

I'm seeing you man you doing your thing  
I see the new shoes, suits and a ring  
Since when are you into bling?  
A reverend's supposed to lead like Reverend Doctor Martin Luther King  
You more like Pastor Offering  
I'mma come down to your church, man  
How much does it cost again?  
God know a nigga struggling bad  
He know a nigga probably need whatever he has  
And you assist, I give you some ten percent  
And I can hardly even pay my own rent  
I got a old '94 Pontiac  
You ride around this bitch in a new 'lac  
You should be hitting us for some bread  
But instead you hitting us in the head  
For fives, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds  
Are you telling us this is what God wanted?

You ain't practicing what you preach  
Nah you extorting us on the weekend  
Rob stealing and running a game  
Getting filthy rich in God's name  
(Preacher)

You ain't practicing what you preach  
Nah you extorting us on the weekend  
Rob, stealing and running a game  
What a shame, what a shame, what a shame

I'm seeing you man you doing it big  
Both of your kids becoming the church jig  
Wife rocking the five-thousand dollar wig  
And she got a big rock on her hand  
You running a scam  
That we was fucking dependent on section eight  
And always have something to put in the collection plate  
It was always so strange it was odd  
To see my mumma scratching up change to give it to God  
I think we all know nobody's saying shit  
You was using that to pay your card payments  
We was mother fucking paying your mortgage  
We was living in the projects  
You know we couldn't afford it  
But that's how you was on it  
You would come to church and talk it  
But I doubt you would walk it  
You probably come to America and I seen that you whore it  
Make me wanna just snatch you off of the pulpit

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That politician ain't really a politician  
He a (preacher)  
We voted him in to be a leader  
But he a (preacher)  
Promises better living conditions  
Soon as he gets the position, switches his disposition  
It's the (preacher)  
It's not only the guys in the church  
But it's the (preacher) got a lot of swish words  
How can we survive on this earth  
When ya'll come flood the ghetto with guns, drugs and legalize bottles of  
Hurtin' jerkin  
My cousin on per percent  
He gave out a murder threat  
They caught him, shot up his legs and those fuckers ain't working yet  
Bloomberg banned cigarettes  
Why you in man letting police men beat on niggas yet  
Ya'll know that the shit I'm saying is true  
Ignoring it if it ain't pertaining to you  
But if the (preacher) don't walk it like he talk it  
Then dammit, dog on it, that nigga got some explaining to do

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Know what I'm saying, no disrespect to nobody, ya'll motherfuckers  
Blaspheming ass ni--a, using the lord's name in vain nigga, don't do that  
Shit. That niggas pimping the system, stop pimping the poor people man,  
Help us out nigga, we need God for real

Now come on up here so Jesus can put you on a payment plan