

# Preacher On A Sunday Morning

Fat Joe

Kilka, kills mania,  
Get used to this one,  
"crack"  
Scotty  
Oh yeah I'm back on that shit  
And I say right about now New York City.

They say is life and death, there's no future fronting.  
I see a mac and a tec keeping duz coming  
Coka,  
Joe is a fake Cartagegna  
Nice with the hands better with the banger.  
Guns I'm no stranger  
Keep an A.K when I battle probably throw a fake nigga parade. I'm know!  
But who gives a fuck I don't care.  
Don't lead them let the welfare feed them.  
Niggas had me thinking that Joey is fucked up!  
Skiddles with the maybachs banging rooftops.  
Life sucks for you maybe the Jew is crazy  
In the stay pieces to death thanks to who baby.

Stay cleaned up on a preacher on a sunday morning, I got cake but I need more ice and alle  
I say off the streets I'm a symphony, niggas want my sympathy presiding official remedy,  
Stay cleaned up on a preacher on a sunday morning,

King of New york, King of New York, but we don't ever see these niggas up in New york  
Can anybody tell me where centropey  
All these so called killers try their best to dress gay.  
Everybody beefing it's the same old day.  
All these mixtape rappers now want to claim king  
Everybody saying they are bringing New Yor back  
But we the only niggas you pitch back the back (crack!)  
You hear the echo, son of a nesto I'll let the tec blow  
You should feel sky plenty like pistol, fuck a phone call I barely go t a whistle

Coka, there's no one harder  
Get off your knees get a job at the carter.  
Throw a banks and invite your friends,  
Yougarentee to see a couple of ends.  
See I've been getting money since who knows when  
These other niggas just all pretend  
You've been bamboozled diz duzu say thugs  
Love at madison square they givin group hugs  
Now let me take you to the streets of darkness,  
Where I keep your favourite mc underneath my armpit the bronze kid.  
I'm only speaking the truth,  
Shit, look what these streets

May cologilua do