay...)

I come from the city dat dey don't play by rules  
I come from the city dat dey ride da fucking fool

I come from the city dat they don't play by rules  
I come from the city dat they ride da fucking fool

Well Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city  
(Uh-Ah-Hah)  
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city  
(Ah Hah)  
Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city  
(Uh-Ah-Hah)

Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city  
(COME ON!! OH! WE READY!!)  
Okay I come from da city, If ya lame it's gon' be ugly  
A buncha' niggaz bitin my game, But dey can't touch me  
I don't drink bubbly, I'm drinkin remy out da bottle  
Bout 5 Benz follow, My city is off da throttle

I heard you hard, Heard you da one dat crunk da style  
Don't drop yo' cards, I got da lowest in da pile  
You crackin smile, We crackin mud, sellin drug  
We what hoes love, ATL fuckin thugs

It's real boy..  
You know da His-to-ry  
Dem Mac 10's poppin  
My ca-pa-city  
My home team prayin dat you make some noise  
Uh so dat we can introduce ya to dem big boys, YEAH!  
I got killas doin time as I speak ta you  
Den some mo in da streets right next to you  
And fo' you can say "Troy wasn't me cuz"  
I'ma hit you wit the whole 63 cuz  
You see a bitch  
Slap a bitch, Oh Realla!  
See youse' a fuckin joker  
And I'm not fuckin tickled  
When blood trickle, Dat's me up out da F-350  
Ya feet besta be kickin yo ass a damn skippy  
In my city  
Ain't no games, We know yo name  
And where you went ta school at  
And where you used ta hang  
And where I run across ya  
It's where I'm gonna to drop ya  
Breakin yo punk ass off  
Somethin proper

#### CHORUS

(Okay...)

I come from the city dat dey don't play by rule  
I come from the city dat dey ride da fucking fool

I come from the city dat they don't play by rule  
I come from the city dat they ride da fucking fool

Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city

(Uh-Ah-Hah)

Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city

(Ah Hah)

Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city

(Uh-Ah-Hah)

Uh- Dis da city, Dis da city, Dis da city

(Until Fade)

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