

Pastor Troy, Dear Pac

Verse 1

Pastor Troy:

Dear Pac I know you dont know me but its yo boi Pastor Troy

Georgia Boi

Im writen you today cause Im sick of dis

dis mutherf**kin rap game wit dat bullshit

I mean these muthaf**kin niggas bout these hoes

tend to trust on any other two songs

they talk about chrome

these niggas wont kill shit and wont let shit die

but they thugs in da public eye

why I

continue to tote pumps but minus da picture takin

as soon as dem hoes jump we handle dat situation

Im tired of da fakin

my balls big as Alaska

who wanna bless da Pastor

I ask ya

before I muthaf**kin cock my weapon

and watch how quick they muthaf**kin ass be steppin

but it aint nuthin to run for

aint gone shoot shit what you tote da gun for

naw bra

(gun shots)boom boom

its P.t muthaf**ka they lookin for me im at my mansion in Augusta

im slick as butter

da human canon ball

and make no mistakes cause i will kill em all

I never fall cause im to busy comin up

Im pullin my benz wit my monster truck

I cut a few friends but my endz still meet

and f**k sellin out cause I got love in da street

so Pac holla if ya at da Bahamas

Ima come and ball witcha it'll be my honor

much luv for da game dat ya gave to me

Pastor Troy representin D.S.G.B

much luv