

# Pastor Troy, The Congregation

[Pastor Troy]

Uh-huhUh-huhUh-huhUh-huh  
Come on Uh-huhUh-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)