

Gospel Gangstas

"Maybe If"

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All my life i walked, stuck in the dark
Thinkin brothers that went to church had to be marks
(??)
No hearts, though i had it twisted like french braids
It takes a man to serve God, this aint no kid's trade
I got Saved and the devil wept
I wear respect to street formances as pertainin to my
ghetto rag (??)
I was a shooter in my former life hoo-ride
Now can i make a G slide to the bright side
Mm, if anybody can do it then you can do it Tic
Well if i can do it then it's done and im a do it quick
(why) 'cause im a doer, never seen a one truer
Than me, 'cause this is O Double G now
You see, i got a question, but really you need to ask
yourself
How do you refuse to come to Christ when He can give
you help
But yet you stay, you catchin case after case
Lookin left and right, up and down, when the answer's
right in front yo face

Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)
What's crackin, step back and
Peep it like a G (like a G)
Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)
Satan tryin to twist em, dropped in the system
Let Christ set you free (set you free)

Attention, OGs open your ears up
And all busters stop up your ears so you can't hear us
'cause it's only G talk, when we talk
And by faith with deliverance how we walk
Until now ive been known to hit knees
But one time can i break it down for the Gs
I left a stain so you'll never forget my name
I worship the Slain, now all gangstas aint the same
See some bang, some slings cain, some shoot
Some fight, some pray and fast, some smoke root
Some claim Crypt, some hustler, and some buy root

Some serves Tweed, and some serves God like i do
Once was blind, but now i see, i know
I did it to greed, now freeze the Gs and blow (??)
Life into the hood, mourn for those that died
Do's a genocide, still with one to five (??)
Look at chea

Chorous

On the real though dog, i used to slang and bang
But from homie to homie, don't even try to gang
'cause one brotha be down, one brotha be suckas
And the other half bustas
Im not down with killin brothas 'cause it's killin me
And im not the one to contribute to your conspiracy
Lift your eyes, check a nize, and stop now (??)
'cause satan wanna see the dead, are locked down (??)
Or if he keep us on crack, then he got us
Knowin if we toppin the purpose, he can't stop us (??)
To pen is what i need, the truth and funk is what i get
you with (??)
The rhythm we givin, so they can learn from what we
live thru
Blacks killin blacks, blacks sellin blacks crack
Now when we gone see some unity in our community ??
When the Gs hit they knees and get they pray on
Until then homie stay strong
On the rist (??)

Chorous

Today, we done forgot about our makage as pleasure
(??)
But think bout gettin our rhine on, everybody gettin
they grind on
Men hustlin women, and women hustle men
Men hustle for skins, and women hustle for they mens
To the left, homie missed it with that set trip
In 96, half the projects read about yo chips
G wise, lets get our lives prioritised
And then start to raisin our hands, and shapin our eyes

Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)
What's crackin, step back and
Peep it like a G (like a G)
Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)
A brighter day, a better way
For you and me
Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)

What's crackin, step back and
Peep it like a G (like a G)
Maybe if, you would lift
Your eyes and see (maybe)
A brighter day, a better way
For you and me

Maybe if you'd lift your eyes and see, yeah
Maybe if you'd peep it like a G (like a G)
(O Double Gs, in the hizzouse, 9 6)
Lift your eyes and see

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