

Preacher's Daughter

Wu-Tang Clan

The only girl that could ever please me
Was the daughter of a preacher man
(2x)

Yo, pa, I got a lady, I'm 'bout to make her my baby
Might even make a baby, the thesis makin' her crazy
She know my style wavy, I'm circlin' her Mercedes
Father, father was a preacher, I'm almost certain he hates me
But he ain't gotta date me and look, his baby is grown
And she decides on her own who resides on the throne
I'm her king, she my queen, we keep it right in the zone
And she understands the fact that I'm even right when I'm wrong
When she was prayin' in church, I was playin' in dirt
That's 100, I admit that we both was playin' at first
When opposites attract, I ain't always sayin' it works
I'm just sayin' ain't no use in me strayin', that make it worse
It's Wu-Tang, baby, my crew bang
And she's the preacher's daughter, I just call her my boo thang
And we tighter than shoestrings, or 10 grand in rubber bands
Man, sometimes I tell your parents just don't understand

No. yo, you mean Pastor Brown's daughter?
The preacher, the rich slave-maker of the poorer?
I used to see her Sundays comin' from church
We used to kick it at her window when her pops at work
Yo, her parents didn't play
She couldn't even come out to play on a school day
Thought she was gonna give me some on April Fool's day
(But no, no way) nah, (no, no-no, no-no, no-no way)

The preacher's daughter, she an illegitimate child
She know the word, but she be runnin' in them streets foul
She married to a man, but she's crushin' his brother now
See her in the market place loud and boisterous
With tight spandex on, chokin' her oysters
She a seductress in the form of a goddess
Never virtuous or modest, poison the part is
Breakin' the vessel, turn brother against brother
Man, that's how she molest you
That's why the preacher man prolly a mess too
Cause the fruit that she devourin' is evil
Never sin around righteous people
Black widow, preacher's daughter comin' to eat you

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I met her on the bus stop with black eyes
That's why she said she don't fuck with black guys
I cleaned her up, fed her all my wisdom
Her father spit the gospel but she never caught the vision
Brutal ass whoopins, always facin' these evictions
So she only fuck with thugs that'll wind up in the system
Them greasy bastards quick to squeeze a ratchet
Never knew the science of virtue, Ecclesiastes
Like, a time for peace, a time for war

A time to laugh though, she never felt God before
Eternal love that'll pop like a kernel, this is grown folk talk
Between me and her, it don't concern you

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