Preacher

CyHi The Prynce

[Saigon (Lee Fields)]
(Preacher!) I'm seein you man, you doin your thing
(Preacher!) I see the new shoes, suits and the ring
(Preacher!) Since when are you into bling
A reverend's supposed to lead like Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King
(Preacher!) You more like Pastor Offering
I'ma come down to your church man, how much does it cost again?
(Preacher!) God know a nigga's strugglin bad
He know a nigga probably need whatever he had
(Preacher!) And you insist I give you some 10 percent
(Preacher!) When I can barely even pay my own rent
(Preacher!) I got a old '94 Pontiac
(Preacher!) You ride around this bitch in a new 'llac
(Preacher!) You used to be hittin us for some bread
(Preacher!) But instead you hittin us in the head
(Preacher!) For 5s, 10s, 20s, 50s, 100s
And you tellin us this cause God want it?

[Chorus: Saigon (Lee Fields)]
(Preacher!) You ain't practicin what you preach man
(Ohh preacher!) No, no - you extortin us on the weekend
(Robbin, stealin and runnin the game) Uh-huh, uh-huh
(Gettin filthy rich in God's name)
(Preacher!) You ain't practicin what you preach man
(Ohh preacher!) No, no - you extortin us on the weekend
(Robbin, stealin and runnin the game)
(What a shame! What a shame! What a shame!)

[Interlude: preacher]
Now I didn't come here today for you to take my word as the be all and end all.
You could save that for the preacher,
duping folks for what's in their wallets on behalf of the Lord.
They get you making an investment in the afterlife
and nobody has come back to let you know what your return would be!
But what's your profit worth?
Profits for prophets, I call 'em like I see 'em.

[Saigon (Lee Fields)]

Let me talk 'bout this man, look

(Preacher!) I'm seein you man, you doin it big
(Preacher!) Both of your kids becomin the church jig
(Preacher!) Wife rockin the $5,000 wig
And she got a big rock on her hand; is y'all runnin scams?
(Preacher!) And we was fuckin dependent on Section 8
(Preacher!) But always had somethin to put in the collection plate
(Preacher!) It was always so strange, it was odd
to see my mom scratchin up change to give it to God
(Preacher!) I think we all knew, nobody sayin shit
(Preacher!) You was usin that to pay your car payment
(Preacher!) We was muh'fuckin payin your mortgage
And we was livin in the projects, you know we couldn't afford it
(Preacher!) But that's how you was on it
(Preacher!) You would come to church and talk it but I doubt you would walk it
(Preacher!) You probably (Come to America) and Arsenio Hall it
(Ohhhh!) Make me wanna just snatch you off of the pulpit, this

[Chorus]

[Saigon (Lee Fields)]
Uhh, uhh (Preacher!)
The politician ain't really a politician, he a (Preacher!)
We voted him in to be a leader, but he a (Preacher!)
Promises better living condition
Soon as he get the position switches his disposition
It's the (Preacher!) It's not only the guys in the church
But it's the (Preacher!) gotta lie to his worth
How the hell could we survive on this Earth
when y'all come flood the ghetto with guns, drugs and legalize bottles of irk and jerk?
My cousin on Percocet, he gave out a murder threat
They caught him, shot up his legs and them fuckers ain't workin yet
Bloomberg banned cigarettes
Why he ain't ban lettin policemen beat on niggaz yet?
Huh? (Preacher!) Y'all know the shit that I'm sayin is true
Sayin is true (Preacher!) Ignorin it if it ain't pertainin to you
But if the (Preacher!) don't walk it like he talk it
then damnit doggone it that nigga got some explainin to do

[Chorus]

[Lee Fields]
It's a shame!
Ohh Lord!

Can you see?

[Outro: Saigon]
Yeah! Hah
Know'msayin, no disrespect to nobody
Know'msayin? Y'all muh'fuckers blaspheming ass nigga
Use the Lord name in vain, nigga don't do that shit
Y'all niggaz pimpin the system
Stop pimpin the poor people man
Help us out nigga, we need God for real nigga

[Lee Fields]
Can you see?
Mr. Preacher!
HEYYY, it's killin me!

{"Now come on up here so Jesus can put you on a payment plan..."}

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/