

# Vice Versa

## Mc Brinquedo

Pastor troy [talking]:  
Yeah (yeah)  
This song is called goddamn, vica versa  
(I'm doin' my best to save my people)  
It's like, (the people & I will rely in God)  
Picture everything that you thought was good, was really bad  
Everything bad, was good  
(what if heaven was on earth nigga)  
The whole world, vica versa  
(good is bad)  
Vica versa (bad is good)  
(dear lord am I the only one? )  
This shit here, goddamn, gon'  
Go'n get you a fat blunt of that 'dro  
Smoke that shit  
(it's all vica versa)  
Look up in the air nigga  
(we rich nigga)  
(this is what we doin', it's vica versa)  
Know ain't everybody gon' feel this shit  
Vica versa, pastor troy  
Vica versa  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
What if heaven was hell and vica versa  
If I told you go to hell, would you tell I cursed ya?  
I re embersed ya, with the truth, so you know my fate  
They pray I die I'm that nigga that they love to hate  
I'ma make you use your mind, god, the 7th sign  
And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga take your time  
Again I ask, heaven was hell and vica versa  
Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture?  
The spirit, man, do you understand, there's a war  
It's ragin' on  
And the devil got some ammo too  
Don't get me wrong  
But I put my trust off in the lord  
It's too corrupt  
Know that God gon' help me blow 'em up  
I give a fuck, heaven was hell and vica versa  
I have no fear

I done witnessed too much hell right here  
Lend me your ear, recall all the beer  
We had to pour  
'till all our niggaz hit the devil with the .44  
Payback nigga  
My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter  
Better alone

And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zoneClick above to visit our sponsorsKnow I'm grown, but I'm still a baby

It's vica versa so I guess I'll beg satan to save me  
God I'm confused, the fuse of all these muthafuckaz  
Makin' me sick

Virgin Mary never fu\*\*ed nobody, but she sucked di\*\* with a clique of nasty concubine  
And vica versa, so she'll probably do the whole nine  
Naste hoe

I don't know where i'ma go this christmas  
It's satan's birth

I'ma try to smoke a pond of weed, and ease the hurt  
While jesus equiped with angels, the devil's equiped with fire  
Oh God so love the world he blessed the thug with rocks  
Won't stop until they feel me

Protect me devil, think the lord is tryin' to kill me  
It's vica versa

Heaven is below, while this dozier keep me high  
To see the lord almighty nigga, I'm ready to die  
My reply for any questions asked  
The devil made me do it  
Who's the devil may I ask?  
It's so polluted

Up-rooted from all this stupid shit  
See me cremated, my adaption to the climate  
So glad I made it  
Elated that they gon' go to heaven  
But do they know  
Heaven may not be th place to go  
Again I ask, heaven was hell and vica versa

The devil's demons, I'll be damned if I'm gon' let 'em hurt ya  
Follow me...Peter the disciple:  
If it was vica versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil  
A doun south georgia rebel, a whole 'nother fuckin' level  
Remenisin' on all the good and the bad that I did  
Bustin' caps and splittin' wigs  
And servin' nicks and talkin' shit  
This is vica versa no fuckin' commercial  
Heaven or hell, where do we go?

When we die, eternal fire or the street of gold  
Only God knows, vica versa

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