

# Pastor Troy, Help Me Rhonda

KD had called and gave me the word  
Said this nigga had ten birds, in Augusta for the week  
From the islands  
As soon as K told me this shit, I started smiling  
Cause all I could see was money piling  
Shit, on top of money  
Now, ??? with the money for the week, and Chesapeake  
The heat made my nigga take a break  
If I could catch all 10 of them bitches, and I don't look suspicious  
I'ma sell the fucking quart for the ?? the ha ha  
As I told K bye bye, he shot me advice  
If you gone do it nigga do it nigga, fuck thinking twice  
This is ya nigga for life  
Go fight 'em fire for fire  
Hit my hip when you finish after this calling card expires  
Hung up the phone, contemplating on who help me do it  
There's Kia and Jessica and then Rhonda truitt  
Now Jessica too stupid and Kia lie too much,  
I guess I'll take Rhonda, cause Rhonda don't give a fuck  
But first I got to pump her up  
\*promise her what like 10 g's  
Tell her if she really love me she would do this for me  
Eternally we'll be together for better or for worse  
But first we got to take these niggas to the hearse  
Burst in they shit, get the bricks come back out  
I'm be waiting in the chevy, you know I'm ready to take em' out  
If they front 'cha baby, come on, we make it we rich  
Come on, shit, Rhonda, my down ass bitch

Chorus: &lt;Help me Rhonda, help help me Rhonda (in background)  
I'm the realist bitch  
I'm mo' realer than reality  
Fuck that dumb shit, it take nothing to a casualty  
&lt;Repeat 4X&gt;

Well I'm the realist bitch  
I'm mo realer than reality (well uh huh)  
Fuck that dumb shit (uh huh)  
It take nothing to a casualty (what)  
FBI be after me, quareter ki in my womanly (uh huh)  
Coming back from St. Croix  
First lady to Pastor Troy (well come on)  
Even I'm a Georgia Boy, cause boy I'm ready jack (well uh huh)  
All you got to say is where them pussy niggas hangin' at (well uh huh)  
\*drivin' like a maniac (uh huh)  
Set it off by myself (well uh huh)  
Fuck them pussy motherfuckers and who ever else

Pastor Troy:

Okay baby, you set it off, there will be no more living single  
I'll be ready to tie the knot after we lick them for them blocks  
Grab the glock, and shoot out the lock, and keep on bustin'  
Then I'm gone \*bust his cuzzin and leave his punk ass fa' nothing  
Now what's in store for you is 10 g's  
(That's enough for me, I don't give a fat fuck  
what's the fucking hold up?)  
About this time I saw a truck, to a familiar  
K had said them motherfuckers had a truck similiar  
Passengers are him and her, playing some reggae shit  
Two a.k.'s, me and my bitch, one false move we gone spit  
Guess the driver thank he slick, dread head motherfucker  
Guess he must be know my bitch, Rhonda watch them motherfuckers  
That owe 'em money, that what, with K.D. & Chesapeake

Heard that when he spoke with me and now her folk wanna smoke me  
If he had the keys all I can do now is wonder  
But for now me and Rhonda filling 'em up with the thunder

Chorus: (Repeat 4X)