Ghetto Gospel

2.PAC

Hit 'em with a little Ghetto GospelThose 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 gunsIf 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 underAnd 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 clearlyThere'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 GospelThose 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 gunsTell 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 babyI 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 oneIf 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 itBut 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 GospelThose 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 gunsLord can You hear me speak?
Pay the price for being Hell bound

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