

# Gotta Make It to Heaven

50 Cent

I gotta make it to heaven, for going through hell  
Gotta make it to heaven, gotta make it to heaven  
I gotta make it to heaven, for going through hell  
Gotta make it to heaven I hope I make it to heaven

Some say I'm paranoid I say I'm careful how I choose my friends  
Been to ICU once I ain't going again  
First Zee got murked, then Raw got murked  
An homies still in the hood, why he ain't getting hurt  
I smell somethin' fishy man it might be a rat  
Damn niggaz switchin sides on niggaz just like that  
U know me, I stay wit a bitch on her knees  
An get guns away in the hood like government cheese  
Spray on Suzuki's eleven hundred cc's  
More plate on the back, straight squeezing a Mak  
In the hood they identify niggaz by they cars  
So I switch up whips to stay off the radar  
I ain't gotta be around to make shit hot  
I send Yayo to dump 30 shots on ya block  
So spray dat Tec nigga if I say get it done  
An make it wet niggaz if you round me son

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When I come through the hood, I don't stop the rapping niggaz  
Get close enough to smack, get it clappin nigga  
Pac tried to front so I waved the chrome on his ass  
Point blank range I span put a bone on his ass  
Two weeks later niggaz came through with Maks to lay me down  
Then sprayed I played dead and got the fuck off the ground  
Out the blue I get a phone call, 50 what up?  
U send a bitch at me I send the bitch back cut up  
I don't play that pussy shit, I done told you boy  
Front on me, you gon meet one of my soldiers boy  
Cause Entwain shot up his mamma crib an now he in Jail  
Trippin on Fliks an bogger trail, pussy in black tail  
Pack mamma moved, but she don't talk to him no more  
The shells from twains 4-4, blew the hinge off her do'  
Without that Tec every month how she gon pay for the crib  
Man social service finis' come and take dem kids

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Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I can not change, the courage  
to change the things I can, but wisdom to know the difference  
But A, Ade did a make you say dat I say dat  
That's the credit put in your head when you a case act  
Man I might talk to you while we up in the Penz  
But when we come home, dat don't mean we gon fuck an be friends  
Shells smash ya head close enough to hear 'em whistling  
Thank god they missed you, an go grab ya pistol  
In the hood niggaz runnin round actin crazy  
Buyin little air Jordan's for maybe babies  
See it might be his, an it might be yours  
Cause them broads in the projects is straight up whores  
Man it don't take much for you to get in them draws  
You ain't can have 'em on they back or on all fours  
You got to tell me, you feelin this shit  
Because I hear what I'm sayin I know I'm killin this shit

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