

Wheatus "Dark Side"

Visit "[Dark Side](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ghetto gospel, all thugs gotta pray, hear me Lord, yo

If 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 handy

Not 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' lethal

And 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 cops

We 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 cuffed

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

God, 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 warn

Copped 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 breath

Where 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 Eagle

Nigga 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 me

Hey, 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
wake

Shit, 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

Visit [Wheatus](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.