

Vica Versa

Pastor Troy

[Pastor Troy - talking]
(Peter The Disciple - talking): Yeah (yeah)
This song is called "Goddamn Vica 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 really good
(What if Heaven was on Earth nigga?)
The whole world, vica versa
(Good is bad)
Vica versa (Bad is good)
(Dear Lord am I the only one?)
This shit here, Goddamn, gon' (Vica versa)
Go'n get you a motherfucking fatass blunt of that 'dro
Smoke that shit
(It's all vica versa)
Look up in the air nigga
(We rich, nigga!)
(This is what we doin', it's vica versa)
I know all these real niggas gone feel this shit
Vica Versa, Pastor Troy
(Vica Versa)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
What if Heaven was Hell and vica versa? (Yeah)
What if I told you "Go to Hell" --- wouldn't you tell I cursed ya? (Yeah)
I reimbursed ya with the truth so you know my fate (Yeah)
They pray I die, I'm that nigga that they love to hate (Yeah)
I wanna make you use yo mind
God has sent a sign (Yeah)
And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga, take your time (Yeah)
Again I ask, Heaven was hell and vica versa (Yeah)
Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture (Yeah) the spirit man?
Do you understand that there's a war? (Yeah)
It's ragin' on and the devil got some ammo too (Yeah)
Don't get me wrong, but I put my trust off in the Lord (Yeah)
It's too corrupt
Know that God gon' help me blow 'em up (Yeah)
I give a fuck
Heaven was hell and vica versa (Yeah)
I have no fear
I done witnessed too much Hell right here (Yeah)
Lend me your ear

Recall the beer we had to pour (Yeah)
For all our niggaz hit the Devil with the .44 (Yeah)
Payback nigga!
My liquor keep my from tryin' to enter (Yeah), battle alone
And to deal with all this wickedness (Yeah), I smoke a zone
Know I'm grown, but I'm still a baby (Yeah)
It's vica versa, so I guess I'll beg Satan to save me (Yeah)
God I'm confused
The fuse of all these motherfuckers (Yeah)
Makin' me sick
(*Virgin Mary ain't no FUCKED*) nobody (Yeah)
But she (*sucked dick*)
With a clique of nasty concubines (Yeah)
It's vica versa, so she'll probably do the whole nine (Yeah)
That nasty ho!
I don't know where I'ma go this Christmas (Yeah)
It's Satan's birth
I'ma try to smoke a pound of weed (Yeah)
And ease the hurt
While Jesus equiped with angels, the Devil's equipped with Glocks (Yeah)
For God so love the world that he blessed the thug with rocks (Yeah)
Won't stop until they feel me
"Protect me Devil, I think the Lord is tryin' to kill me"
It's vica versa
Heaven is below, while this dro just keeps me high
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 the place to go?
Again I ask, Heaven was Hell and vica versa
The devil's in me and I'll be damned if I'm gon' let God hurt ya
Follow me...
[Peter the Disciple]
If it was vica versa, I'd be and angel, 'cause I'm a devil
A Down South Georgia Rebel, a whole 'nother fuckin' level
Reminiscin' on all the good and the bad that I did
Bustin' caps and splittin' wigs
And servin' nicks and talkin' shit
This is vica versa no fuckin' commercial
Heaven or Hell, where do we go
When we die: eternal fire or the street of gold?
Only God knows, vica versa

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