Heaven

Uncle Kracker

If Heaven ain't a lot like Detroit, I don't wanna go
If Heaven ain't a lot like Detroit, I'd just a soon stay home
If they ain't got no 8 mile like they do up in the D
Just send me to Hell or Salt Lake city
It would be about the same to me
It would be about the same to me
Detroit city from the Aretha to Aliyah
To Bob Segar to Joe Louis
N' his arena an now on me
Paradise the mic of over achievers
Smokin' sewer cops bottom feeders
And parking meters a bunch of bad dudes
In the mad brew and tattoos
So think twice before you pass through
Or get clapped through wack crews get hurt
We can take you for a ride, or take you for your shirt
I did it in the Bronx, I did it in Queens
And you can see me do it, do it down in New Orleans
Fat backs and greens I'm a scene of amazement
You'll be picking all your teeth up off the fucking pavement
Is that Kracker with a C? No Kracker with a K
Kracker motherfucker all goddamn day
You could take gratiot south but that's a real rough route
You'll get found face down with your pockets hangin' out
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My name is Cowboy
My name is Cowboy
I'm, I'm, I'm goin' platinum
Back in the motherfuckin' saddle wanna battle Kid Rock
Bitch your up shits creek without a paddle
I'm no tattle 'cause I do not snitch
I lick slits n' drop cock n' twas that spit
I spit like hick's n' mix hits for flam
And that's what you call droppin' bombs

Got a bullet head dick with a 30 odd 6
And from a thousand yards I'll hit ya right in the lips, shit
Motherfuckers wanna talk about shining
Here's four fingers kiss my fuckn' diamonds
I keep climbin' but these charts ain't shit
I'm a whinini', linin' rhymin' son of a bitch
I'm the son of a shotguns unsung cry
And I'm the only MC that'll never die
'Cause if it's real you'll feel it, so check for the name
Or look for the dog with the fade in the chain, yeah
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Kracker, Kracker, Kracker, Kracker
Kracker, Kracker, Kracker, Kracker
Kracker's the name double X in size
And I reside on the side where the sun rise
See I'll never be touched because I'm out of reach
Call me Kracker just be fuckin' up spots like bleach
Worst in my division I got bitches on file
From the Mississippi river on back to Belle Isle
I got style but it doesn't show
I got more love for Detroit than you'll ever know
I know cats that sling crack and cats that scrap
Cats that bust beer bottles over baseball caps
Cats that get drunk and like to spark up skull
Cats that keep sawed offs chillin' up in the trunk
Whores and 4 4's n' scoops n' blow and fuck fay go bitch
We pound cans of Stroh's
We run the mitten from the river way up to the farms
That's why we got these fuckin' D's tattooed on our arms
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