

Master P, Ghetto In The Sky

It's like my adversaries plottin on my death
But I put my life in God's hands, y'know
I'm thugged out for life, I'm a ghetto nigga for life
and uhh.. I ain't runnin from no problems
I'm just, tryin to be stress free y'know
Sometimes you just gotta sit back and uhh..
hit that sess and let it just marinate y'know
Get away, ya heard me?

My soldiers roll with me
To a place, where we all,
can just get away
Is there a ghetto in the sky? Is there a ghetto in the sky?
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How many tears is momma gon' cry, how many caskets she gon' buy
til we all gon' realize that we all was born to die
Niggaz standin on corners, just to scheme and plot
Niggaz killin up each other, for grams of rock
Subconscious all of my wrongdoing that's why I pack a long gun
Niggaz fightin everyday, til death be the outcome
I got a foot in the grave and uhh, one in the pen
Homies wishin of a better life but it's blowin in the wind
And I was cursed since birth cause I was born in the project
Raised on powdered milk government cheese, eggs and a county check
I hustled in hallways with no lights
Hopin I could make it through the days and live through the nights

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They nailed Jesus to the cross, put my people on dope
I don't know a nigga in the project, that own a plane or a boat
See society got me fed up (fed up)
Brought us over here, to misled us
I gotta, troublesome mind, I gotta, troublesome soul
I been in and out of jail on probation and parole
And when I really die is they gon' steal my gold teeth?
Now who's the real animal - dem or me?
And if you ready for me Lord, and I'm the, next contender
I'm tryin to change my life, see I don't wanna die a sinner
And do the - police, really protect and serve?
Then why it ain't no crack houses, in the suburbs?

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Is there really a place where uhh
ain't no fightin, ain't no killin, ain't no backstabbin
Ain't no friends turnin against each other
Ain't no racism, ain't no hate
Sound like heaven to me, huh
It's hard to find