

# Down Here, Up There

[Lyfe Jennings](#)

Lord, it's a constant struggle down here  
Specially when all you know how to do is hustle down here  
Lord, it's a miracle, I'm still breathing down here  
Lord, it's a battle field down here Lord, it's easy to get killed down here  
So I keep my family near me down here  
And keep my bulletproof vest on  
Thank you, Lord, for making Teflon down here 'Cause the ghetto has a way of manipulating the children  
Tricking them into believing that life has no meaning  
Down here, down here Lord, if you see my grandmother up there  
Tell her I know she's disappointed in me  
Hates to see me in and out of jail  
But tell her life ain't as heavenly here as it is up there I know it's probably lovely up there  
But tell her I ain't in no rush to get up there  
So I keep my pistols off safety  
At all cost I gotta protect and feed these babies Lately it's been hell  
Keeping my black ass from coming up there  
So I'm thankful every day and pray my enemies  
Don't roll down on me and send me kicking and screaming up there To my peoples trying to make it from down  
here  
To my peoples who done made it up there  
To my peoples trying to make it to up there  
From down here

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