

T-bone

"Last Street Preacha"

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My lyrics phat like Don Cartagina,
you never seen a Latino Rapper pick
up tha mic and eat MCs like helatina,
from tha Bay area down to Argentina,
I be slangin' these lyrics in tha crack
houses like it was cocaine,
mira mija la firme Linya de rap familia,
no son Gallinas, killin' demons is a
mistamina, so we ain't scared of y'all,
we lived above tha law, now we got
pimps, addicts, thugs and these gustlers at tha altar
call,
praying saying things like forgive me
for my evil ways then, get off they
knees and be delivered from 12 years of blazing,
praising tha Name of Christ, ain't
scared to give to give my life away,
for tha One who died on tha cross and
saved me when my life was triff, now
it's alright, God wrote these lyrics peep the copyright,
building an army in a world that's dark
so we can bring tha light, raising
veteranos Christianos that we call Hermanos,
deadly like rattle snakes but worse
when mics are in our manos, en mi cara
no dicen nada, puro Amenasadas,
wack envoyous rappers wann bite like
thousand piranhas, I bring tha heat
like a sauna filled wit Cubana mammas from Havana,
oye como va, whe I rock like Satana.

I stay humble and meek, get on my knees
and wash my brethren's feet, you quick to speak and
judge,
I'm quick to turn tha other cheek,
forgive my foes 479x's then add 11,
just to equal 70x7, Rap Reverend,
preachin' sermons to those thug living,
killing, sinning, feeling that they could never be
forgiven,
ghetto prison is where they living so I
make isistions, cut to the heart, then operate,

tell 'em tha sons Arizona if you ain't
getting' what I be spittin', get me
grab weapon, sawed off K.J.V.,
wit 66 clips that are made for hitting,
straight to tha heart for we wrestle
not against flesh and blook, saved thug,
blastin' patnas wit God's love, pump,
pump, you get struck, when I dump, wit tha pump
sawed off,
tha old man gets hauled off, and that
preaching at its best, from tha Westside,
do or die, preachin' Christ crucified.

One of tha las street prechas left,
poet assassin, (what) scarface in tha
flesh, straight out tha West,
where they ride on they enemies,
striptease, pour out liquor for
tha diseased and jack for car keys.

What up mamma, it's tha Rap Papa,
Don Dadda, tha one who used to smoke
grama, from Nicaragua,
sip champana in tha sauna hollering
Hey Caramba, now I'm tha redeemed hoodlum
telling 'em Cristo to ama,
I'm a bring tha drama, like Tony Montana,
cuz when demons step to me they get cut
worse than shrimp at BenniHannas,
back in tha day we'ed hit weed and smoke
roaches, but we ain't no playas, tell 'em
why, we some coaches, I get ferocious,
then I bury all you cochroaches, gt bent
off tha Holy Ghost and take it by tha doses,
Bibles in my holsters, seen me on tha poster,
devil outlined in tha chalk, I walk tha
walk and talk tha talk, Jehovah knows
this, being a Christians on a day 2 day,
forget tha halfway, can't havler praise
tha Lord, then smoke and sip tha alizay,
or tangaree, or you'll get blown up like a hand
granade,
I ain't afraid, I slit the devils
throat wit my switchblade.

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