

Dark Side

Wheatus

Ghetto gospel, all thugs gotta pray, hear me Lord, yoIf killin' niggaz is wrong, God forgive me for my sins
And all my evil thoughts like fuckin' my girlfriends
God bless my family and the bitch I bagged in the Camry
And any extra guns that come in handyNot to play but pray for things that's corrupt
But the Lord knows this world is all fucked up
In God's eyes, every nigga is created equal
To some crackers, we evil 'cause we livin' lethalAnd anythin' we gots to get, gots to get got nigga
Even if somebody, gots to get shot nigga
Why not? A whole lot of thugs died on my block
And I see the killer's still free, so fuck copsWe got no love for the Lord, that's why we pack gats
When them shots pop, bitch cops, where They at?
Probably somewhere at Dunkin' Donuts
While black child got niggaz on the corner with they hands cuffedNow let me load my heat before I go to sleep
And pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep
'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers
And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake
Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wakeGod, please forgive me for all my sins, Lord please
Psalms 23, the Lord is my Sheppard and the gun's my weapon
Reppin' my upper sections, they blessed with protection
It's nothin' on this Earth that my soul should warnCopped a house, a big Benz, all my friends puff blunts
Nigga, we lust to bust and guns we trust
The God's copped me a path, now that's righteous
I'm tight 'cause my peeps was breathin' they last breathWhere we was, bubblin' in the valley of death
I went to jail and end up bein' the last nigga left
Now, I fear no evil and hear no evil
Just threw the silencer on my Desert EagleNigga to free my people, I'm prepared for the enemy
And thugs who won't pull out and put slugs up in me
Lord gave me the energy, now pass the Hennessy
Word to God, all y'all niggaz is gonna remember meHey, black child, black child, now let me load my heat
Before I go to sleep and pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep
'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers
And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake
Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wakeShit, if I die Lord, have mercy, street niggaz pray
Now let me hit the streets so my kids could eat
Compton, Oakland, Inglewood, long beach
All the thugs in the street got love for me
Hollis, South Side, B.K., Q.B.I don't give a fuck nigga, I die for I N C
And ride for everybody that'll ride for me
All my bitches out there that gave me slow nizzie

Make bottles of remi, keep 'em so pissy
Now let me load my heat before I go to sleep
And pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep
'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers
And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake
Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wake
Word to god, bless all my hood people, all my good
people
Alright, c'mon nigga, let's go

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