

Willie D "Guess My Religion"

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Pastor:

Hey siter Bettie, sister Clara

And who is this? You new here, ain't you brother?

Willie D:

Yep

Pastor:

Well welcome to Mount Paid in Full

God sure is good, ain't he?

Willie D:

Sure is

Pastor:

Well we gonna ask you to put all you valuables in this
here cup

And pass all your other metal objects to brother

Swaggert

You can pick em up over there on the other side

Willie D:

What, y'all having a problem with weapons or
something in Church?

Pastor:

No, brother, it's just that Pastor Gimme don't want no
change in the
church

Verse 1:

Ain't that a bitch, the churchhouse getting rich

But I'm looking like dookie on a stick

As soon as I walked in, they couldn't wait

To pass that goddamned collection plate

And before I could stick my dollar in

The ushers were making rounds again

To get there I had to hitch a ride

And these motherfuckers talking about 20 percent in
tithes

Telling me it's for the homeless, and those

With nowhere to go, but at night the church door is

closed

Now you can come as you are
But you better be sharp as a tack, with a new car
Cause if you ain't got that cash
Watch them so-called Christians talk about your ass
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion, why don't you guess it

Chorus: (2x)

Why's everybody keep playing with God?

Verse 2:

I gotta talk about these clowns behind the pulpit
Cause they full of that bullshit
It's no wonder they think they large
With these motherfucking members treating they ass
like God
But they ain't God cause God loves everybody
But Baptist preachers, they backslide
When it comes to Muslims they ain't got no love
Now what you motherfuckers scared of?
That niggas will abandon your vision
And say don't give me that old time religion
I'm sick and tired of my homies getting killed
And the pastor's saying that it's God's will
Fuck the enemy, yo I don't love him
That's why I cut for the motherfucking Muslims
Put your hands on me and shit gets scary
I'm a put your ass in a cemetary
Now you'll call me Judas and say I ain't right
But fuck you bitch, they talk about Christ
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion why don't you guess it

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3:

Now I know why my daddy don't go no more
The church ain't nothing but a fashion show
They going to meet and greet and peep and gaze
They ain't trying to get saved
Cause if they was they'd practice what they preached
And praise the Lord more than one day out the week
Maybe that's why a nigga ain't repenting
The churchhouse be having some fine ass women in it
And that's why the preacher can't spread the word of
the Lord
Cause he be looking just as hard
It's the blind trying to lead the blind
And you wonder why niggas is so behind
I can stay my ass at the crib and watch the game

If I want to be entertained
Cause this shit done got out of hand
Motherfuckers doing the bump in the choir stand
You get mad cause I'm questioning your merit
But goddamnit if the shoe fit, wear it
I don't give a fuck about your blessings
You want to know my religion why don't you guess it

Chorus (4x)

This song was inspired by all you so-called saved
motherfuckers out there
The ones that's backsliding
You sinner free motherfuckers that be
Jumping up and down in church every Sunday and shit
getting the Holy Ghost
But I'm a let you motherfuckers know
If one of you hoes fall on me, I'm a knock your ass
smooth out
I don't give a damn, I'm straight up with it
But some of you motherfuckers be
Going out to the club on Saturday and shit
And coming to church with a motherfucking hangover
And oh yeah, all you motherfucking parents
That's talking about Willie D is a bad influence on your
kids
Fuck you hoes, raise your own motherfucking kids
I ain't no motherfucking role model
You be your motherfucking kid's role model,
motherfucking loser
Yeah, just when a nigga start getting a piece of this
apple pie
In America, you hoes want to start lining against rap
Smashing up tapes and shit, what you want us to do
Start by climbing through your motherfucking windows
In the middle of the night?
You better speed on before you get peed on
Now let the congregation say Amen

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