

# Heaven 4 A Gangsta

TRU

Is there a heaven for a gangsta gangsta gangsta ughh 2x  
Is there a heaven for a gangsta

Grew up in the ghetto raised by a killa  
Tru across my stomach  
Your neighborhood thug nigga  
Trying to make it out this fucked up environment  
Where niggaz die trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents  
The ghetto got me crazy  
I smell daisies  
But i can't die tonight my old lady pregnant with a baby  
2pac said is there a heaven for a g  
But i wonder if there's a resting place for killas and gangstas like me  
Been fucked up for most my life  
Done sold my soul to the devil  
I hope i die in my sleep i know it's gonna be a 187  
Ain't no turning back i'm strapped with 2 crome gacks  
I see death around the corner  
My time to go i'm ready black  
Cause i'm a soldier gone off that douja  
Aint no crying at my funeral i lived life to the fullest a high roller  
So when i die put me in a pine box  
Bury me like a g 2 glocks and a fucking bag of rocks  
And open up clouds for a stranger  
Before you take me lord tell me

Just a young nigga addicted to fast cars fast money and fast bitches  
Git me blasting til it's the mothafucking last nigga  
Its gone be hard trying to get to heaven cause my life is mostly marred  
All i see is 2 levels and 187 sell a nigga ??  
So living gangstafied and gang banging  
You know just imaging niggaz be acting bad up there  
If they had a heaven for a gangsta  
Block parties all days til we get tired, free sex like the sixties  
Nigga drinking up on some forties, nigga pumping up on some swishies  
Dice game every hour  
For the gangstas money and power  
Rewards for niggaz that's bout it  
Extra time for busters and cowards  
Cause every nigga on the block i know  
Will be living in mansions and riding old school  
If i was born to be the fucking president  
Everythin i ride would be on some gold shoes  
Is there a heaven for a gangsta i can't wait  
Even have some bitches crying trying to get into the gate

Is there a heaven for a mothafucking gangsta ass nigga like me ( i doubt it)  
Cause niggaz like me down south (new orleans) stay bout it  
Swamp niggaz,  
Tru soldiers  
Fill your head with lead  
I ain't scared to die i'll smoke your ass like douja  
Retaliation is a must so i bust  
Your ass be on the run i can't keep bullets up in my fucking gun  
They ask me why am i so sick,  
Its because of my click  
Full of murders and robbers, rehabilitated convicts

Rest in peace to all my fucking dead niggaz that took the stand  
Lord forgive me but i know i'm going to hell man  
I walk the streets with my converse, khakies and my chrome gack  
Pockets full of drug money and crack, heroin  
Will i ever see the man upstairs i know my chances are slim  
Cause god don't want no killas standing next to him  
So i'm a hustle and sell my d (dopeman)  
But i wonder is there a heaven for a gangsta nigga like me