

Lyfe, Down Here Up There

Lord, its a constant struggle (down here)
Specially when all you know how to do is hustle (down here)
Lord, its a miracle I'm still breathing (down here)
Lord, its a battlefield (down here)
Lord, its 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 its 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 got to protect and feed these babies
Lately it's been hell
Keeping my black ass from coming (up there)
So I'm thankful everyday
And pray my enemies, don't roll down on me
And send me kicking and screaming (up there)

ohhhhh ohhhhhh yeah ohhhhh ooo ohhh hmmmmmm

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)