

# Pastor Troy, Stop Tryin'

{\*Pastor Troy and Lil Pete adlibs\*}

[Pastor Troy]

They had me dodgin' the law, while I was serving my raw  
Though I was young in the game, a lot of things I saw  
I just bought that fifty pack, and just believed in me  
And with barely could ease, that fifty pack fit the peas  
I got mo' cheese than Kraft, but teachers laughed at me  
They asked me what would I be with out my damn degree  
I told them they would see me on T.v. and videos  
I'm all about that money, y'all can have them hoes  
And I got goals, I know that I can do all things  
Cause now I make my beats, I write, I sing  
And pain was my stepping stone  
Help me realize shit, even my own'll do me wrong  
But y'all a never stop me, 'cause see I got this game in order  
Started off with a fifty pack, with dreams of a quarter  
Catching that thing from the border, and leave my enemies crying  
I will never be stopped, so you can stop ya' tryin'

Chorus: Stop tryin' nigga &lt;Repeat 8X&gt;

[Pastor Troy]

Okay my money was mandatory, the glory of wealth  
It's plenty niggas with promises, I keep them myself  
I'm 15 on this grind, but my age don't matter  
All they want is that butter, from whoever come faster  
And I was after a monopoly, ambition to rule  
Be the Hitler of this game, if I keep my cool  
I'm counting money every morning from the previous night  
Go and spend, ten with Twin, heard he packing 'em tight  
I'm sitting right, I'm right where I wanted to be  
Ain't no mo' fifty packs for me, give me the whole ki  
And I'm sure that you agree that I be hard to stop  
In the three, yes three, years, I went from block to block  
And now these haters are hot, cause I done locked the counter  
Got the caliber glock, because I know that they 'round me  
Found me laughing at these pussy boys, making me sick  
While y'all be shooting for attention, I be shooting to hit  
And who I'm with don't matter, cause I'm gone handle my own  
Got them DOWN SOUTH GEORGIA BOYS in case you get wrong  
It won't be long 'till doctors doing autopsy  
Cause reason for death, its' gone send back to me  
Cause y'all can't stop me, nigga, shit, this game in order  
Started off with a fifty pack with dreams of a quarter  
Catching that thing from the border, leave my enemies cryin'  
I will never be stopped, so y'all can stop ya' tryin'

Chorus

[Pastor Troy]

Shit, fatalities get numerous, smother with cover  
Send a dead rose to his mother labeled that hustla'  
And they say that that's a small price, I disagree  
If ya' stuck between a small life, unlike me  
I can't see myself going out, without a battle  
Put the bomb on the stadium, avoid the hassle  
Flip the tassel, I'm a skull cap, I graduated  
From the school of hard knocks, nigga, others ain't make it  
So I make it my duty to be richer than Rudy, yeah Ramo  
Cause this here pay way mo', you decide  
And ain't no mo' lettin' me ride, hell nah shawty  
Be starrin' down the barrel of that autie  
Don't test me, arrest me, I'm out like Gotti, without a clue

Tell the judge that they besta pop me, or die too!  
County blue, not my forte  
I'm only comfortable when I got on that grind with what, with a a.k. And with a couple of banana clip  
Better hush when I hit that hip, and disconnect it  
Perfect it, from day to day, I take game and call it stayin'  
And watch em' pay, I ain't the one  
Many come up, until I dump 'em, but then they scatter  
I leave ya' mamma asking ya' baby what's the matter  
I'm after ya' ligaments, no movement  
From Down South Georgia bitch, I REPRESENT!!!  
Convince the jury, we done payed them off  
Evidence don't matter, since they paid, you lost  
I'm the boss, that cost ain't even worth conversation  
Pastor Troy, the pastor of the true congregation  
Blood wasting if ya' cross me, ya' lost me cuz  
Was a eye for a eye, now its' SLUG FOR A SLUG!  
June Bug know I lay 'em low, that 44, he got's to go  
Shit, he got's to go, shit  
Nigga stop tryin' nigga, stop tryin'