

## Ricardo Arjona

### "Street Preacha"

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[T-Bone]

My lyrics phat like Don Cartagena, you never seen a  
Latino Rapper pick up the mic and eat MC's like gelatine  
From the Bay area down to Argentina

I be slingin the gospel in crack houses like it was  
cocina

Mira mija, la firme linya de rao familia

No son Gallinas, killin them demons is a misdemeanah

So we ain't scared of y'all, we lived above the law

Now we got pimps, addicts, thugs

And these hustlas at the altar call

Prayin, sayin thing like forgive me for my evil ways then

Get off their knees and be delievered from 12 years of  
blazin

Praisin tha Name of Christ, ain't scared to give my life  
away

For the one who died on the cross and saved

Me when my life was triff, now its alright

God wrote these lyrics, peep the copyright

Buildin an army in a world that dark, so we can bring  
the light

Raisin veteranos Cristianos that we call hermanos

Deadly like rattle snakes but worse when mics are in  
our manos

In my cara, no dicen nada, puro Amenasadas

Wack envyous rappers wanna bite like a thousand  
paranhas

I bring tha heat like a thousand sauna

Filled wit Cubana mammas from Havana

Oye como va, when I rock like Santana

[Chorus]

One of the last street prechas left, poet assasin [what]

Scarface in the flesh, straight ou the west

Where they ride on their enemies

Striptease, pour out liqour for tha diseased

And jack for car keys

[2x]

[T-Bone]

I stay humble and meak

Get on my knees and wash my brethern's feet  
You quick to speak and judge, I quick to turn the other  
cheek  
Forgive my foes, 479 times and add 11  
Just to equal 70 times 7, Rap Reverend  
Preachin, sermons to those thugs livin  
Killin, sinnin, feelin that they can be forgiven  
Ghetto prison is where they livin, so I make incisions  
Cut to the heart, then operate tell em tha sons Arizon  
If you ain gettin what I be spittin  
Get me grab my weapons  
Sawed off K.J.V. wit 66 bullets made for hittin  
Straight to the heart, we wrestle not against flesh and  
blood  
Saved thugs, blastin thugs wit God's love  
Pump pump you get stucked when I dump  
Sawed off, the old man get's hualed off  
And thats the way its comin out the west side  
Yo I'm preachin Jesus Christ crucified

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

What up mamma, its that Rap Papa  
Don Dadda, the one who used to smoke grama  
From Nicaragua, sip champana, hollerin ay caramba  
Now Ima redeemed hoodlum tellin em Cristo te ama  
Ima bring the drama like Tony Montana  
Cuz when demons step to me  
They get cut worse then shrimp at BenniHannas  
Back in the days hittin weed, smokin roaches  
But we ain't no playas, tellin why, we some coaches  
I get ferocious then I bury all you cockroaches  
Get bent of the Holy Ghost and take it by the doses  
A super-california-lyricist-p-alidocious  
Bibles in my holsters, seen me on the posters  
Devil outlined in chalk, I walk the walk and talk the talk  
Jehovah knows this  
Being a Christians on a day 2 day forget the half way  
Cant holler praise the LORD, then smoke and sip the  
alizay  
Or tangaree or you'll get blown up like a hand gernade  
I ain't afraid, I slit the devil's throat wit my switch blade

[Chorus]

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