

## **Da Brat F/ Mystikal**

### **"Guess My Religion"**

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Pastor:

Hey siter Bettie, sister Clara

And who is this? You new here, ain't you brother?

Willie D:

Yep

Pastor:

Well welcome to Mount Paid in Full

God sure is good, ain't he?

Willie D:

Sure is

Pastor:

Well we gonna ask you to put all you valuables in this  
here cup

And pass all your other metal objects to brother

Swaggert

You can pick em up over there on the other side

Willie D:

What, y'all having a problem with weapons or  
something in Church?

Pastor:

No, brother, it's just that Pastor Gimme don't want no  
change in the  
church

Verse 1:

Ain't that a bitch, the churchhouse getting rich

But I'm looking like dookie on a stick

As soon as I walked in, they couldn't wait

To pass that goddamned collection plate

And before I could stick my dollar in

The ushers were making rounds again

To get there I had to hitch a ride

And these motherfuckers talking about 20 percent in  
tithes

Telling me it's for the homeless, and those

With nowhere to go, but at night the church door is  
closed  
Now you can come as you are  
But you better be sharp as a tack, with a new car  
Cause if you ain't got that cash  
Watch them so-called Christians talk about your ass  
I don't give a fuck about your blessings  
You want to know my religion, why don't you guess it

Chorus: (2x)

Why's everybody keep playing with God?

Verse 2:

I gotta talk about these clowns behind the pulpit  
Cause they full of that bullshit  
It's no wonder they think they large  
With these motherfucking members treating they ass  
like God  
But they ain't God cause God loves everybody  
But Baptist preachers, they backslide  
When it comes to Muslims they ain't got no love  
Now what you motherfuckers scared of?  
That niggas will abandon your vision  
And say don't give me that old time religion  
I'm sick and tired of my homies getting killed  
And the pastor's saying that it's God's will  
Fuck the enemy, yo I don't love him  
That's why I cut for the motherfucking Muslims  
Put your hands on me and shit gets scary  
I'm a put your ass in a cemetery  
Now you'll call me Judas and say I ain't right  
But fuck you bitch, they talk about Christ  
I don't give a fuck about your blessings  
You want to know my religion why don't you guess it

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3:

Now I know why my daddy don't go no more  
The church ain't nothing but a fashion show  
They going to meet and greet and peep and gaze  
They ain't trying to get saved  
Cause if they was they'd practice what they preached  
And praise the Lord more than one day out the week  
Maybe that's why a nigga ain't repenting  
The churchhouse be having some fine ass women in it  
And that's why the preacher can't spread the word of  
the Lord  
Cause he be looking just as hard  
It's the blind trying to lead the blind  
And you wonder why niggas is so behind

I can stay my ass at the crib and watch the game  
If I want to be entertained  
Cause this shit done got out of hand  
Motherfuckers doing the bump in the choir stand  
You get mad cause I'm questioning your merit  
But goddamnit if the shoe fit, wear it  
I don't give a fuck about your blessings  
You want to know my religion why don't you guess it

Chorus (4x)

This song was inspired by all you so-called saved  
motherfuckers out there  
The ones thats backsliding  
You sinner free motherfuckers that be  
Jumping up and down in church every Sunday and shit  
getting the Holy Ghost  
But I'm a let you motherfuckers know  
If one of you hoes fall on me, I'm a knock your ass  
smooth out  
I don't give a damn, I'm straight up with it  
But some of you motherfuckers be  
Going out to the club on Saturday and shit  
And coming to church with a motherfucking hangover  
And oh yeah, all you motherfucking parents  
That's talking about Willie D is a bad influence on your  
kids  
Fuck you hoes, raise your own motherfucking kids  
I ain't no motherfucking role model  
You be your motherfucking kid's role model,  
motherfucking loser  
Yeah, just when a nigga start getting a piece of this  
apple pie  
In America, you hoes want to start lining against rap  
Smashing up tapes and shit, what you want us to do  
Start by climbing through your motherfucking windows  
In the middle of the night?  
You better speed on before you get peed on  
Now let the congregation say Amen

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