

Gospel Gangstas "Ghetto Sermon"

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My dog slipped the pistol grip,
Blasted caught him in his back and now im rappin in
front a this casket
Now you can't touch this, well, this world is cold, my
word is good as gold homies claim they homies but
they phonies 'cause they fold
Now as it's told, stroll with me down another life, hold
on tight
'cause the brightest day is your darkest night
Look to the right as you see around me or pursue you
They was pointin like they knew you, they just jackers
tryin to do you
Wait a minute, let you grab your get em up of me,
'cause aint no killin you softly
You peep they deep,
So now you gotta meets where they put em to sleep

You pulls out proof of yo decease, and wish your
enemies rest in grief
That took your homies' life away from him like a thief
Ive been to, if not worse, the same places
And conversate with killers on a first name basis
I be like word up Mike, word up, Bibles handed,
John word up, Towers handed, Chef and what's up Ron
See don't get yourself caught up in this game
'cause this game'll give you a number and snatch away
your name
But the world keeps turnin
And im on keep preachin
And the Double Gs is deacons at the ghetto sermon

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