

Preach

Big Yavo

(M16)

Skrirt, skrirt

You can tell how it come on, I'm finna preach to you

(Johnny Shipes)

That motherfucker so hard, you hear the violins, the pianos

Shit might get too gangster for a church, though, uh

If we talkin' paper and some P's, then I got some

If you catch him saying somethin' I said, then that my song

Told lil' bitch she can't be all in my business, she ain't got one

If it's a Draco, AR, carbine, Glock, then I done shot one

This shit crazy, I remember I was just broke and couldn't re-up on weed

Now you probably think I'm with QC how I ride 'round with P's

That bitch ain't used to look my way, I got her on her knees

Man, it got me cocky on these bitches, that ho out my league

Plug send me bags and I punch 'em, I feel like Ali

Ain't have twenty dollars, now I stuff a twenty in my jeans

On a paper route, I keep that Glock, the car ain't got no key

You know Yay be clean, I'm a king, but I drip McQueen

I remember I used to fall asleep in church

My grandma used to slap the hell out my ass

I see why, though

'Cause when somebody talkin' to you, you 'posed to listen to everything that they sayin'

Especially when a nigga like me talkin', you feel me? (Hell yeah)

Uh (What you say?)

I say speed it up, this shit get foul, I'm an artist, not a rapper

These lil' boys, they trappin' backwards, shooters step like Kappas

Bitch ghost more than Casper, just pulled up at her casa

Pulled up two-door, this a coupe, so she blew me just like soup

Come through, step on shit like boots and you knowin' they some steel toes

Think I'm slidin' with strippers how we hoppin' out with real poles

Playin' one of my shows, get shot while I'm wearin' my real clothes

My money, my family, and my chain, bitch, I'll kill for

I say fuck the opps, they real broke

Leave shells at Citgo

Glock came with a fifty, catch an opp, his ass gon' get ghost

Pour syrup all in my orange juice, I'm up early like French toast

Servin' beans like pinto, I just told your ho to bend over

If she wasn't an opp bitch, she would've been over

Wide body Charger in two lanes, I can't get over

Just ordered some Dior, them hoes high, I spent your rent on 'em

Feel like you movin' funny, then lil' bitch, you ain't gon' get closer

Chopper got a telescope, my young nigga been sellin' dope

My young nigga been sellin' coke, my young nigga been havin' 'bows

One car, we hit the road

Just drive that in, drive back

Twenty-five down, twenty-five back

Ran out that house with five flats

Bitch, you do the math, that's five flat

If we slide on you, better slide back

Can't lock up all the snitches, then just go'n give all the guys back (Free the guys)

Your lil' bitch a groupie, pull out my dick, I bet she ride that

My shooter got a Glock 10, but he knocked him off for nine racks

You see the breeze, I ran through nine packs
If he send me somethin', I fly back
All that talkin' shit gon' get you whacked
These niggas sweet, I'm smokin' Sour Patch
I'm 'bout my cheese, in the cut clutchin' a Big Mac
Them folks spinned that shit the same day that lil' boy had his shit packed,
gang