

# DSGB, Sam Diss

Sam: Shut up  
Yeah  
Yeah What sup Sam (x7)  
Sam: Go To Bed

You make a song dissing me becuase I'm Pastor Troy  
Do You Think I should Get'EM, well uh-huh  
We Ready! What! We Ready! What! We Ready! What! We Ready!  
You make a song dissing me becuase I'm Pastor Troy  
Do You Think I should Get'EM, well uh-huh  
We Ready! What! We Ready! What! We Ready! What! We Ready! What!

Ok, ok ok ok  
You make a song dissing me because I Pastor Troy  
Wanna act like you don't even know your boy  
All that screamin' and hollain'tryin to crank up the club  
Reppin' Zone 3 nigga they ain't showing no love  
The best thang Oomp could do was drop you  
What make it so funny Universal is too  
While you with yo booze snottin' up an ounce  
I'm droppin 6 figures the owner of da Bounce  
This nigga actin' like he's boss, this nigga actin' like he's sold  
Sam, time to hang it up Hitman you're getting old  
And I ain't talking about your lyrics I'm talking bout your age  
15 years in da game and still ain't got paid  
And then you want to throw your Big Oomp chain like a ass  
Because Baby D da Oomp getting to da cash  
You lame boy, its P. Troy  
From ATL to AUG, Ya niggas ain't seeing me  
I'm telling ya

(chorus)

Reppin' Zone 3 nigga, I throw it up (I throw it up)  
Catch you off of Pittsburgh, and blow you up (blow you up)  
But what I really hate (hate) is how you losing weight (losing wight)  
Time to hang it up Sam, give it a break  
I got da homeboy say he'll rock wit ya  
How you expect me to split a block with ya  
Sam, stepdaddy can't save you from this  
Next time you be careful who you diss  
Who is This? Basing for holding up Zone 3  
Long gold tee ah looking just like me  
If I...was old, if I...was broke, if I...got pleasure in smoking dope  
That's why Kilo kick yo ass at da Nine  
Fuckin' wit me goin' get it kick one more time  
Talkin' bout where my throwback boys  
Mann them niggas goin' roll wit P.Troy

(chorus)

Talking to end