

The Preachaholicz

"Da Anthem"

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[Verse 1: Mo Stylez]

You can catch us on the block beating it up with hums
Outcast cause I came from the depth of the slums
Had to duck hot lead thank God it missed me now
Ain't no weapon prospering formed against me peep
Its all over since them A'z showed up
leaning to the side with them A'z throwed up
Mo Stylez check ya stats I aint ya average rap cat
I'm more like a gospel rap savage

[PC]

It's gospel mania
Peep how them Preachaholicz branging that new sound
that pound in yo cranium
We open the briefcase flip the red switch to stain ya
With a million pounds of uranium
Explosive like locomotives
Full of TNT we highly corosive
I told ya we club blaze and roast ya
Hot like pop tarts jumping out of a toaster

[Chorus]

Got it going for the homies that got the Ghost
throw yo hands in the air like ya ought to know
party people all hands you got to throw
in the air and then bounce till ya can't no more
AO steady growing and showing em what they knowing
and flowing its got em glowing powered up by the
throne
aint nobody that can slow em from getting em
where they going AO keep it going til its time to go

[Verse 2: Mo Stylez]

It's the A
We drop weights from the coast to the bay
Lay back bumping tracks all day
We make ya party till ya hair turn grey
It's G-music by the homie Big J
And we don't care about what the world say
Blow the speakers through the block all day
Hands up let me here ya holla hey

Hey hey hey hey

[Big Beem]

It's Big Beem still blazing the scene
Swerving Burbs with a gangsta lean
When I speak yall I stall the planet
Causing damage cause I floss with bandits
In drop tops on hot blocks
Where they spark glocks in the parking lot
Dark or not man we still gone praise
Giving props to the Father with our hands up raised

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: PC]

It's the finale so let the rally
Show em we aint scared up in the valley
By throwing up ya hands like the world don't miss ya
And let this Preachaholic ripe song convince ya

[Mo Stylez]

That we lyrically ferocious
We rip mics for Christ and watch hell run like lights do
to roaches
And chill while the tension declines
Blessed cause Heaven is mine
I'll leave ya blind when I glisten and shine
AO said it before we aint stopping
Til yolks start dropping and gz get to flocking

[Big Beem]

Cause when we come through we produce shock waves
Dropping weights like Bombay on hot stages
God gave it so I spit it with fire
Designed to take you higher bouncin with the Messiah
uh
It don't stop we keeps it hot
Dropping fire on the block til they run like Lot
Feel me

[Chorus]

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