

Gospel Gangstaz, Truth And Funk

you want answers ??
I think I'm entitled
you want answers ??
I want the truth !!
you can't handle the truth !!

dippin down the block, you think me got me glocked cocked
Cause the beats popped and me lyrics lick shots
at your don boy, so you can say what you want
but nevertheless the Double G's be givin 'em what they want the Truth (the funk)
the Truth (the funk)
the Truth (the funk)
we gives 'em what they want the Truth (the funk)
the Truth (the funk)
the Truth (the funk)
we gives 'em what they want
for G's and thugs I got love, no need to pop a slug
(how you war?) I pleads the Blood
fish tillin squirt, park a Chevy on the curve (??)
they open to the Word, (yeah) especially when that herb (??)

(Mr Solo)

I stays real, so they know my testimony wasnt just baloney
so now I'm prayin " Lord bless the homies "
I had to talk to my pastor before I bailed out
she told me "keep bringin hope to the streets, and don't never sell out "
how can I compromise, when I got in go pop (??)
when the only thing thats goin pop on my block is a glock
brothas drop, not knowin the purpose of the Cross
guess you can say that I'm here and servin 'stead of lost
see I ain't scared to show love to a Blood
and I show ain't scared to flip the Holy Sript wit a Crip
yo, speed broking, when Mr Solo's loc'ing (??)
I can plead the Blood, rebuking demons off of dope things (??)

(Mr Solo)

and oh yeah, Solo got love for the youth
they look for answers in music, so I fills music with truth
and they love the Homie Poet, cuz the Truth done made 'em free
so I keep comin like a G, givin 'em what they W A N T
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(Tic Toc)

they want somethin that can move 'em when they hangin the streets
and when they rollin through the hood they want the banginest beats
I keep the bass low, rattle in they trunk wit that Gospel Funk
and through they highs and millions I'm screamin " Jesus lives " (??)
once again Tic Toc is on the Reeboks
me crawl through my old hood, lookin for my old dog
most of 'em doin dirt, a lot of 'em hurt
the rest of 'em probably never step a foot in Church
so I take it on myself to bring the Church to them
I grab my Bible, bless tall in my black brim (??)
they know they chances of the Bible is slim
but they gone maze the hood, brotherhood, the only thing that raisin them (??)

he gave us hood up, but he really want Truth
bumped out, smokin on bud, wit his missin tooth
I dipped sulpher, came real, homie stop the fake (??)
he got Salvation and on top a that a proper take
(you probably don't like it when I sing it)
but the Bible brings Truth to my people, who gone bring it
if I don't be (??) dippin down the block, you think me got me glocked cocked
Cause the beats popped and me lyrics lick shots
at your don boy, so you can say what you want
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(Chille Chill)

Jesus is the Way, the Truth, the Life and I be givin it
stalkin when I walkin, not just talkin but I'm livin it
and if He be the Truth, then at lost with the funk (??)
I praise Jesus, I praise Jesus
It's many Chille Chills, but the G is till as me (??)
keepin it real, so now I'm real as real can be
told you last album "come and chill with me"
but you refused to, the devil used you
let's move to the next segment, Jesus is the Word, not crack
so now I'm sittin on fact, wit a spiritual county sack (??)
I got mine blowin on my hip thang (??)
I got 'em twiggin on what I'm speakin and once a hit main (??)
I gets 'em high off the Spirit, not bud
I got a stick a healin, let me dip it in the Blood, wrapped in love
it ain't nuttin I'm tryin to sell
freely I been givin so I'm gettin clientele
you need a dove sack a Jesus, love ya, let me bring it to ya (??)
before I left a brotha half ouse a hallelujahs (??)
a couple a hits and thinkin Jesus is a piece of herb
I grab the whole bird a word, to serve (??)
the truth, the funk, to make your bondages vanish
I give 'em what they want and then I vanish
they want the truth, the truth, the whole throughth, and nothin but the truth
(they want the funk, they want the funk, no, the funk)
they want the funk, the funk, the whole funk, and nothin but the funk
(but they won't say, they want the truth, no)
they want the truth, the truth, the whole throughth, and nothin but the truth