

Skillz

"Pastor Skillz"

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"And we'd like to thank our junior ushers for doing such a wonderful job, look at 'em ... Pastor Skillz's last sermon with us today. But it's not a sad time it's a wonderful and joyous occasion. Pastor Skillz's last sermon ... Pastor Skillz."

Before our presentation
I'd like to thank the members of the congregation
For being patient
This morning I got a lil' somethin' to say
How many of y'all woke up and didn't even feel like
comin' down here?
Well, Brother James, it's a shame
I know you're sitting there, and all you're worried about
is your football game
Well, me and the Lord, we worry about some things
Like you in the parking lot, smoking on your rock
cocaine
(Say what?) Man, everybody know it
And if your mom can't read the announcements faster
I'ma hafta let her go
And Sister Alice, you late
'Cause don't think I don't see you stealin' out my
collection plate
Y'all don't hear me ... 'cause if you did, you'd pray I told
you
'Cause if you do it in the dark, it's gonna come to the
day
And Brother Todd, I know that times is hard
Ask the church for help, you ain't gotta steal money
from your job
You can't cheat, 'cause the man up above
ain't no sense stealing if ya' gonna blow it at strip clubs
An' Sister Keisha, don't look in his direction
He wouldn't be at your strip club if his wife gave him
some affection
The choir need to sing a song for y'all
This morning I need to know what is wrong with y'all
Satan's swinging his swords again
Sister Kim keyed up the door to my Benz
Now the teacher said I got to reach you

Somebody said "Pastor, teach" so I'm preach
That's what I came to do
And Lord knows, Sister Williams, we all need to pray for
you
You can't do this, I knew you was ghetto
If backsliding was a sport, you'd have a gold medal
The dinners you sold last week was cold
And the fish you fried was two weeks old
I know you did it, so go on and admit it
Half the choir ain't here, 'cause they home sick
Y'all my people, but I know ya' well
We in some troubling times, it ain't hard to tell
But some a' y'all are goin' to hell
If you keep leaving Bible study to watch Dave Chappelle
Lord knows I love ya' brothers deep
But don't sit in the pew if you been smokin' weed
I know you're saying "Pastor, "
But Lord, I'ma tell it like it GI is
And Sister Gladys, ya' need to repent
'Cause when I call your house, I hear 50 Cent
This house is in a mess
We got some problems in here that we need to address
And the ushers I shouldn't have to mention
You so busy dancing to Usher to pay attention
And Brother Wayne, you can't take the sound
You bootleggin' services and sellin' 'em downtown
What am I gonna do?
I can lead you to the door, I can't take you through
Now bear with me, it's almost over
I gotta speak on it, y'all, and get the dirt off my
shoulder
I'm a city (?), so you gotta get it clear
Deacon Smith's been having affair for twenty-two years
Some a' y'all is doin' wrong
But I'm gonna go on, I told ya' I wasn't gonna hold ya'
long
Now I ain't got much more to say
Me and Tony goin' to Shaunie's, we gonna miss the
buffet

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