

Where Was Heaven

Wu-Tang Clan

Shit, sometimes man I just,
get stressed out I be like damn yo,
I wanna go over here and smack a nigga up
you know what I'm sayin'
Crime Syndicate shit though niggaz know us
Know what I'm saying my peeps put me on
For real ... shit's fucked up yo
You know what I'm saying religion's all good
But where was heaven? Yo

An ordinary cat from outta projects
Since I was younger though
Mom raised her children
Pops dipped a long time ago
In my mind I see flashbacks
I had no fancy clothes
Skinny, ugly, notty head nigga crying with a snotty nose
Even though my father neglect he pay the child support
Hadn't seen him all these years
I hug his ass in court
Always saying I'm coming to get you and I be waiting to
Holiday and birthday presents was never coming through
'Member at the age 13 I started smoking weed
Hangin' out wid cats that was older start to run the street
Dropped outta high school selling drugs, impressing chics
Spent most my cheddar on gear
My man was buying whips
New York, Jamaican, Miami niggaz
Flooded Virginia quick
Cause signing work only if buying
pressure was high as shit
'Member when I first got hit
I seen the iron spit
50 cash bend in one corner bleeding where pellet hit
My man Shawunny Hill doing strong
Slug burnt through his lower back side
Cracked his spine exit his arm
Lost him twice on the hospital table
And when he died I cried my eyes out
I couldn't take it (damn damn)
But the same things continued to happen
Niggaz got bust
I'm a kid with a grown man's mind turning corrupt
Playing innocent infront of my elders
I was running with them cats that be robbing to awkward (man tell 'em)
If my name was up in any type trouble
My moms would tell me
Just like you brothers into some shit go get a job or something
Just a little bum on the street
Not working hard for nottin'
Scratch I made whenever pumping
I'm here to offer something
Making sure the crib stay tight
For real I weren't no dummy
Simmy where you gettin' this money
I wash a car be lying
Saying anything 'sides drugs selling

My sister seen me on the block
Transact with fiends saying I'ma tell it
Growing up was hell no doubt
I wonder where was heaven

For real though,
Always look for that place call heaven,
It's never there,
I seen my man's an' 'em gets... just get blasted
on the block,
Know what I'm saying?
I go in the crib I got stains all over my shirt
Know what I'm saying?
And my mom's knew the type of shit I was going through
Cause I was a project kid

Now I'm a grown man
Still It's like life dealt me the wrong hand
Cat's that was my man be frontin'
Or either found dead
Sound said incarcerated just turned a new dad
Remembering them long ten months from slengin' crack bags
Mom put me out with the quickness
Carry your black ass
I'm still coming back to the crib
Oh so you back here
Ma I jut came to holler to see how you doing
Nothing's changed after all these years
Still hustle for some gear
Smoke weed, still drink beers
I tell you from my heart
Yo, times I'm like yeah

I wonder if heaven has a place on this planet
I'd find it right there.

Just a kid though,
All I wanna roll wid