

# Pearly Gates

## Mobb Deep

Yeah

Homey, if I go to Hell and you make it to Heaven  
Just get me to the gate, and I'll talk my way in  
Got a gift, I'm special with the flow I'm good  
Shit, I done talk my way out of the hood  
Now if you followed my footsteps and walked through my shoes  
You wouldn't go against me cause you know you would lose  
It's been along time comin' I done paid my dues  
Now every time I turn around it's like I'm back in the news  
I know alot of niggaz want me wearin' cement shoes  
And Uncle Tom niggaz wanna see me locked up to  
Around the same time KRS was writin' Black Cop  
I was busy tryin' to pump cracks in the black blocks  
Poppin' shit to my homeys about how my gat pop  
Got rid of that chrome thing and got back a black glock  
P ninety hold ten but I had six shots  
I used to walk around with it and risk gettin' knocked  
I bought a fresh box of bullets from Old Man Sam  
Wanted to shoot a nigga so bad it was itchin' my hand  
Some shot it out with me, and some of them ran  
And some of them dashed were good and some of them jammed  
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Shit, I done talk my way out of the hood  
Now if you take a good look and look into my face  
And if they wouldn't even dare to violate my space  
Som' I did so much dirt, I'm tryin' to clean my slate  
And ate so many niggaz food and now they want mines ate  
The dogs bark when I walk and since the souls I took  
Moms pray for me with her right hand on the good book  
Saw shots fly by me, no, I shouldn't been trippin'  
The Pulp Fiction must have been God's divine intervention  
Wouldn't thought then from that, I learned my lesson  
And clean my act up and go straight to perfection

Uncle La got knocked the feds hit it with seven  
And left me with the fifty cal and a mac eleven  
Start everything from everything from heads to the worries  
And had half the hood damn near wanted to mirk us  
Found myself askin' God what the fuck is my purpose  
You go to heaven, know I'm foul but put a good word in  
Homey, if I go to Hell and you make it to Heaven  
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Homey, if I go to Hell and you make it to Heaven  
Just get me to the gate, and I'll talk my way in  
Got a gift, I'm special with the flow I'm good  
Shit, I done talk my way out of the hood  
Now homey if I go to Hell and you make it to the pearly gates  
Tell the boss man we got beef  
And tell his only son, I'm a see him when I see him  
And when I see him, I'm a beat him like a movie  
For leavin' us out to dry on straight poverty  
For not showin' me no signs they watchin' over me  
Yo! We a new breed in two thousand six  
We don't give a fuck about that religious bullshit  
Nigga show me where the cash at  
The nice whips with the three car garage to fit them shits  
Man my life is painful, pray to angels  
I'm prayin' to myself hopin', I ain't got to spank you  
My bullets shank you, and when my guns start cuttin'  
Ain't nobody gon' save you  
In the bible times, they ain't had to deal with the shit  
We dealin' within, these survival times  
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