

Vice Versa

Pastor Troy

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, 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 zone
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 Know 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 pund 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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