

# Pastor Troy, Champion

[Pastor Troy]

Come on

D.S.G.B ya'll know what time it is

Ga ya'll know what time it is,

Pastor Troy for President for 2000,

I'm ready

I'm ready

[Verse 1:]

I made up my mind to hit the grind and get paid

That Glock 45 I go to war with all these haters

My faith is now greater because I know that I'm the man

My package not shaper cause they say they didn't understand

Together we planned to lock GA on the map

And only I can because them other busters sap

They claimin' they rap but too lame to me

You wanna come strapped it ain't no thang to me

Probably gone be layed up in a ditch

I'm a kill you, slay your main bitch

And oh how quick the game done switched up

I'm screaming G-A the crowd screaming what

Pa-stor! Pa-stor! Pa-stor! Pa-stor!

(I am DSGB!)

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I ain't playing with these busters or all these enemies

I got hated I got people who'll shoot you till you bleed

I'm the leader of the army and Atlanta is the base

Let me catch you in my city I'm a shoot you in the face

Better tape clothes to your nose cause I know I'm the shit

Pastor Troy, DSGB I represent for my click

Red mouth nobody mouth as red as mine

Down south affiliated with that Georgia Pine

Ain't nothing kind when I enter, Doberman pincher I'm pit

While you doberman pinching I done locked on ya bitch

And just that quick the so called game done switched up

I'm screaming G-A the crowd's screaming what

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