

# Preach (feat. Jim Jones)

## Swizz Beatz

I told Swizz they ain't ready for the smoke though (oh!)  
Still got niggas that be pointin' guns at the po-po  
Probably got a picture of your auntie in my photos  
That was you in front the building  
when she was hoppin' out my four-door  
Shit, but what you like 19 now?  
But you probably still never had like 19 thou'  
In my day I had to work to bring the white fiends down  
Brought some crackheads around, just to wipe the V down  
Why drink Rose when Jay got Aces?  
Free Leek he was with me the other day up in Aces  
Bunch of pretty watches with the frozen up faces  
We got them lawyers we can call just to close up the cases  
Shit, I'm from Harlem, what I stunt in is outrageous  
Went up in the dealer just to cop somethin' outrageous  
Yeah we got parents, but the drug dealers raised us  
And shit, I prayed to God, but the lord never saved us  
So we stuck what we stuck, what was fuckin' with that?  
I pack guns with shoulder stocks with the muffler attached  
We take trips to different places with the butler attached  
Or playback the Maybach, press a button relax

Preach

Oh my, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh

Preach

Oh my, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh Supreme Court hearings, brand new McLarens  
Suede pipe seats, Tiptronic steering  
Baby this is art that come with no commission  
Could be a blind man, but you gotta know the vision  
Private jets just to blow the izzo  
Parden me 'cause I been accused of male chauvinism  
Gettin' head in the whip, and havin' no collisions  
Never lackin' 'cause I keep that fully loaded with em  
Shit, you know I gotta shout the bros in prison (eastside)  
My nigga Gleem is like a blow magician  
Shit, he cook it up and watch it disappear  
Shit, now light it up and let it hit the air (light that up)  
I was spittin' Ace of Spade all in this bitch's ear  
I told her, like pretty women like Richard Gere  
Uh, pack guns and stay fly is a part of us  
Four bitches packed up in the Benz, it's like a party bus  
All this tough talk, but niggas ain't as hard as us  
I cook coke at the kitchen, watch it harden up

Preach

Oh my, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh

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Oh my, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh

Preach

My, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>