

# 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)