

2 Pac "Ghetto Gospel"

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Uh..

Hit 'em with a little ghetto gospel

[Chorus: Elton John]

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

[Verse 1]

If I could recollect before my hood days

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

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

They test, it was stress that they under

And nowadays things changed

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 nottin

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 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

[Chorus]

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 sound of guns

[Verse 2]

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, guess who's givin birth to a baby
I don't trip and let it fade me
From outta the frying pan we jumpin to 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 brotha be a better one
If I upset you don't stress
Never forget, that God hasn'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
thang
But im less holy?
Cuz I took a puff of blunt and drink a beer with my
homies
Before we find world peace
We gotta find peace and end the war on the streets
My Ghetto Gospel

[Chorus]

Those who wish to follow me (Yea, 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?

I pay the price of being hell bound!

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