

Master P, Is There Heaven 4 A Gangsta?

Hah, light ya lighta Damn, I done did some messed up stuff
Rest in peace Tupac I wonder this my last weed I'ma smoke
This for all my dead homies My last time ridin up in a fixed up car
Another soldier gone with gold plates
Unhhhhhhh My last bitch I'ma fuck, is this the end?

Is there a heaven 4 a gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, UHHHHH!
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Is there a heaven 4 a gangsta

Grew up in the ghetto, raised by killers T-R-U 'cross my stomach
Yo' neighborhood thug nigga, tryin to make it
Out this fucked up environment
Where niggaz die tryin to make a dollar outta fifty cents
The ghetto got me crazy, I smell daisies
But I can't die tonight my old lady's pregnant with a baby
Tupac said there's a heaven foe a G
But I wonder if there's a restin place for killers and gangsta niggaz like me
Me fucked never lost my life and sold my soul to the devil
I hope I die in my sleep but the noise it's gonna be a one-eighty-seven
Ain't no turnin back I'm strapped with two chrome gats
I see death around the corner (damn, run) my time to go I'm ready to black
Cause I'ma soldier, gone off that doja
Ain't no cryin at my funeral I lived life to the fullest as a high roller
So when I die, put me in a pine box
Bury me like a G two glocks and a fuckin bag of rocks
And open up clouds for these strangers
Before you take me Lord tell me

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Look into the eyes of a killa, neighborhood drug dealer
From ghetto, hero swore he wouldn't be the next nigga
to lose his life in this dope game cocaine
He told me don't trust nobody; his best friend was the trigga man
I see tears in his sista and his momma eye
His old lady stare at the casket askin God why
The church is full of killers, and drug dealers
Bangers, and motherfuckin cap peelers
Six of his homies carried him to the hearse
First time that he even been to church
Damn, now he's in the dirt
Pourin out beer for my dead homey
A bunch of rest in peace t-shirt with his motherfuckin picture on it
This nigga lived fuckin rowdy, and if he gotta die
he don't give a fuck cause this nigga, been BOUT IT

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This goes out to all y'all motherfuckin soldiers
True niggaz, high rollers, No Limit niggaz, gangstas
Caviar niggaz, niggaz that dyin with motherfuckin badges on they casket
Niggaz that's dyin in this rap game
All y'all real niggaz
Or should I say this new wave, dope game
Y'all feel this, all y'all niggaz dyin in the pen
All y'all real niggaz that lost niggaz
I'ma strike y'all nigga with some game
All y'all real bitches that lost niggaz
Ain't nuttin mo' precious than life
Gangsta niggaz and gangsta bitches

Gangsta niggaz in the Ward, Baton Rouge
Go pout some beer out for y'all thug niggaz
All y'all niggaz on Death Row
Lake Charles, Shreveport, New Mexico
R.I.P. nigga
Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, Atlanta

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Indiana
fades