

## GG3 Intro

Sauce Walka

(Chamberlain, he's got it)  
Ooh-wee, splash  
I'm just tryna raise the consciousness, ooh-wee

Lottery ticket in her hands, she tryna hit that Powerball  
Her father in the feds, he been gone for twenty falls  
It's brazy one decision'll make you break twenty laws  
His daughter found the appeal lawyer, but he want ninety thou', wow  
Runnin' the house, it ain't no duckin' these calls  
Boy sellin' fentanyl when he could've stuck with the pounds  
This a marathon, nigga, not a race  
But trappers forget 'til 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 swimmin' by the lakes and ridin' four-wheelers  
Who ever thought those kids would be kingpins 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 chasin' the life, never at home with him  
Her sister an incredible mother, how is they so different?  
Draymond Green at the pool, I'm 'bout to ho niggas  
Your big homie tellin' the news and he a blow sniffer  
How you lookin' up to pussy cat with four whiskers?  
Every day you breathe is a bad day, bring him four snickers  
Green Bottega boots on a bitch, she walkin' on pickles  
She done bought a brand-new coupe from suckin' popsicles  
When you hear the cops whistle  
Switches on these Glocks turn these forty-cals 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  
Ain't no slippin' and no fallin'  
Everybody wanna foul a player when he ballin'  
Maybach lookin' like Khabib when he crawlin'  
Where was all y'all numbers when we needed? Now y'all callin'  
Time to smoke this zion, headed to New Orleans  
Could've put the zion, but my pimpin' 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 smilin'  
Ain't it sick how people rather see you broke and be around it  
Instead of motivate your ass to get up and go be astoundin'?  
Chris started a truckin' business that his auntie be the accountin'  
Started making so much money he tried to go buy a mountain  
But one day, he felt somethin' was missin' and then he found it  
Auntie done backdoored him and hit for nine hundred thousand  
Now his soul cryin'  
Why we always getting butchered by own kind?  
Try to support Black business, get hit with Black crime  
Somebody gotta draw the black line  
We out here wrestlin' for a belt to save mankind  
Yeah, I love a bad-ass bitch and all her tan lines  
But before I'll let a ho wife me, I'll work in sand mines  
Hoppin' over landmines  
Robbers hit the house during breakfast, they left the pan fryin'  
Police shot an innocent student for throwin' hand signs  
Crucified Kanye on the news to keep the fans blind

Joe Biden can't tie his shoes, but 'posed to lead mine  
She gave out her life to some fools that kept her sunshine  
Left her on the dark side  
Her soul cryin', feel her tears  
How long we raised to hate each other? Too many years  
We glorify dope sellers, not engineers  
But the workin' man a target too nowadays by his peers  
Maybach switchin' gears in Miami on the pier  
Have them Haitians in your bush for actin' tough on them beers  
Have you ever slapped the driver of a car before he steer?  
Armed all through the windows tryna knock off his ear  
Or did you live fear?  
Granny doin' a yard sale, pricin' souvenirs  
Fell behind on rent, she asked for help, nobody hear  
How she left alone when she done raised so many kids?  
This Sauce Ghetto Gospel, it's exactly how it is