

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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