

# Pastor Troy, Look What I'm Going Thru

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 1: T Mac]

I was sitting at the table while popping on my yego  
Dual off in my Chevy got me loose finna let go  
And I got 'em ducking finna buck 'em  
Shaking bitches off with fire when I'm lucking  
Murder keep me fiending for a pill in the kill and I steel when I ratter  
tatter tatter  
Watch her body splatter cause it really doesn't matter  
If I gotta I'ma pop her and the clip gone stop her  
Ena Forina sipping on a Zima  
Smoke cut it out  
How you live about  
Bitches in the South  
Women in the South  
Where my yams and my chicken and my color I'm picking,  
I'm picking, I'm choosing,  
I'm losing my mind my niggas is all of the time  
Dope than I choke  
Coughing the smoke  
So I be like fuck that dope  
Let's go bump a dime  
Fuck with my mind  
Keeping the nine all of the time  
I'm chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing pine, chiefing pine  
Fuck what a nigga say he gone do  
I represent BulletProof  
And I been down since '92  
Y'all don't know what I done been thru

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 2: Pastor Troy]

Shit all I got is a bunch of problems and other stress  
In the land where a little man must wear a vest  
Settle for less  
But I got lesser  
Got this bitch that ain't shit and God won't bless her  
Won't slow me down  
Front this ho around let's be fo' real  
Kill or be killed  
I got feelings but I still can't feel  
Hungry for meals  
And until I can say I got it  
I'ma go take these crackers hostage at they college  
That's Higher Learning  
Blunt burning gone help me see  
The realness of this fucked up reality  
It's blasphemy  
A quarter ki of cooked coco  
Beware, although a bunch of fucking punks out there  
Ain't no scare  
Look what I'm going thru

[Hook: Male singer]

Look what I'm going thru [16x]

[Verse 3: Eleven Twenty-Nine]

Quarter birds slabbed on the scale with no cut  
Can't worry about what niggas think cause they don't wanna see me up  
1988 we had connections like them Goodfellas  
Smith and Wesson on my side cause can't nobody tell us  
Nigga what the fuck you doing how we do it when  
I pray to God that he forgive me for my sins  
My mama still tell me till this day  
Better watch this how they play

And muthafuck what niggas say  
That's that's why my mind can't get trapped  
inside a nigga no bullshit  
Tripping off some Anna that's why I be quick to pull quick  
Money still rolling holdin' down this shit with Congregation  
Sold my soul  
Done pimped my foes, still big facing  
Got me pacing  
[Hook: Male singer]  
Look what I'm going thru [16x]  
[Verse 4: Mica B]  
Coming up in the game making this money  
We constantly bumping gimme some on the scene  
Gotta pocket in the bank full of green  
And all my real thugs roll to clean  
Chiefin' that goody  
Thinking bout business  
Short term and long term  
Bullets we burn  
With a thick firm  
Let the whole world know it's our turn  
Major D in Tennessee, ATL, Georgia, and M-Town  
Bound to crank a spot up now  
Yes you know we pack them rounds, uh  
Making moves in the hood  
Chiefing with the big boys  
Rolling in the big toys  
Making all the big noise  
Ain't scared to go to war  
And all us hustlers like to score  
I'm dropping that pants worse  
Pimp first  
Then fuck what haters speak  
I'm pimping on these streets  
And these south joints paying me  
Mange twah in the Marriott  
I send 'em to the private parties  
Then scoop 'em up  
From the snake joint and big bodies