

# Preach

## SonReal

Wow, I really like the beat  
I got some shit up on my chest I think it's time I preach it's time I preach  
Yea yea it's time I preach Preach  
SonReal  
PYONG! 2  
SharePlay  
Wow, I really like the beat  
I got some shit up on my chest I think it's time I preach it's time I preach  
Yea yea it's time I preach Ain't too good at this trap shit  
But I can do a backflip  
Land on my feet on the beat I don't need no tactics  
I been at this - Got tactics  
See the shit I'm doing right here that gon' get my ass around the atlas  
Everybody talking this and that about the kid but if you look a little further you ain't gotta find a  
clue  
Moment that you think you got me figured out me me figured out I be coming out the blue  
White boy with no tattoos  
I don't grip dezzy's like Papoose  
But I got bangers and that's truth  
Maybe this here moment been past due  
Skating down the street with my pants low  
I could write a hit song to a fucking banjo  
Overtop of crickets with the cowbell ringing in the back played by a drunk homie named  
Samuel  
Got one thing right sipping a little juice up on a Monday night  
Dreamt about this shit way before I ever knew we one day might  
Now I'm feeling super duper cool  
Ain't nobody used to mess with us but now they super do  
When they ask me why I do it I say I do it for you  
S'why I got up in the stu' so I could drop you something new I'm sayin'  
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White boy with no tattoos

I don't grip dezzy's like Papoose

But I got bangers and that's truth

Maybe this here moment been past due

Skating down the street with my pants low

I could write a hit song to a fucking banjo

Overtop of crickets with the cowbell ringing in the back played by a drunk homie named  
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When they ask me why I do it I say I do it for you

S'why I got up in the stu' so I could drop you something new I'm sayin'

2:

Wow, I really like the beat

I got some shit up on my chest I think it's time I preach it's time I preach

Yea yea it's time I preach Who the hellam I am I hey

Pulling out that driveway

Wrote this shit on Thursday

Put 'er out on Friday

Hold it down everywhere we go

I'm the Lost Boy Rufio

On my fucking Judge Judy flow

Calling shots from the booth in the studio

Everybody wanna get a little bit of something

When you got it how we got it when we pull it out the oven

I'm just saying how I feel I ain't searching for no lovin'

But we get it anyway fuck give ya bro a hug and/'

I'ma probably give it back like twice as hard

New flow coming off twice as odd

Probably because I had like twice the odds

Against me before I even got to write a bar

I'm going off like I said I would

Ahead of my time like ya never ever bet I would

Redefined my par so I kinda found a better good

Even a better great I even found a better excellent

Rap about my life I don't rap about theirs

Sleeping on the couch before I got upstairs

Waking up at noon playing video games

Instead of living what I'm doing with my raps right here

Up up up and I been down that futon line was true

I was bumming at my job and got adopted by my crew

I had dreams to tell my story living loving what I do

That's why I got up in the stu' so I could drop ya something new I'm saying

Wow, I really like the beat  
I got some shit up on my chest I think it's time I preach it's time I preach  
Yea yea it's time I preach Ain't nobody got nothing  
Everybody got something  
Consider this a Son thang  
Everybody go ahead and run thang and just preach  
Yea yea It's time we preach Wow, I really like the beat  
I got some shit up on my chest I think it's time I preach it's time I preach  
Yea yea it's time I preach  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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