

The Preachaholicz

"Club Blazer"

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[Verse 1: Big Beam]

Explode on this track some call this hip hop but its more than that

It's spiritual combat laced with gospel rap
That's why we preach over beats about the truth and facts

Turn it up blow the trunk off the back of the lac
With a blast more vicious than a hurricane
Cause one puff of The Ghost'll get you higher than caine

It's like nerve gas surging through your nerves and brain

Justified by faith cause the blood was spilt
Now we one with the Father cause the veil was ripped
All because he was crucified beatened and whipped
Now zip ya lip devil cause the saints is crunk
We spit lyrics that change these pimps to monks
Lets dump get em up time to blaze the club
All the ex convicts prostitutes and thugs
Crush his head on this track when we blaze it up
Cause we dangerous, c'mon!

[Chorus]

Let me see yo hands high (4xs)
Feel it feel it feel it jump jump (3xs)
Club blazer! Ah!

[Verse 2: PC]

Survivor and Christ lover for real
Rider for Jesus and you always holding ya steel
Ya got ya armor on cause you know that He will
Protect ya with the council of his heavenly seal
A vessel of the One who died on Calvary Hill
Who never lets the devil con you out with a deal
Cause its all according to the blood He spilled
That we always keep the devil under our heal
So just keep riding He'll relieve the backsliding
And you'll be safe when them forces start colliding
Soldier in the army of The Lord Jehovah Jireh
As the Spirit hit you with a wave larger than Pisidon
Huh I know ya feel it flowing deep in ya veins

It's the power that's been on and loosing chains
If you believe the Spirit move just like I do the same
Then this hook'll help you don't be ashamed
C'mon andâ€¦!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mo Stylez]

Sound the alarm boy we bout to drop the bomb
Raise ya arms boy we like a blazing storm
Wreaking havoc on the kingdom of hell
Break out ya shell and yell like lunatics busting out of a
jail
Man I done got a dose of the Ghost and I'm like whoa
Love like this'll make ya say whoa
Lift up ya hands and come back for mo
Grab mics and spit about Christ for sho
C'mon let me see yo hands to the roof if Christ is the
one who makes you fireproof
Alive is the Spirit that gets ya mind loosed
Sometimes you just need to get ya mind juiced
The design of this track is to get ya on a level
Of praise that'll quake hell's gates and shake the devil
Turn up the bass and turn up the treble
Pump up the bass and give me some mo treble!

[Chorus]

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