

Ricky Nelson

"Ghetto Sermon"

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[Tick Tock] *Talkin*
Ay Chill where da intro at?

[Chill] *Talkin*
Ay man, I aint even knowin
You got to get at Dub about that

[Tick Tock] *Talkin*
Ay Dub

[Dub] *Talkin*
What's up Lok

[Tick Tock] *Talkin*
You got the intro ready homie

[Dub] *Talkin*
Intro, Ay homles this is Holy Terror
The music speaks for itself

[Dub]
My dawg slipped, a pistol grip blasted
Caught em in his back and now I'm rappin infront his
casket
Now you can't just this world my word is good as gold
Homies claim they're homies but they're 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 your right as you see a brother gon persue you
They were pointin like they knew you, they just jackers
tryin to do you
Runnin at you ready to grab you, yellin get up off me
Cause ain't no killin you softly, you peep they deep
Now you got to reach to put em to sleep
You pour out brew for you deceased
And wish your ememies, rest in grief
That took your homies away from you like a thief
I been there if, not worst, the same places
And conversate wit killas on a first name bases

I be like what up Mike, what up I was handin what up
Ron
See dont get yourself caught up in this game
Cause this game will give you a number and snatch
away your name
But the world keeps turnin and I'ma keep preachin
And the Double G's be Deacons at the ghetto sermon

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