

Pastor Troy, Having A Bad Day

Hook: 8x

Nigga don't fuck with me I'm having a bad day

Verse 1: Eleven Twenty-Nine

Sometimes I get in a mood when a nigga wanna hate this
Sitting back watching niggas die
You don't really wanna face this
If you niggas want it
I'm take 'em all down with some buck fire
Flip 'em off with a couple of rounds
Hundreds in my clip like that when I click clack
With my click better what
Coming from the waist better what
Eleven finna hit 'em with the what
Troy finna hit 'em with the what
Kill 'em all when they be thinking that I'm playing with 'em
Knowing that we gone get 'em
Watch how many bullets hit 'em
Leave 'em all dead
Aiming for the head
Running from the feds
Living for the bread
Y'all just don't know all the shit that niggas done said
Trying to get paid in a cold world
When it ain't all-to the good y'all
Wanna big ball
Wanna shot call
Wanna test this
Make a death wish

Hook: 8x

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Verse 2: T Mac

I don't think you wanna fuck with me
Cause I'm having a bad day
Sat up in my bed got out the wrong way
Reload my clips in both my a.k.'s
Brush my head cause I ain't got no braids
Bad to the bone when a nigga get wrong
And I'm still bucking with my muthafuckin' tone
Niggas you can't handle this so leave this alone
I'm the type of nigga right even when I'm wrong
Jump out the ally making niggas get gone
Y'all ain't ready
If you will then it's on
The Congregation got yo mind in a zone
That we kick better cover up ya dome
Cause it's gone be on till the break of dawn
In tha dirty dirty where them niggas riding chrome
Quick to bust a slug at a nigga
Take a plug
Got that nigga from my muthafucking home

Hook: 8x

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Verse 3: Pastor Troy

I pump slugs
Pow, pow, pow, pow, plow
Yeah bitch, shit what the fuck you saying now
My whole click, been begging for this gangster shit
I pack a deadly weapon
Bitch I'm the crucifix
The Virgin Mary gave me head last night
I flipped her on her knees
Shook ya ass with that pipe
Nigga the whole fight between me and Lucifer
And I think he winning because I be steady shooting
It ain't nothing new to the- - muthafucking moon
I'm sent to hell cause heaven ran out of room
The sonic... boom just like street fighter
But I drank gasoline and I smoke muthafucking lighters

Hook: 16x

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