

# Preacher's Daughter

Wu-Tang Clan

The only girl that could ever please me  
Was the daughter of a preacher man  
(2x)

Yo, pa, I got a lady, I'm 'bout to make her my baby  
Might even make a baby, the thesis makin' her crazy  
She know my style wavy, I'm circlin' her Mercedes  
Father, father was a preacher, I'm almost certain he hates me  
But he ain't gotta date me and look, his baby is grown  
And she decides on her own who resides on the throne  
I'm her king, she my queen, we keep it right in the zone  
And she understands the fact that I'm even right when I'm wrong  
When she was prayin' in church, I was playin' in dirt  
That's 100, I admit that we both was playin' at first  
When opposites attract, I ain't always sayin' it works  
I'm just sayin' ain't no use in me strayin', that make it worse  
It's Wu-Tang, baby, my crew bang  
And she's the preacher's daughter, I just call her my boo thang  
And we tighter than shoestrings, or 10 grand in rubber bands  
Man, sometimes I tell your parents just don't understand

No. yo, you mean Pastor Brown's daughter?  
The preacher, the rich slave-maker of the poorer?  
I used to see her Sundays comin' from church  
We used to kick it at her window when her pops at work  
Yo, her parents didn't play  
She couldn't even come out to play on a school day  
Thought she was gonna give me some on April Fool's day  
(But no, no way) nah, (no, no-no, no-no, no-no way)

The preacher's daughter, she an illegitimate child  
She know the word, but she be runnin' in them streets foul  
She married to a man, but she's crushin' his brother now  
See her in the market place loud and boisterous  
With tight spandex on, chokin' her oysters  
She a seductress in the form of a goddess  
Never virtuous or modest, poison the part is  
Breakin' the vessel, turn brother against brother  
Man, that's how she molest you  
That's why the preacher man prolly a mess too  
Cause the fruit that she devourin' is evil  
Never sin around righteous people  
Black widow, preacher's daughter comin' to eat you

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(4x)

I met her on the bus stop with black eyes  
That's why she said she don't fuck with black guys  
I cleaned her up, fed her all my wisdom  
Her father spit the gospel but she never caught the vision  
Brutal ass whoopins, always facin' these evictions  
So she only fuck with thugs that'll wind up in the system  
Them greasy bastards quick to squeeze a ratchet  
Never knew the science of virtue, Ecclesiastes  
Like, a time for peace, a time for war

A time to laugh though, she never felt God before  
Eternal love that'll pop like a kernel, this is grown folk talk  
Between me and her, it don't concern you

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