

T-Bone "Still Preachin'"

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Verse 1

Comin straight from da west coast killin field
Its the bone coloeone pimpin keep it real
Ya know the deal
Corn braids in a thug appeal
Street slang makin hits that thugs feel
Demons guard ya grill
When they in my scope aim and i shoot to kill
And haters jealous cuz im stackin hundred dolla bill
Platinum crushed ice and it's all real
Gospel hip hop got it locked still
Who you think it was sprinklin game
West coast gospel plus a brim in a cane
Street slang in a message that they couldnt contain
Tought you bout da streets and the way thatthey bang
Cocane methaphetamene, gen and tonic
Hennesy sherm chocolate tye and chronic
Bloods crip essa's M13
Piwoos soowoos damos and county blues

Chorus

Still preachin that word wit dem bangin beats
Reach thugged out folks grindin on da streets
Huslers servin cane g's pullin heat
Steadily reachin them wit da word seven days a week

Verse 2

Im still, rippin and kickin flippin spittin lyrics
That got you thinkin trippin grippin ya Bible
Diggin just to see what's written
Invision paul in the prison
Livin in the worst conditions
Make decisions
Wha convicted for the on that's arisin
See my mission is to give vision
To the one that listen
Like caticism
But to ones arrested for vadilism
Its your decision
Eternal prison
Or you can accept what the Lord has given
"what's that?"ya sins forgiven
See im tryin to get you walkin through the pearly gates
And save you from the lake of fire full of demon

snakes
"how do i do that?"
By askin the Lord to forgive you of all ya sins
And turn away from all of you wickedness and not turn
back
Start walkin on the straight and narrow
Get the word inside of ya temples
Til it swell and make ya bone marrow
No more pack in da back of a Lac
Attack, crack, smack heads wit a baseball bat
chorus

Verse 3

Still makin g music for dem cold killas
Gang bangers convict pimps players
Weed smokers and them drug dealers
Captkillers theives fellons and them go-rillas
And drug lords over seas makin big scrilla
Its still the same, ain't nuttin changed
Street raps altar calls and proclaim the name
Never ashamed of the one that was slain
Endured all the pain,
Bleeding wit nails in his hands
Just to save me from da burnin flames
Amazing grace, he took my place, payed the ransom
Then got my sins erased and now
Words can't express what i feel inside of my flesh
Every breath is givin god glory until my death
See im blessed beyind measures
Like silver and gold treasures
World pleasures
Spittin leacture to ease the world pressures
So that heathens that were thevien grieven
Can now believin
That Jesus bleedin was for a reason cuz the words im
speakin
chorus

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