

Pastor Troy, Rhonda

Pastor Troy:

KD had called and gave me the word
Said this nigga had ten birds, in Augusta for the week
From the islands
As soon as K told me this shit, I started smiling
Cause all I could see was money piling
Shit, on top of money
Now, ??? with the money for the week, and Chesapeake
The heat made my nigga take a break
If I could catch all 10 of them bitches, and I don't look suspicious
I'ma sell the fucking quart for the ?? the ha ha
As I told K bye bye, he shot me advice
If you gone do it nigga do it nigga, fuck thinking twice
This is ya nigga for life
Go fight 'em fire for fire
Hit my hip when you finish said his calling card expired
Hung up the phone, contemplating on who help me do it
There's Kia and Jessica and then Rhonda truitt
Now Jessica to stupid and Kia lie to much,
I guess I'll take Rhonda, cause Rhonda don't give a fuck
But first I got to pump her up
I'm give her what, 10 g's
Tell her if she really love me she would do this for me
Eternally we'll be together for better or for worse
But first we got to take these niggas to the hearse
Burst in they shit, get the bricks come back out
I'm be waiting in the chevy, you know I'm ready to take em' out
If they front 'cha baby, come on, we make it we rich
Come on, shit, Rhonda, my down ass bitch

Chorus: <Help me Rhonda, help help me Rhonda (in background)
I'm the realist bitch
I'm mo' realer than reality
Fuck that dumb shit, it take nothing to a casualty
<Repeat 4X>

Well I'm the realist bitch
I'm mo realer than reality (well uh huh)
Fuck that dumb shit (uh huh)
It take nothing to a casualty (what)
FBI be after me, quareter ki in my womanly (uh huh)
Coming back from St. Croix
First lady to Pastor Troy (well come on)
Even I'm a Georgia Boy, cause boy I'm ready jack (well uh huh)
All you got to say is where them pussy niggas hangin' at (well uh huh)
Drop it like a maniac (uh huh)
Set it off by myself (well uh huh)
Fuck them pussy motherfuckers and who ever else

Pastor Troy:

Okay baby, you set it off, there will be no more living single
I'll be ready to tie the knot after we lick them for them blocks
Grab the glock, and shot out the lot, and keep on bustin'
Then I'm gone bust in cusin' and leave his punk ass fa' nothing
Now what's in store for you is 10 g's
(That's enough for me, I don't give a fat fuck
what's the fucking hold up?)
About this time I saw a truck, to a familiar
K had said them motherfuckers had a truck similiar
Passengers are him and her, playing some reggae shit
Two a.k.'s, me and my bitch, one false move we gone spit
Guess the driver thank he slick, dred head motherfucker

Guess he most be know my bitch, Rhonda watch them motherfuckers
That owe 'em money, that what, with K.D. & Chesapeake
Heard that when he spoke with me and now her folk wanna smoke me
If he had the keys all I can do now is wonder
But for now me and Rhonda filling 'em up with the thunder

Chorus: (Repeat 4X)