

# Going Through Hell

Rittz

Driving Cadillacs through the ATL  
Trying to make it to Heaven  
So I'm going through Hell  
Nobody knows my pain  
So my cup is full  
I'm trying to make it to Heaven  
So I'm going through Hell

Fucked up as a kid, never finished school  
Dad was never home, Mom was miserable  
They just got divorced, the Cosmic Boys  
Argue for some drugs, learn to pass some Like Lorena's course, years were flying by  
Homie's back in jail, I am not surprised  
They gave him a second chance, caught his final strike  
He probably gon' die inside, they just gave him life  
When life's unstable I, try to pray but my  
Prayers ain't gettin' heard, and I keep begging to God  
To show me a way my boss just fired me from a job  
Afraid I'ma lose my ride, my payments are way behind  
I'm back to selling pills, scared of going to jail  
Fighting with my girl, things are looking bad  
I'm thinking she's fucking her ex and I just whooped his ass  
My knuckles are bleeding all over the dash in my Cadillac

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Hoping that we can meet relief  
Try to envision the future but how can I possibly succeed  
My dreams are bleak, I need to go to church  
Hate when people preach, faithfully believe in Jesus  
Recently The Devil won't leave me be  
My lady just told me she pregnant and begging that we can keep  
The baby that she conceived  
And wouldn't consider it, told her we gotta get rid of it  
Why are you tripping and acting like you don't remember what we agreed  
Was thinking about myself, selfish and overwhelmed  
I just paid to kill my own one child  
The guilt was setting in, I felt like filth  
These people picked and then decide to spill and saying I'm going to Hell  
But I was just a child, cloudy memory  
Some mistakes you make in life were meant to be  
But shit'll come to pass, sip and bumping cash  
Reminiscing 'bout the past in my Cadillac

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