

Dark Side

Wheatus

Ghetto gospel, all thugs gotta pray, hear me Lord, yo
If killin' niggaz is wrong, God forgive me
for my sins

And all my evil thoughts like fuckin' my girlfriends

God bless my family and the bitch I bagged in the Camry

And any extra guns that come in handy
Not to play but pray for things that's corrupt

But the Lord knows this world is all fucked up

In God's eyes, every nigga is created equal

To some crackers, we evil 'cause we livin' lethal
And anythin' we gots to get, gots to get got
nigga

Even if somebody, gots to get shot nigga

Why not? A whole lot of thugs died on my block

And I see the killer's still free, so fuck cops

We got no love for the Lord, that's why we pack gats

When them shots pop, bitch cops, where They at?

Probably somewhere at Dunkin' Donuts

While black child got niggaz on the corner with they hands cuffed
Now let me load my heat
before I go to sleep

And pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep

'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers

And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake

Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wake
God, please forgive me for all my
sins, Lord please

Psalms 23, the Lord is my Sheppard and the gun's my weapon

Reppin' my upper sections, they blessed with protection

It's nothin' on this Earth that my soul should warn
Copped a house, a big Benz, all my friends
puff blunts

Nigga, we lust to bust and guns we trust

The God's copped me a path, now that's righteous

I'm tight 'cause my peeps was breathin' they last breath

Where we was, bubblin' in the valley of death

I went to jail and end up bein' the last nigga left

Now, I fear no evil and hear no evil

Just threw the silencer on my Desert Eagle
Nigga to free my people, I'm prepared for the enemy

And thugs who won't pull out and put slugs up in me

Lord gave me the energy, now pass the Hennessy

Word to God, all y'all niggaz is gonna remember me
Hey, black child, black child, now let me
load my heat

Before I go to sleep and pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep

'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers

And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake

Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wake
Shit, if I die Lord, have mercy, street
niggaz pray

Now let me hit the streets so my kids could eat
Compton, Oakland, Inglewood, long beach
All the thugs in the street got love for me
Hollis, South Side, B.K., Q.B. I don't give a fuck nigga, I die for I N C
And ride for everybody that'll ride for me
All my bitches out there that gave me slow nizzie
Make bottles of remi, keep 'em so pissy
Now let me load my heat before I go to sleep
And pray to God, I don't end up six feet deep
'Cause if I die, before I wake, let me die on some papers
And all my niggaz at my wake, I said, if I die before I wake
Let me die on some papers and all my bitches at my wake
Word to god, bless all my hood
people, all my good people
Alright, c'mon nigga, let's go

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