

Preach (Remix) [feat. Rick Ross & Jeezy]

Young Dolph

Zaytoven

Aye

You know what up

It's Dolph

Zay what's poppin' don't trust a bitch, don't trust trust a nigga

Fuck bitches fuck bitches get yo girl

don't trust these motherfuckin' niggas yo

Don't trust a bitch, nigga get yo girl I don't fuck with these niggas 'cause they shady

These bitches they just wanna have my baby

Born in the 80s, crack baby

Mama she was in the streets so guess who raised me (the streets)

You muthafuckin' right couldn't get it from my mama

so I got it off the block

Been working my whole life

but I ain't never punched the clock

9 years old I seen a nigga get shot, damn

Niggas quick to run their mouth when they get jammed

Pussy ass nigga tell it on his own fam (pussy)

Same nigga that you break your neck for

Be the same nigga that cross you out and wet you up

Post to be chasin' money but you chasin' bitches

Real bosses don't talk we just sit back and listen

Stack that paper up then make boss moves

She like to argue so I sent that bitch to law school Keep it real with your dawg no matter what (Preach)

Same bitch that claim she love you she'll set you up (Preach)

Out here in these streets it ain't no such thing as love (Preach)

The only thing I trust is this pistol and these slugs (Preach)

Real nigga shit, only what I do and speak

if he don't work all he a fuckin' leech (Preach)

I ain't got shit for a nigga, ain't nothing in this muthafuckin' world free (Preach) Zay got the muthafuckin' bass
thumpin'

Dolph got the muthafuckin' trap jumpin'

Doors to the trap open, I'll sell you something

Hell nah don't ask, I ain't frontin' nothing

I fucked yo bitch then told her I'll see you around

Dolph just skipped town with 2 hunnid thou

Dolph just poured a 8 in a 2 liter pop

They say Dolph addicted to these streets just like his pops

Addicted to hustlin' I can't stop (can't stop)

Won't stop (won't stop), can't stop
Never hear me complaining bout what I ain't got
'Cause if I want it imma go get it
Free my nigga yo Diddy
Got Paper Rout tatted on yo ho titty
Same nigga you gettin' high with he really yo enemy
Everyday niggas cross they patnas out for benjamins Keep it real with your dawg no matter what (Preach)
Same bitch that claim she love you she'll set you up (Preach)
Out here in these streets it ain't no such thing as love (Preach)
The only thing I trust is this pistol and these slugs (Preach)
Real nigga shit, only what I do and speak
if he don't work all he a fuckin' leech (Preach)
I ain't got shit for a nigga, ain't nothing in this muthafuckin' world free (Preach)

Songwriters

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