

Some gold glock started as Castor (Castor)
Naw nigga its the motherfuckin' Pastor (Pastor)
Ready to rapcha
Hittin' my slap shift
Sumin' of the fifth
Let's burn another splif
Pussy rowling, ass end of the weed
Lick the barel of my motherfuckin' Desert Ease'
And they ain't believe I'm on top of shit, straight rock ya shit
Ok fuck the props and shit
'Cause when it all falls down
I'm shooting everybody around
You better get down
You better take cover
It's Pastor Troy I'mma killa motherfucker
I just brought the Ferrari, fire red of the lot
Damn what kinda money y'all got?
And then I heard yo new cd it sound soft
Fuck witcha boy PT and Face Off (Face Off nigga)

[R]

Arrrrre (who want war) you reaaaaady? (who want war) we ready
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Verse 2 nigga, yeah
Even when I sin catch the first stone
Cross the line and get motherfuckin' rolled on
(blow) It's full blown, like motherfuckin' 'nades
Hand grenades
Mistakes you shouldn't made
But you did as a kid, the gun slagga
Mom and pops knew I would be a gang banga
But I ain't had to rock the red or rock the bluuue
I had a mil' before I hit twenty two
But look at you, you still workin' all fronts
You might as well sell blunts
Why don't you go post up in magic city
Sale cigars, while I'm tippin' me some tities
Naw you can go to LA and ???
You can be the one who parks my Benz
If that's even what I'm driving
I got so many cars, don't know what to ride (again)

[R]

I gotta lesson that y'all need to learn
Smith and Western, this court is adjourned
A bad perm and a seven page rap sheet
I came up out the fuckin' suite, now lets see
Fifty thousand, in the club wildin'
Everythangs free on ya boy PT
Ya' see, some out here just have to wait
GOD already prepared yo' plate
When circumstance, sealed like your last chance
Pray to the Lord and help you advance

And you can, and you can, and you can
And you can, until he comes again
To win don't always mean to always come first
Don't wanna be first ridin' in a hurst
I rather live life, chill with the wife
This is my sacrifice (sacrifice)

[R]