

Gospel Gangstas

"Before Redemption"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, You know uh, Niggaz always ask why niggaz
bang and thangs
But uh, It ain't like a nigga bang because ain't nothin to
do out here
It's just a thang that's goin on out here
It's reality man, Your homies get smoked,
You gotta smoke some niggaz for ya homies
Y'all niggaz gon think yo hood it's some marks in yo
hood or somethin
You know what I'm sayin?
Don't need that on yo resume, Can't go nowhere, No
respect
It's all about respect out here on these streets
And by all means necessary, Niggaz gon get it
It's like all around the world it's the same song
Niggaz gettin they bang on
Straight like that, Nigga lee comin from the streets
And I don't know when my time gon be up
Cause stuff like this happen everyday, Everyday

[Sample:]

"Slip, Ay nigga, Where you from?"
"Where you from?"
"Nigga this eastside nigga, This eastside!"

[Mr. Solo:]

Shots bang like thunder, How do I keep from goin
under?
It's like a jungle sometimes, It makes me wonder
Will I ever amount to anything good?
I'm in a zoo called america, Trapped in a cage called
the hood
Where they got me actin like a beast
I'm bailin wit my khaki's creased
Ain't gots to pack a piece
I'm not a animal, But my mind is caged up
Remember days but, If I gotta go out, I'm goin out while
my gauge bust
The danger's vicious, Hard hittin for roaches
Boast of a notorious mad gangsta o.g. evil ill outlaw

Got this ak and I'm ready to spray like mace
So don't come woofin in my face
I'm ready to catch a case on you fools
So bring it on if you wanna try yo luck
On this young buck, Run up, And i'll serve ya like a
sprung cluck
How do I exit out this game bro?
I'm sick of life of a hustler, It's the everyday same old
Clockin ends and knockin skins like a player should
Down wit my gang and slangin these thangs through
the neighborhood
Everybody knows me from sockin up the o.g.
Although I'm just a b.g.
They still don't wanna see me
Cause I'm a young soldier, Handlin my business from
my shoulders
I'm waitin to catch you slippin when I'm trippin then I
stole ya
Nigga I told ya I got the boulders in the plastic baggie
I got this 44 maggie in my waist my pants is saggy
I'm a banksta wit the other gangsta soldiers in my boot
camp
The yayo's in my palm cause I'm sick of mom shoppin
wit these food stamps
If anything could help me, Well my .9 could
Even if it means sendin me to the pine wood
Hops, I'm on the block
Wit my rocks, I got my glock cocked
Cause niggaz wanna smoke me
Life ain't a joke see
I could move away, But soon i'll be comin back
That's where my family, My hood, and my money's at
What should I do?
And who can I turn to?
I got the feds on my back
Cause they know I'm sellin crack
I'm sick of bein locked up in the c.a.g.e.
So tell me who got the key and is he down to set me
free, G?
Cause any second from now, I might go crazy

[Snoop Sample:]

"Dear God, I wonder can ya save me?"

[Mr. Solo:]

I'm headed for an early grave, G
Death is tryin to phase me
I need to make a 180

[Snoop Sample:]

"Dear God, I wonder can ya save me?"

[Chille Chill:]

I'm servin at my spot clockin a fat grip
Won't catch me on the black tip
I'm catchin these niggaz slippin and let this gat spit
They smoked my loc, So I'm makin sure he dies, dies
Park the hoop around the corner, Bump a drive-by
I'm talkin about walkin up point blank range
I handle my biz, You know what time it is ain't nothin
strange
The streets is do or die, It's you or i
My gat's between ya eye
My hand's on the trigger, I figure that i'll be do, And
you'll be die
Nigga, Life is bout today, I have no dreams
My only means of survival is these dope fiends
Ya say me sellin dope is a cop-out
I tried to apply, But I'm a high school dropout
Bump rap, Fat Chill ain't the one for bummin
Plus pregnant woman equals baby comin
It's kinda hard to leave this gang alone
It's either one or the other, So I gots to get my slang on
I started wit 25 off 100, Now I'm comin up
It's 6 months later, And I'm the one that's dippin double
up
I hate seein crack babies
But when it comes to money, I get evil
Evil servant to my own people
I'm cold hearted, Tell the judge you can't half
understand
I'll serve a kid if he comes wit a dump in his hand
Man it's bad, I wanna be a good dad
I just wanna give my baby things I never had
In my heart, That's a void, I'm paranoid
If I get caught wit this dope, I'm short
Street life got a nigga goin crazy
Jackers wanna fade me
I'm too young, I ain't the one to be pushin up daisie's
But soon, I'll be in the pen locked in till I'm 80
I'll never see my baby

[Snoop Sample:]

"God, Can ya save me?"

[Tik Tokk:]

I'm mr. town, The eastside comptown loc'sta
Known to pack a strap, Beat all still call me lil holster
I'm never missin, Witness caps I'm twistin
Fact I got the strap and mr. town is on a mission
We roll's up slow and pulls the .9 out
I didn't stick around to find out

I just kept dumpin as I seen niggaz fallin
Stumblin and crawlin
My homie hit the gas, We started haulin
Back in all black wit my big mac don
Ready to get mine, Look in the rear view mirror, Tell me
what you find
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Jack behind yo lap wit my strap then jack ya grip
The streets gave me hate, So I'm givin it back
And i'd rather jack then be on short while you sittin on
facts
They say be true to the game and the game'll be true to
you
But the game got me bailin in these county blues
It's all about patrol job and ghetto swoll
Ya dope ride now locked in the hole
When I touch down
What'll become of mr. town?
Will I get my cap peeled
By vengeance of the black steel
In my face sealed
But can a nigga get some help?
Fools tryin to smoke me plus I'm thinkin of smokin
myself
What can I do? I don't have a clue
My life is through, Ain't nobody I can turn to

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