

# Church

## horrible houses

[Reverend preaching]Ha ha ha haa  
Brothers and sisters we're gathered here today  
to listen to a young man that's on fiiya  
You sittin in the church wit Reverend Charlie Murphy  
and I'ma bring it to ya wit brother F-A-B-O-L-O-U-S  
Fabolous  
[Fab:] Preach, Brother preach  
[Rev.:] Fabolous  
[Fab:] Preach Brother preach  
[Rev.:] Preach to 'em Brother, Church  
[Fab:] Yea, Uh.. uh.. uh.. uh  
[Verse 1]Yo, I preach through my raps  
God is watchin me I still reach to my strap  
Broads is watchin me they wanna leech to my trap  
Tha Jesus Christ on my neck reach to my lap  
I teach you to rap in my Sunday School  
These bitches get a one day rule  
You gotta fuck be Monday, cool?  
Or she gotta stroke a stick like the hun play pool  
If not you gotta walk like a runway fool  
Catch me in the moon shine or the sun ray jewels  
If you keep sayin your prayers maybe one day you'll..  
.be blessed like me 'til then keep stompin in your Air Force O-N-E-S Nikes  
They should make scriptures wit my flows  
I'm the young Bishop Don Juan that stripped ya for your hoes  
So if I throw a dollar at ya scream Hallelujah  
While I grab the neck of my robe and pop a collar to ya  
Church  
[Reverend preaching]Now in this world that we live in, there's all kinds of pimps  
You got ya playas, ya ballas, ya macs, ya gorrilla  
pimps that take what they want  
Ya all-star pimps... Pimps that (?)  
Pimps wit nothin but the Gators on ya feet (Preach to em brother)  
Nice pimps, mean pimps  
[Verse 2]I feel like the angel of God  
All I gotta do is drive the Range through and nod  
It's like I was put here to put layers in the air  
Put squares in my ear, put squares in the chair  
Put pairs in the rear

I even put 20 inch footwear in my spare  
Lord knows I gotta stay on them spinners  
Dis verse is like grace that you say on your dinners  
Girls come wit me knowin that they gonna be sinners  
But, I'ma sense of relief  
And I ain't never been a trick kinda like its against my belief  
If she got it from me then I'm convinced she a theif  
But they say God giveth and He taketh away  
And I can do the same thing when I shake with the 'K  
If a nigga make a mistake wit the pay, Goddamit

At the club I get right in  
So if heaven got a ghetto I should fit right in  
God loves me

[Reverend preaching]Now just what kind of ho are you?

Are you a tough ho, or a soft ho? (That's right)

Are you a big ho, or a little ho? (Lil' teenie weenie)

A domestic ho, or an international ho?

A rich ho, or a broke ass ho?

[Verse 3]Yea, me momma got my name from the Baptist who made  
tha wrong moves wit the women and died for it

You make the wrong moves when you come and you try for it

New York City of God

I 'den saved some of New York's prettiest broads

I'm spittin the gospel

I hit my apostle's wit the coke that'll heal a sick

soon as it get in they nostrils

A Dros Trios, bring the organs on ya

A 40-Caliber'll turn ya to a organ donor

And a day or two, you'll be a morgue aroma

While I go city to city fillin the pieu's up

I ask God to forgive me while I'm fillin the Uz' up

Demons won't let me see a man fillin my shoes up

I ease 'em wit a sermon, but that ain't hard

When I'm in the Beamer before they released 'em to the Germans

You prolly got the man you love wit you

But wouldn't you rather have the Man above wit you?

Can I get an Amen

[Reverend talking]Now some of ya'll are pimps, And some of ya'll are hoes

But the rest.. the rest of ya'll.. don't think I don't know

Ya just a hater.. They hate what you got

They put a black eye on on the game whenever they play

They piss in the pool, And they fart on the elevator

Then look you in the face, Like they think you did it

They hate change (They hate change)

And they hate progress  
They hate me and they hate you  
They hate they own momma  
'cause they think its her fault that they ain't got shit  
But I'm here to tell ya today  
That if you a hater  
Then you are the outer take or your own business (Amen)  
And somebody just put 25 dollars in the collection plate  
So I'ma go up on the corner  
And buy me a fish sandwich  
Y'all hold it down, I'll be right back  
Tha Reverend Charlie Brown  
And don't you ever forget  
Fabolous, Fabolous, Fabolous, Fabolous  
Bitch ass motherfuckers  
[fades out]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>