

Ghetto Gospel 3-Sauce Walka Lyrics

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"Ghetto Gospel 3"

Ooo wee Splash
I'm just trying to raise the consciousness
Ooo wee

Lottery ticket in her hands she trying to hit that Powerball
Her father in the feds he been gone for twenty falls
It's brazy one decision will make you break twenty laws
The daughter found the lawyer appeal he wants ninety thousand (Wow)
Running in the house it ain't these ducking these cars
Boy selling fentanyl when he could've stuck with the pounds
It's a marathon, nigga not a race
But trappers forget until it's a life sentence in they face
Take your forty years with grace
Don't cooperate just face the actions of your fate
Unless you beat your case just be a made man and stay Remember
swimming by the lakes and riding four wheelers
Who ever thought those kids would be king-pins and cold killers
Alicia son died at twelve still feel his soul with us
Instead of AAU she bought lip injections and nose fillers
She outside chasing the life never at home with him
Her sister ain't an incredible mother how is they so different
Draymond Green at the pool I'm about to hoe niggas

Your big homie telling the news and he a blow sniffer
How you looking up to pussy cat with four whiskers
Every day you breathe it's a bad day bring him four snickers
Bitch she walking with no pickles
She done bought a brand new coupe for sucking popsicles
When you hear the car whistle
Switches on these Glocks turn these forty cal's to live missiles
Diamonds in this watch don't mean shit if I lose time with you
When you fly high from the flock keep that iron with you
It ain't no slipping and no falling
Everybody want to foul a player when he balling
Maybach looking like Khabib when he crawling
Where was all your numbers when ya'll needed and now ya'll calling
Time to smoke this Zion headed to New Orleans
Could've put the zion but my pimping flawless
Have you seen a millionaire become an alcoholic
Move back to public housing
They was mad when he was on but now he broke his people smiling
Ain't it sick people rather see you broke then be around it
Instead of motivate yo ass to get up and go be outstanding
Chris started a trucking business that his auntie be the accounting
Started making so much money he tried to go and buy a mountain
But one day he found something was missing and then he found it
Auntie done backdoored him and hit
For nine hundred thousand
Now his soul his crying
Why we always getting butchered by own kind
Try to support black businesses and get hit with black crime
Somebody gotta draw the black line
We out here wrassling for a belt to save mankind
Yeah I love a badass bitch and all her tan lines
Before I let a ho wife me
I'll walk in sand mines hopping off in landmines

Pan frying

Police shot an innocent throwing hands sign
Crucify Kanye on the news to keep the fans blind
Joe Biden can't tie his shoes but supposed trying to lead mine
She dedicated her life to some fools that kept her sunshine
Left her on the darkside
Her soul crying feel her tears
How long we raised to hate each other
Too many years
We glorify dope sellers not engineers
Or the working man a target to nowadays by his peers
Maybach switching gears in Miami on the pier
Have them Haitian in your bush for acting touch on the beers
Have you ever slapped a driver of a car before he steer
All through the windows trying to knock off his ear
Or did you live fear
Granny doing a yard sale price of souvenirs
Still behind on rent she ask for help nobody hear her
How she left alone when she done raised so many kids
This Sauce Ghetto Gospel this exactly how it is

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