

The Boss Hog Barbarians

"Rev. Getright"

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[Celph Titled]

Let's take 'em to the churches!!
Chicken...bitch!

[J-Zone]

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We have a
special guest preacher
Reverend Getright, on his way to the pulpit to read the
daily word
Hoes, haters, and heathens, please take note. Thank
you

Ha! In the words of my man Doughboy: "You don't go
to church to catch no bitches!"
Reverend Getright, c'mon!

[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

You better respect the reverend, get your ass in them
church pews
I came prepared for holy water, wearin' a surf suit
(Haha)
The Lord giveth and taketh away and I'm cravin' for
Sister May
To bake a cake today, bitch, you got nathan to say!
The plate's comin', and the usher is near (Huh!)
Took twenty dollars out your paycheck to pay for my
beers (Yeah)
These six-pack, no grape juicin' crackers
Only wanted to have Faith when that bitch was fatter
Don't ask for forgiveness here without knowin' the
business (Nah)
'Cause all you gotta do is watch me rap to become a
Jehova's Witness (HEHEHEH)
Possessed by demons, sometimes I'm like the Devil's
son
A sight from hell that'll make Reverend Run's favorite
reverend run
No matter if it's Sunday service or Wednesday Mass
I'm in the back with choir girls, and I'm up in they ass!
Muthafucka, I'm a church-made Hugh Hef'
And this beat got more high-hats than eight-foot chefs

(Holla!)

[Chorus: Celph Titled]

Good God Almighty, say HALLELUJAH!
Bitches rejoice, the Church got a new voice
Reverend Get-Getright, uh-oh, oh no!
Come one, come all, but we ain't savin' NO hoes!

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

These bitches ain't goin' to Heaven (No)
No dogs go to Heaven, only hogs go to Heaven, and
I...stay packin' them heaters
They thought I meant basketball when I said I was
shootin' baskets on Easter
Stupid! Bitch, if you're a virgin or a whore, it's not
important (No)
Ain't talkin' music when I say I push pipe in the organ
(Yes!)
Jesus Christ, my AK shoots enormous
Jump through your window, call it my breakthrough
performance (Hahahaha!)
Smack the deacon for blasphemous speakin'
He broke the tenth Pimp Commandment
Took a ho off her stroll 'cause she was leakin' (Bitch)
It's never that time of the month, it's always that time of
the month
A bitch can always suck a nut, cough it up, cough up my
bucks (Uh!)
Now lets join for prayer, everybody join us here
All my hoes come off the track, even Jackie Joyner's
here (Hey!)
Put your hand on the Bible, bend your knees and kneel
And I'ma smack you on the head, BITCH YOU BEEN
HEALED!

[Chorus]

[Break: J-Zone]

Hey, man...word is, you the best reverend in Tampa
Heh, Tampa's the dirty dirty. Show me how the Dirty
South do it!

[Verse 3: Celph Titled]

Bitch, get back goin' tit for tat
With the big-dick, pimpin' mack, what you think of that?
When I'm gettin' scratch, chick lick the sac
I'm just hittin' that ass
Wouldn't warn you hoes, wouldn't ever know when a
jiggalo
Makin' the roll, just takin the dough
From a ho, stroll all night, alright

It's a no-go, we don't want no Joe to smoke you
The homo, no freebies, no free CD's
The whole species contaminated with VD's
X-rated, please, no PG DVD's, don't touch my BVD's
Bitch, get a clue of who's who
I'm two for two, nigga, who woulda knew?
Your crew is a spoof, losin' a tooth from Hula-Hoops
Town-ass muthafuckas, bow down to the mouth master
The house is out, bring mad ruckus
Plus keep guns tucked into outfits, we 'bout it, 'bout it
With a foul-mouth attitude, shoot gats at you
Any rapper crew, I thought you faggots knew
I'll smack a bitch in two, and that's what I HAD to do,
ho!

"My, my, my, my...I believe the Lord spoke to our hearts
tonight
A-A-A-Amen"

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