

# Pastor Troy, Ain't No Sunshine

Talking:Cuz I'm tellin you man they aint nothing else to talk about  
the same shit every motherfuckin album, I dont give a damn how many he put  
out he talk about the same shit from goddamn T.R.U.  
you got D's,candy paint,wood grain with the leather seats  
mercedes,baby,lady,baby,crazy,mercedes  
I done heard that shit 2pac wannabe ass nigga (mocking P) &quot;I aint no rapper  
I write short films&quot;  
o.k. grab your popcorn ain't no more sunshine.

Come on, O.K., peep it my techs swing low like sweet chariots  
Bust em and burry em  
That be his faithness sending flowers to they wait  
And crying at they wake  
And mourning with these motherfuckaz mothers  
Fotr plottin out a way to kill they brother  
Another nigga bled another niggaz gone be bleeding  
Cuz I ain't trynna hear that shit this evening  
Yall niggaz best believe in  
Guerilla warfare  
Lets creep across the cemetery how they get there  
I tell ya was this nigga from Lake Olmstead  
My nigga said that he been fucking up dope since day one so instead  
of pumpin the shit in Olmstead  
I suggest he take that stupid shit to Sunset  
But naw,but naw he wanna play bad Billy bad ass and shit  
I'm flawing my game like I can't perform the hit  
I threw on the fucking plastic bag  
wrapped my hands around his ass the squeezed  
til the nigga cant breath  
Limiting cheese about my trap,how the fuck imma catch the mouse  
If you busting ya gun and steady runnin ya mouth  
But down south I aint no hard ass nigga  
But best believe real come the thriller  
Motherfucka I feel ya  
Blast them hollow points,cuz hollow points get points across  
They want the juice but they dont want to pay the cost  
Now who's the boss  
My nigga ask these hoes  
I'm nuttin in they mouth and they nose  
They eyes if they aint closed  
The lifestyle that I chose who knows may make me rich  
But if them feds kick down them doors then lifes a bitch  
I'm sittin in the patty wagon thinking bout the snitch  
And wit my phone call I know exactly who to hit  
My niggaz Don Perry we got some bodies to burry  
Hide them niggaz with rugers and hide them lugers with Karen  
Now its very nescesary that this bid go through  
Cuz I already know my niggaz threw  
Aint no motherfuckin sunshine

chorus:Aint no motherfuckin sunshine, Its only tech nines and clips and  
niggaz that equip for whatever  
I thought you knew better,but you still ran your mouth now you runnin from  
them fuckin Georgia Boys from down south &lt;repeat&gt;

Aint no sunshine my nigga, the sun aint gonna shine  
Till I reach about a million  
Talkin billions with Brazillions  
I got this funny feeling that I'm gone be filthy rich  
And I'm gone marry money cuz money's a faithful bitch  
If it aint one thang its ten more so fuck another  
Surrounded by undercovers everytime they see they sucker  
My mind be in the gutter,but thats how I burn the house  
Because I try to prove what these pussy niggaz bout

These niggaz make me shout,yea they frustrate me  
Because I sell dope I guess thats why these niggaz hate me  
Make me recall,think it was the fall of 96  
But time dont matter nigga doing the same shit  
The Narcs about to hit  
His habit made em tell  
Officer and the law,bastard crooked as hell  
They lookin for Terrel  
Mixed him up with Derrel it's 2 Derrels  
They hit they doe with Marquel  
Breakin em on the phone,told my niggaz time to bail  
They knew we shot them niggaz they just lookin for the shells  
They try to best they nail,like nail give me a break  
Us cooley high niggaz,us niggaz is hard to take  
We,appreciate they bust  
We,appreciate they threat  
We,appreciate that we so smooth they aint caught us yet  
Now Karen want respect,claim I'm doing her wrong  
But my name is not Rome,I dont know where I belong  
Pumpin her up with these songs,so so-long to all three  
get O.U.T. but first let me get my thangs  
The ho had bring me box with the lock that she was holdin  
She brought my shit downstairs,my fuckin box was open  
I'm holdin my breath before I mothafuckin hurt her  
Rambaling through my shit no shells from the murder  
I asked her calmly where the fuck is my shit  
&quot;Troy thats all I had&quot;  
What the fuck you mean bitch  
It should have been six empty bullets and my ruger  
Fuck trynna explain popped her,had to shoot her  
I knew that the murders would interfer with my grindin  
But what the fuck you expect if the sun aint shinin

chorus

My mind is fucked up {why} I keep on picturing Karens head jerking  
Disturbing me while Im working  
This clouds lurking over me,like a cartoon  
Too hot in the streets I got to stay in my room  
Soon to be charged 3 murders second count  
But once in this will, twinzo I leave her out  
Yo burn for your nigga,bout the dope visit my brother  
Its back to Atlanta,shit too hot in Augusta and I knew I shouldnt trust her  
cuz I keep thinking bout her ass  
Bout 2 or 3 knocks at my door and who is that  
Just that fast,niggaz done ran up in my shit  
Ski mask and guns and they, shooting to hit  
I ran up stairs to get my gat yea that mack  
I'm running and ducking one grazed me cross my back  
But then I reach my gat,payback I'm bustin rockets  
Ran back to the stairs took two clips off in my pocket  
His gun I heard him cock it went the bustin over there  
I'm poppin on them pussy niggaz, die nigga yea  
I pop one in his ear,told him I would fear nothin  
Snatched a mack up off the nigga,and is there Karen's cousin  
Then I rushed into the bathroom then turned off the light  
I heard somebody footsteps approaching to my right  
Now bullets taking flight.I'm bustin in all directions  
I layed in the tub praying for my protection  
Done hit me to perfection I was fucked up in the game  
While laying in the tub I heard them niggaz call my name  
My 6'3 frame to be filled with bullet holes  
If I gotta leave some more of them has got to go  
I ran back to the stairs and went the bustin with mine  
All directs wit tech 9

but they waitin in line,I was fine shit went to the phone to call Greg  
Boom,Boom done took two to the head  
It aint no fuckin sunshine!