

Pastor Troy, Chung-A-Lung

(Pastor Troy talking}

Pastor, disaster

I'm just laying down my bass shit

You know my bass my bass one

Y'all God damn (well UN-huh nigga)

Crank that bitch off the chain

Yeah, ya'll niggas know what time it is

PT in the house (nigga)

A yo and this is for everybody bustin' bottles

Give me a P, give me an A, give me a S, give me a T

Give me a P, give me a T

(Verse 1)

Hold up, wait a minute

Let PT, with gangsta in it

Fin'sta win it

I'm talkin' 'bout the trophy

Got me chillin' with this bitch name Sophie

She say she know me from one night in the Vail

Then say I was smokin', tellin' her to inhale it

Now that sounds like me

The mutha f**kin' Pastor nigga the ole G

DSGB tat' across my chest

And hell yeah nigga I put that shit in my flesh

The be for best, but these bustas just keep on poppin'

Know when they play my shit the club rockin'

You niggas watchin'

My thirty-two is in 'tact

Got that tuck between my dick and nut sack

I bet security didn't keep steppin'

I'm on the dance floe' wit' my weapon

Chug-A-Lug

(Chorus 2x)

When I step off in the club we Chug-A-Lug

When I step off in the club we Chug-A-Lug

I'mma role up wit' these thugs that Chug-A-Lug

Puts a back in that mug we Chug-A-Lug

(Verse 2)

Nigga, yeah (yeah)

Ever seen a remmy bottle this big?

Just an imagine how it gone feel against ya' wig

?? pussy ass nigga, my nig'

Take another swig

Throw up my set

Dog tags hanging like a Vietnam vet'

Some bitches sweat

And some niggas looking dirty

Mad wit' me 'cause they in the club thirsty

I'm talkin' 'bout tongue hanging down to they throat

Broke ass nigga talkin' 'bout they saleing dope

Look hea' folk, let us leave the bar

If you ain't got no money, then take ya' ass to ya' car

Ya' dealing' with a star

Far from sulfa

Ya' catch me in a Benz or the Rover, it's ova

I buss a mutha f**kin bottle wit' my 'cause'

Toast each other and Chug-A-Lug

(Chorus 2x)