

Ghetto Gospel, Part 2

Outlawz

We gon' see if you can handle the pressure (like we do)
Serious, who get it done? (my people)
Twist it up and light it up (like me)
Then go (like me)
Go hard (like me, like me)
We gon' see if you can inspire the game (like I did)
You ain't never seen pain (like we did)
Pour it up, and drink it up (like us)
We hold (it's a must)
Go hard (it's a must)

They told me God gon' test ya
So many ups and downs
Now my texture like leather
I couldnt' settle for lesser
So I got up off my ass and got down for whatever
Everyday I see the same old bullshit
And any day now, could be the one I loose it
It's like my screws is loose
And the truth is
I'm kind of confused
I don't know what the truth is
They told me God gon' test me, I hope I pass
And get the chance to laugh last
I a rare breed
With a need for speed
And a hunger for numbers
I need to feed
Look how they seasoned me
The 'G' gene in me
It's the reason my people's believe in me
Here's to the past
My peers not with me (yess)
I pour liquor for years they spent with me

You say you want yours
Let me see you go hard homey
Otherwise you just wastin' ya time
And it's stickin'
Don't be a victim
Everybody dies by the hands of God
(ohhhhhh)
Can't nobody save 'em
Can't nobody blame when they just like we
(noooooo)
Can't nobody change 'em
Can't nobody save 'em
It's how it's gotta be

They say God gon' test ya
You fall hard, do you stand tall?
Or do you crack under the pressure?
In my own words like Pac's Resurrection
You do a U-Turn or heads in dangerous direction
The strangest confession, you do not know me
No matter how many times you niggaz press rewind and quote me
Son it's deeper then a rap song

I ain't tryna end up flat on my stomach
With half of my back gone
The pain I feel inside been passed on
Souljah to soldier everytime one of us pass on
So you ain't gotta ask what I mash for
I'm a lost soul, live and die by the code
I was taught to improvise when the funds low
Playin' hard, nigga never go gun-ho
I got one more
Little piece of advice
Don't play hard cause you playin' with yo life soldier

They say the Lord gon' test ya
Get down on ya knees my nigga
He'll definately bless ya
And I know you on some hard times
Shit only recently, I started seeing some good times
Somewhere deep in me, I kind of wanna live a good life
But all I know is traps, crack, and hood life
And they got me so gone
When I do get some money man
I spend it all on chrome
We so backwards
Niggaz take penitentiary chances, with nothing to show for it
Look... at the end of the day
If you gettin' paid
You better tuck some away
For a rainy day
Cause it is gon' rain
It's all good now
But it is gon' change
What goes up, gotta come down
Some niggaz survive
Some niggaz drown
What you gon' do?

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