

T-Bone, Street Preacha

[T-Bone]

My lyrics phat like Don Cartagena, you never seen a
Latino Rapper pick up the mic and eat MC's like gelatine
From the Bay area down to Argentina
I be slangin the gospel in crack houses like it was cocina
Mira mija, la firme linya de rao familia
No son Gallinas, killin them demons is a misdemeanah
So we ain't scared of y'all, we lived above the law
Now we got pimps, addicts, thugs
And these hustlas at the altar call
Prayin, sayin thing like forgive me for my evil ways then
Get off their knees and be delievered from 12 years of blazin
Praisin tha Name of Christ, ain't scared to give my life away
For the one who died on the cross and saved
Me when my life was triff, now its alright
God wrote these lyrics, peep the copyright
Buildin an army in a world that dark, so we can bring the light
Raisin veteranos Cristianos that we call hermanos
Deadly like rattle snakes but worse when mics are in our manos
In my cara, no dicen nada, puro Amenasadas
Wack envyous rappers wanna bite like a thousand paranhas
I bring tha heat like a thousand sauna
Filled wit Cubana mammas from Havana
Oye como va, when I rock like Santana

[Chorus]

One of the last street preachas left, poet assasin [what]
Scarface in the flesh, straight ou the west
Where they ride on their enemies
Striptease, pour out liqour for tha diseased
And jack for car keys
[2x]

[T-Bone]

I stay humble and meak
Get on my knees and wash my brethern's feet
You quick to speak and judge, I quick to turn the other cheek
Forgive my foes, 479 times and add 11
Just to equal 70 times 7, Rap Reverend
Preachin, sermons to those thugs livin
Killin, sinnin, feelin that they can be forgiven
Ghetto prison is where they livin, so I make incisions
Cut to the heart, then operate tell em tha sons Arizon
If you ain gettin what I be spittin
Get me grab my weapons
Sawed off K.J.V. wit 66 bullets made for hittin
Straight to the heart, we wrestle not against flesh and blood
Saved thugs, blastin thugs wit God's love
Pump pump you get stucked when I dump
Sawed off, the old man get's hualed off
And thats the way its comin out the west side
Yo I'm preachin Jesus Christ crucified

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

What up mamma, its that Rap Papa
Don Dadda, the one who used to smoke grama
From Nicaragua, sip champana, hollerin ay caramba
Now Ima redeemed hoodlum tellin em Cristo te ama
Ima bring the drama like Tony Montana
Cuz when demons step to me
They get cut worse then shrimp at BenniHannas
Back in the days hittin weed, smokin roaches

But we ain't no playas, tellin why, we some coaches
I get ferocious then I bury all you cockroaches
Get bent of the Holy Ghost and take it by the doses
A super-california-lyricist-p-alidocious
Bibles in my holsters, seen me on the posters
Devil outlined in chalk, I walk the walk and talk the talk
Jehovah knows this
Being a Christians on a day 2 day forget the half way
Cant holler praise the LORD, then smoke and sip the alizay
Or tangaree or you'll get blown up like a hand gernade
I ain't afraid, I slit the devil's throat wit my switch blade

[Chorus]