

Everlast, Praise The Lord

You know it's Whitey
And the Likwits
I say it's Whitey
And the Likwits
You know it's Whitey
And the Likwits

Watch me rock these sounds
From the polo grounds
To the sunset strip
Like a nasty trip
I'll flash it back on ya
Run it up on ya
I'm born in Hempstead
And live raised in California
Mr. Entrepreneur
I rock the shot that's sure
I need a dime plus more
I sip the fine liquor
I want the cash in hand
And the beach front land
And I get loco
From Acolpoco to Japan
Mr. Whitey Ford gets terrain explored
You perpetrate that Ford
You must be out of your gourd
It's time to make like Greg Nice, kid
And praise the Lord
Keep the faith
Smoke an eighth
Until you stack the papers all up in my safe
Commence the motivate
Consume an altered state
I'm killin' your whole wack show
Like I'm Edgar Allan Poe
With the psychotic thriller
No peckerwood iller
Than this freckled-face man
With the farmer's tan
If I can't bomb on you
I'm bombin' on your man

CHORUS

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
Some catch the vibes and some catch the vapors
Better...
Praise the Lord, keep the faith (4x)

I say roll to the rock
Rock to the roll
Whitey Ford brings the devastatin' mic control
Like Derryl McDaniel
A hundred G's annual
The tip's get clocked, baby
The bond's get stocked
My style gets rocked
Just like doors get knocked
With legendary status
Like my name's Lou Brock
And my lazairre 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's the sound
And when the saints come marchin' in (keep the faith)
I'm Nestle's Alpine White / Classic rapper's delight
All these shorties pullin' tools
'Cause they know they can't fight
I bank my selections on worldwide connections
So get the seven digits, baby
Never burn your britches

CHORUS (2x)