

# Ghetto Gospel

2Pac

Uh, hit em with a little ghetto gospel

Those who wish to follow me

My ghetto gospel

I welcome with my hands

And the red sun sinks at last

Into the hills of gold

And peace to this young warrior

Without the sound of guns

If I could recollect before my hood days

I sit and reminisce

Thinking of bliss and the good days

I stop and stare at the younger

My heart goes to em

They tested with stress that they under

And nowadays things change

Everyone's ashamed of the youth cause the truth look, strange

And for me it's reversed

We left em a world that's cursed

And it hurts

Cause any day they'll push the button

And all come in like Malcolm X or Bobby Hutton died for nothing

Don't it make you get teary

The world looks dreary

When you wipe your eyes see it clearly

There's no need for you to fear me

If you take your time and hear me

Maybe you can learn to cheer me

It ain't about black or white cause we human

I hope we see the light before it's ruined, my ghetto gospel

Those who wish to follow me

My ghetto gospel

I welcome with my hands

And the red sun sinks at last

Into the hills of gold

And peace to this young warrior

Without the sound of guns

Tell me do you see that old lady

Ain't it sad

Living out of bags

Plus she's glad for the little things she has

And over there there's a lady

Crack got her crazy

Guess who's giving birth to a baby

I don't trip or let it fade me

From out of the fryin' pan

We jump into another form of slavery

Even now I get discouraged

Wonder if they take it all back

Will I still keep the courage

I refuse to be a role model

I set goals, take control, drink out my own bottles

I make mistakes but learn from every one

And when it's said and done

I bet this brother be a better one

If I upset you don't stress never forget

That God isn't finished with me yet

I feel his hand on my brain

When I write rhymes I go blind and let the Lord do his thing

But am I less holy

Cause I chose to puff a blunt and drink a beer with my homies

Before we find world peace

We gotta find peace and end the war in the streets

My ghetto gospel

Those who wish to follow me

My ghetto gospel

I welcome with my hands

And the red sun sinks at last

Into the hills of gold

And peace to this young warrior

Without the sound of guns

Lord can you hear me speak

To pay the price of being hellbound

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