

# Gospel Gangstaz, Ghetto Sermon

[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 homies 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