

# Praise the Lord

Matthew Garber

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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