

## Vice Versa

Pastor Troy

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'  
Go'n get you a fat 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  
If I told you go to Hell, would you tell I cursed ya?  
I reimbursed ya with the truth so you know my fate  
And pray I die, I'm that nigga that they love to hate  
I wanna make you use yo mind, God has sent a sign  
And when you listen to these rhymes, nigga take your time  
Again I ask, Heaven was hell and vica versa  
Would you start doin' evil in order to nurture--the spirit man?  
Do you understand that 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 vica versa, I have no fear  
I done witnessed too much Hell right here, lend me your ear  
Recall the beer we had to po'  
For 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 vica versa so I guess I'll beg Satan to save me  
God I'm confused, the fuse of all these motherfuckers, makin' me sick  
{\*Virgin Mary never fucked nobody, but she suck dick\*}  
With a clique of nasty concubines, and vice-a versa  
So she'll probably do the whole nine, that nasty ho  
I don't know where I'ma go this Christmas, it's Satan's birth  
I'ma try to smoke a pound of weed, and ease the Earth  
While Jesus equiped with angels, the Devil's equiped with fire  
For God so love the world that 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 vica 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 vica versa  
The devil's in me and I'll be damned if I'm gon let god hurt ya  
Follow me...

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  
Remenisin' 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