

Pastor Troy, Fuck Them Niggaz

[Intro]

Look..

Listen here (Yuh)

Yeah,

I got 'em

This for all them punk ass niggaz in this shit (I got 'em)

If you a punk ass nigga you gon feel this in your heart (I got 'em)

Fuck niggaz

[Chorus x4]

Mutha'fuck them niggaz

I'mma burn them niggaz

I'mma take them niggaz with me

[Verse 1]

If it was a fifth, we'd all get fucked up

These pussy ass niggaz got the game twist up

Cause everybody hard, everybody real

Everybody ballin', everybody kill

Everybody slick, everybody smooth

Everybody packing, what the fuck them niggaz gon' do

Everybody pimpin', everybody mob

Everybody bout to get mutha'fuckaz robbed

These niggaz fucking with the wrong one, pistol whip with the big gun

Extra-clip with an attitude, "What the fuck am I dog food?"

Bite the hands that feeds me, cause I don't need these

Cracker mutha'fuckaz that I always see, constantly

Try and compare me to, fuck niggaz do what you do

Im thee original, multi-dimensional

But these ol' pussy boys, want to be Pastor Troy

Bout to get blast on, "where the fuck is my mask homes?"

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Everybody want to put violence in they rhyme

They love +50cent+, cause he got shot 9 times

But what about me, I dun' shot 9 mutha'fuckaz

Left a nigga in his yard fa' his mother

I shot the brother, I shot the aunt

I fucked the sister, and smoked a blunt

I'm on the hunt for +Red October+,

Leave them niggaz bleeding blood out them Range Rovers

Until its over, you know that I'm gunning

We looking for niggaz, that frontin' and stuntin'

My nigga I'mma be dumping some shit got them bombs from Russia

Some shit that I got runs deep, gonna hush ya'

Nigga!

[Chorus]