

Preach

Young Dolph

Zaytoven
Ayeeeeee
You know what up, haha
It's Dolph!
Zay, what's poppin'!
Never trust a bitch, never trust a nigga
Fuck bitches, fuck bitches
Get the scrilla
Young hustla, these muthafuckin' niggas
Never trust a bitch nigga, get the scrilla
I don't fuck with these niggas cause they shady
These bitches they just wanna have my baby
Born in the 80s, crack baby
Mama she was in the streets, so guess who raised me (the streets)
You muthafuckin' right
Couldn't get it from my mama, so I got it off the block
Been working my whole life, but I ain't never punched the clock
9 years old I seen a nigga get shot, damn
Niggas quick to run their mouth when they get jammed
Pussy ass nigga telling on his own fam (pussy)
Same nigga that you break your neck for
Be the same nigga that cross you out and wet you up
'Pose to be chasin' money, but you chasin' bitches
Real bosses don't talk, we just sit back and listen
Stack that paper up, and then make boss moves
She like to argue so I sent that bitch to law
school
Keep it real with your dawg no matter what (Preach)
Same bitch that claim she love you she'll set you up (Preach)
Out here in these streets it ain't no such thing as love (Preach)
The only thing I trust is this pistol and these slugs (Preach)
Real nigga shit, only what I do and
speak, if that nigga don't work, he a fuckin' leech (Preach)
I ain't got shit for a nigga, ain't nothing in this muthafuckin' world free (Preach)
Zay got the
muthafuckin' bass thumpin, Dolph got the muthafuckin' trap jumpin
Doors to the trap open, I'll sell you something
Hell nah, don't ask, I ain't frontin nothing
I fucked yo bitch then told her, "I'll see you around!"
Dolph just skipped town with 2 hunnit thou'
Dolph just poured an 8 in a two liter pop
They say Dolph addicted to these streets just like his pops
Addicted to hustlin', I can't stop (can't stop)
Won't stop (won't stop), can't stop
Never hear me complaining 'bout what I ain't got

Cause if I want it, I'ma go get it
Free my nigga Yo Diddy
Got Paper Route tatted on yo ho titty
Same nigga you gettin' high with he really yo enemy
Everyday niggas cross they patnas out for BenjaminsKeep it real with your dawg no matter
what (Preach)
Same bitch that claim she love you she'll set you up (Preach)
Out here in these streets it ain't no such thing as love (Preach)
The only thing I trust is this pistol and these slugs (Preach)
Real nigga shit, only what I do and speak, if that nigga don't work, he a fuckin' leech (Preach)
I ain't got shit for a nigga, ain't nothing in this muthafuckin' world free (Preach)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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