

Pastor Troy, Vica Versa (Feat. Peter The Disciple)

Pastor Troy [talking]:

Yeah (yeah)

This song is called Goddamn, Visa Versa

(I'm doin' my best to save my people)

It's like, (The people & I will rely in God)

Picture everything that you thought was good, was really bad

Everything bad, was good

(What if Heaven was on Earth nigga)

The whole world, visa versa

(Good is bad)

Visa versa (Bad is good)

(Dear Lord am I the only one?)

This shit here, Goddamn, gon'

Go'n get you a fat blunt of that 'dro

Smoke that shit

(It's all visa versa)

Look up in the air nigga

(We rich nigga)

(This is what we doin', it's visa versa)

Know ain't everybody gon' feel this shit

Visa Versa, Pastor Troy

Visa Versa

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

What if Heaven was Hell and visa versa

If I told you go to Hell, would you tell I cursed ya?

I re-embersed ya, with the truth, so you know my fate

They pray I die I'm that nigga that they love to hate

I'ma make you use your mind, God, has sent the sign

And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga take your time

Again I ask, Heaven was hell and visa versa

Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture?

The spirit, man, do you understand, there's a war

It's ragin' on

And the devil got some ammo too

Don't get me wrong

But I put my trust off in the Lord

It's too corrupt

Know that God gon' help me blow 'em up

I give a fuck, Heaven was hell and visa versa

I have no fear

I done witnessed too much Hell right here

Lend me your ear, recall all the beer

We had to pour

'Till all our niggaz hit the Devil with the .44

Payback nigga

My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter

Battle alone

And to deal with all this wickedness, I smoke a zone

Know I'm grown, but I'm still a baby

It's visa versa so I guess I'll beg Satan to save me

God I'm confused, the fuse of all these muthafuckaz

Makin' me sick

?Fuck my niggaz?, I can't trust nobody

?Pussy niggaz?

Sleep with a clique of nasty concubine

And visa versa, so she'll probably do the whole nine

that Naste Hoe

I don't know where I'ma go this Christmas

It's Satan's birth

I'ma try to smoke a pund of weed, and ease the hurt

While Jesus equiped with angels, the Devil's equiped with fire

Oh God so love the world he blessed the thug with rocks

Won't stop until they feel me
Protect me Devil, think the Lord is tryin' to kill me
It's visa versa
Heaven is below, while this dozier keep me high
To see the Lord almighty nigga, I'm ready to die
My reply for any questions asked
The Devil made me do it
Who's the Devil may I ask?
It's so polluted
Up-rooted from all this stupid shit
See me cremated, my adaption to the climate
So glad I made it
Elated that they gon' go to Heaven
But do they know
Heaven may not be th place to go
Again I ask, Heaven was Hell and visa versa
The Devil's demons, I'll be damned if I'm gon' let 'em hurt ya
Follow me...

Peter The Disciple:

If it was visa versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil
A down south Georgia Rebel, a whole 'nother fuckin' level
Remenisin' on all the good and the bad that I did
Bustin' caps and splittin' wigs
And servin' nicks and talkin' shit
This is visa versa no fuckin' commercial
Heaven or Hell, where do we go?
When we die, eternal fire or the street of gold
Only God knows, visa versa