Praise the Lord

Jonathan Clarke

You know it's Whitey and the Likwits
I say it's Whitey and the Likwits
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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
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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
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