

Ghetto In The Sky

Master P

It's like my adversaries plottin' on my death
But I put my life in God's hands, you know
I'm thugged out for life, I'm a ghetto nigga for life
And oh, I ain't runnin' from 'No Problems'I'm just, tryin' to be stress free you know
Sometimes you just gotta sit back and oh
Hit that sass and let it just marinate you know
Get away, ya heard me?My soldiers roll with me to a place where we all can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?
My soldiers roll with me to a place where we all can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?How many tears is momma gon' cry?
How many caskets she gon' buy?
'Til we all gon' realize that we all was born to die
Niggaz standin' on corners, just to scheme and plot
Niggaz killin' up each other, for grams of rockSubconscious all of my wrongdoing that's why I pack a long gun
Niggaz fightin' every day, 'til death be the outcome
I got a foot in the grave and oh, one in the pen
Homies wishin' of a better life but it's blowin' in the windAnd I was cursed since birth 'cause I was born in the
project
Raised on powdered milk government cheese
Eggs and a county check, I hustled in hallways with no lights
Hopin' I could make it through the days and live through the nightsMy soldiers roll with me to a place where we
all can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?
My soldiers roll with me to a place where we all can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?They nailed Jesus to the cross, put my people on dope
I don't know a nigga in the project, that own a plane or a boat
See society got me fed up, brought us over here to misled usI gotta troublesome mind, I gotta troublesome soul
I been in and out of jail on probation and parole
And when I really die is they gon' steal my gold teeth?
Now who's the real animal 'em or me?And if you ready for me Lord, and I'm the next contender
I'm tryin' to change my life, see I don't wanna die a sinner
And do the police really protect and serve?
Then why it ain't no crack houses in the suburbs?My soldiers roll with me to a place where we all can just get
away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?
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get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?

My soldiers roll with me to a place where we all can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there really a place where oh, ain't no fightin', an't no
killin'?

Ain't no backstabbin', ain't no friends turnin' against each other
Ain't no racism, ain't no hate, sound like Heaven to me it's hard to find

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