

Praise The Lord

Praise and Worship Live

You know it's Whitey and the Likwits

I say it's Whitey and the Likwits

You know it's Whitey and the Likwits

Watch me rock these sounds from the Polo Grounds to the Sunset Strip

I'm like an acid trip

I'll flash it back on ya, run it up on ya

I'm born in Hempstead, L.I., raised in California

Mister entrepreneur, I rock the shot that's sure

I need a dime plus more, I've sipped the fine liqueur

I want the cash in hand and the beach front land

And I'll get loco from Acapulco to Japan

Mister Whitey Ford gets terrain explored

You perpetrate that fraud you must be out your gourd

It's time to make like Greg Nice, kid, and praise the Lord

Keep the faith

Smoke an eighth

Continue stackin' papers all up in my safe

Commence to motivate, assume an altered state

And kill your whole whack show like I'm Edgar Allan Poe

With a psychotic thriller

No pecker wood's iller

Than this freckle-faced man with the farmer's tan

If I can't bomb on you I'm bombin' on your man

Some get the shit, sugar, some get the stains

Some get the muscles, baby, some get the brains

Some get the powers, love, some get the papers

And some catch the vibes and some catch the vapors

Better

Praise the Lord, keep the faith

Say roll to the rock, rock to the roll

Whitey Ford brings the devastatin' mic control

Like Darrell McDaniel, a hundred G's annual

The tips get clocked, baby, the bonds get stocked

My style gets rocked just like doors get knocked

With legendary status like my name's Lou Brock

In my lands are sounds be shakin' the grounds

Huntin' down crews like packs of bloodhounds
Snatchin' off crowns and meltin' 'em down
I once was lost, see, but now I'm found
Amazing grace how sweet the sound
And when the saints come marchin' in
I'm Nestle Alpine White, classic rapper's delight
All these shorties pullin' tools 'cause they know they can't fight
I bank my selections on world wide connections
So get the seven digits, baby, never burn your bridges
Some get the shit, sugar, some get the stains
Some get the muscles, baby, some get the brains
Some get the powers, love, some get the papers
And some catch the vibes and some catch the vapors
Better
Praise the Lord, keep the faith
Some get the shit, sugar, some get the stains
Some get the muscles, baby, some get the brains
Some get the powers, love, some get the papers
And some catch the vibes and some catch the vapors
Better
Praise the Lord, keep the faith
Praise the Lord, keep the faith
Praise the Lord, keep the faith
Praise the Lord, keep the faith

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>