

# Ghetto Gospel.

## 2Pac

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 sounds of guns If I could recollect before my hood days

I'd sit and reminiscence thinkin' of bliss of the good days

I stop and stare at the younger my heart goes to em

Ain't tested it was stress that they under And nowadays things change

Everyone's ashamed of the youth

'Cuz the truth look strange and for me it's reversed

We left them a world that's cursed and it hurts 'Cuz any day they'll push the button and all good men

Like Malcolm X and Bobby Hutton died for nothin'

Told 'em they could 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 to hear me

Maybe you can learn to cheer me it ain't about black or white

'Cuz we're human I hope we see the light before it's ruined

My Ghetto Gospel Those who wish to follow me

(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 sounds of guns Tell me do you see that old lady, ain't it sad?

Livin' outta bags but she's glad for the little things she has

And over there there's a lady crack got her crazy

Yet she's givin' birth to a baby I don't trip and let it fade me from outta the frying 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, stay in control

Drink out my own bottles I made mistakes

But learned 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 ain't it But am I less holy 'cuz 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

(Yeah, 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 sounds of guns  
Lord can You hear me speak?  
Pay the price for being Hell bound

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