

Gotta Make It To Heaven

50 Cent

I gotta make it to Heaven, for goin' through hell
I gotta make it to Heaven, I gotta make it to Heaven
I gotta make it to Heaven, for goin' through hell
I gotta make it to Heaven, I hope I make it to HeavenSome say, I'm paranoid, I say, I'm careful how I choose
my friends
I been to I.C.U. once I ain't going again
First Zee got murked, then Roy got murked
And homies still in the hood, why he ain't gettin' hurt?I smell somethin' fishy man it might be a rat
Damn niggaz switchin' sides on niggaz just like that
You know me, I stay wit a bitch on her knees
And get guns away in the hood like government cheeseSpray off Suzuki's eleven hundred cc's
More plate on the back, straight squeezin' a Mak
In the hood they identify niggaz by they cars
So I switch off bass to stay off the radarI ain't gotta be around to make shit hot
I send Yayo to dump 30 shots on ya block
So spray dat Tec nigga if I say get it done
An make it wet niggaz if you 'round me sonI gotta make it to Heaven, for goin' through hell
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I gotta make it to Heaven, I hope I make it to HeavenWhen I come through the hood, I don't stop to rap the
niggaz
Get close enough to smack, get it clappin' nigga
Pac tried to front so I waved the chrome on his ass
Point Blank range, I spat put a bone on his assTwo weeks later niggaz came through with Maks to lay me down
Then sprayed, I played dead the got the fuck off the ground
Out the blue, I get a phone call 50 waddup?
They sent a bitch at me I send the bitch back cut upI don't play that pussy shit, I done told you boy
Front on me, you gon meet one of my soldiers boy
'Cause Antwed shot up his mamma crib an now he in jail
Trippin' on Fliks an bogger trail, pussy in black tailPac mamma moved but she don't talk to him no more
The shells from twains 4-4, blew the hinge off her door
Without that check every month, how she gon pay for the crib
Man social service finis' come an' take dem kidsI gotta make it to Heaven, for goin' through hell
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I gotta make it to Heaven, I hope I make it to HeavenLord, grant me the serenity to accept the things, I cannot
change
The courage to change the things I can and wisdom know the difference
But A, Ade did a make you say dat
That's the pray they burn in ya head when you a case actMan I might talk to you while we up in them pens
But when we come home, dat don't mean we gon fuck an be friends
Shells smash ya head close enough to hear 'em whistlin'
Thank God they missed you, an' go grab ya pistoIn the hood niggaz runnin' 'round actin' crazy
Buyin' little air Jordan's for maybe babies
See it might be his an' it might be yours
'Cause them broads in the projects is straight up whoresMan it don't take much for you to get in them drawers
You ain't can have 'em on they back or on all fours
You ain't got to tell me, you feelin' this shit
Because I hear what I'm sayin', I know I'm killin' this shitI gotta make it to Heaven, for goin' through hell
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