

1. If I could recollect a-from my hood days
I sit and reminisce, thinkin of bliss on the good days
I stop and stare at the younger, my heart goes to 'em
They tested with stress that they under
And nowadays things change
Everyone's ashamed of the youth cause the truth look, strange
And for me it's a first
We left 'em a world that's cursed, and it - hurts
Cause any day they'll push the button
And all come in like Malcolm X or Bobby Hutton died for nuttin
Don't it make you get teary, the world looks dreary
When you wipe yo' eyes see it clearly
There's no need for you to FEAR me
If you take your time and HEAR me, maybe you can learn to CHEER me
It ain't about black or white cause we human
I hope we see the light before it's ruined, my ghetto gospel

R: Those who wiiliish to follow me (my ghetto gospel)
I welcome with my haaaaaaaaaands
And the red sun sinks at last, into the hills of gold
And peace to this young warrior, without the sound
of guns

2. Tell me do you see that old lady, ain't it sad
Livin out of bags, plus is glad for the little things she, has
And over there there's a lady, crack got her crazy
Guess who's givin birth to a, baby?
I don't trip and let it fade me
From out of the fryin pan, we jump into another form of slavery
Even now I get discouraged
Wonder if they take it all back, will I still keep the - courage?
I refuse to be a role model
I set goals, take control, drink out my bottles
I made mistakes, but learned from every one
And when it's said and done, I bet there's got to be a better one
If I upset you don't stress, never forget
That God is up in this with me yet
I feel his hand on my brain
When I write rhymes I go blind and let the Lord do his, thang
But am I less holy?
Cause I chose to puff a blunt, and drink a beer with my homies
Before we find world peace
We gotta find peace within the war in the streets, my ghetto gospel

R: Those who wiiliish...