

Heaven

Uncle Kracker

If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit
I don't wanna go
If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit
I just a soon stay home
If they ain't got no Eight Mile
Like they do up in the D
Just send me to Hell or Salt Lake City
It would be about the same to me
It would be about the same to me

Detroit city
From Aretha to Aaliyah
To Bob Segar to
Joe Louis n' his arena and now me
Paradime the mic of overachievers
Smokin sewer caps bottom feeders and parking meters
A bunch of bad dudes in the mad brew and tattoos
So think twice before you pass through
Or get clapped through whack crews get hurt
We can take you for a ride (ride)
Or take you for your shirt (shirt)
I did it in the Bronx, I did in in Queens
And you can see me do it, do it, down in New Orleans
Fat backs and greens
I'm the scene of amazement
You'll be picking all your teeth up from the fuckin pavement
Is that Kracker with a C
No Kracker with a K
Kracker mother fucker all God damn day
You could take Gratiot south, but that's a real rough route
You'll get found face down with your pockets hangin out

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My name is...
My name is...
I'm going platinum
Back up in the mother fuckin saddle
You wanna battle Kid Rock bitch
Your up shit's creek without a paddle
I'm no tattler because I do not snitch
I lick clits n' drop cock n' twats that spit
I spit like hicks and make hit's for flom
And that's what you call droppin bombs
Got a bullet head dick with a thirty aught six
And from a thousand yards I'll hit ya right in the lips...shit

Motherfucker's wanna talk about shining
Here's four fingers kiss my fuckin diamonds
I keep climbing, but these charts ain't shit
I'm a whinin, linin, rhymin, son of a bitch
I'm the son of shotguns unsung cry
And I'm the only MC that'll never die
Cause if it's real you'll feel it so check for the name
Or look for the dog with the fade in the chain
Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaahhhhhh

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Kracker's the name double X in size
And I resid on the side were the sun rise
See I'll never be touched because I'm outta reach
Call me Kracker just be fuckin up spots like bleach
Worst in my division I got bitches on the file
From the Mississippi River on back to Belle Isle
I got style, but it dosn't show
I got more love for Detroit then you'll ever know
I know cats that sling crack and cats that scrap
Cats that bust beer bottles over baseball caps
Cats that get drunk and like to spark up skull cats
They keep sawed off chillin up in the trunks
Whores an 44's, scoops n' blow Faygo bitch
We pound cans of Stroh's
We run the mitten from the river way up to the farms
That's why we get these fuckin D's tattooed on our arms

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