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
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Shit, I done talk my way out of the hood
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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