

Preacher

Saigon

I'm seeing you man you doing your thing
I see the new shoes, suits and a ring
Since when are you into bling?
A reverend's supposed to lead like Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King
You more like Pastor Offering
I'mma come down to your church, man
How much does it cost again?
God know a nigga struggling bad
He know a nigga probably need whatever he has
And you assist, I give you some ten percent
And I can hardly even pay my own rent
I got a old '94 Pontiac
You ride around this bitch in a new 'lac
You should be hitting us for some bread
But instead you hitting us in the head
For fives, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds
Are you telling us this is what God wanted? You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob stealing and running a game
Getting filthy rich in God's name
(Preacher)
You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob, stealing and running a game
What a shame, what a shame, what a shame I'm seeing you man you doing it big
Both of your kids becoming the church jig
Wife rocking the five-thousand dollar wig
And she got a big rock on her hand
You running a scam
That we was fucking dependent on section eight
And always have something to put in the collection plate
It was always so strange it was odd
To see my mumma scratching up change to give it to God
I think we all know nobody's saying shit
You was using that to pay your card payments
We was mother fucking paying your mortgage
We was living in the projects
You know we couldn't afford it
But that's how you was on it

You would come to church and talk it
But I doubt you would walk it
You probably come to America and I seen that you whore it
Make me wanna just snatch you off of the pulpit You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob stealing and running a game
Getting filthy rich in God's name
(Preacher)
You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob, stealing and running a game
What a shame, what a shame, what a shame That politician ain't really a politician
He a (preacher)
We voted him in to be a leader
But he a (preacher)
Promises better living conditions
Soon as he gets the position, switches his disposition
It's the (preacher)
It's not only the guys in the church
But it's the (preacher) got a lot of swish words
How can we survive on this earth
When ya'll come flood the ghetto with guns, drugs and legalize bottles of
Hurtin' jerkin
My cousin on per percent
He gave out a murder threat
They caught him, shot up his legs and those fuckers ain't working yet
Bloomberg banned cigarettes
Why you in man letting police men beat on niggas yet
Ya'll know that the shit I'm saying is true
Ignoring it if it ain't pertaining to you
But if the (preacher) don't walk it like he talk it
Then dammit, dog on it, that nigga got some explaining to do You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob stealing and running a game
Getting filthy rich in God's name
(Preacher)
You ain't practicing what you preach
Nah you extorting us on the weekend
Rob, stealing and running a game
What a shame, what a shame, what a shame Know what I'm saying, no disrespect to nobody, ya'll motherfuckers
Blaspheming ass ni--a, using the lord's name in vain nigga, don't do that
Shit. That niggas pimping the system, stop pimping the poor people man,
Help us out nigga, we need God for real Now come on up here so Jesus can put you on a payment plan

Songwriters

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