

Does Heaven Have a Ghetto?

If only you knew my life—
The essence of who I am.
My ambitions are complicated
But I am a simple man.

I was raised in the streets.
My 'hood is St. John's and 2,3.
All you see is dope fiends walking down the street,
Fiending for dope, money, and something to eat.

The world is convinced they know me.
I've been captured, shot, and framed.
They have crucified and analyzed,
Sacrificed and gamed me.

Through all this, no one can phase me.
Because I still have my son,
And that love never fades.

Life brings you in and
However you play it,
Life will take you out.

It's just a game really.
You gotta learn how to play it.

God forgive me for my sins.
I wonder if Heaven has a Ghetto
And will they let me in?
Tomorrow is not promised 2 us.
Today is hard enough.

Hell ain't shit compared to life—
Protect me God it's rough.
If I should die b4 I wake,
tell the world I came and went,
my last wordz here was
'Fuck the world'—
Be strong and represent.