

(Hook)

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

(50 Cent)

Some say I'm paranoid I say I'm careful how I choose my friends
I been to ICU once I ain't going again
First Zee got murked, then Roy got murked
And 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
And get guns away in the hood like government cheese
Spray off 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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(50 Cent)

When I come through the hood, I don't stop to rap the 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 spat put a bone on his ass
Two weeks later niggaz came through with Maks to lay me down
Then sprayed I played dead the got the fuck off the ground
Out the blue I get a phone call 50 waddup? They sent 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 Antwed shot up his mamma crib an now he in jail
Trippin on Fliks an bogger trail, pussy in black tail
Pac mamma moved, but she don't talk to him no more
The shells from twains 4-4, blew the hinge off her door
Without that check every month how she gon pay for the crib
Man social service finis' come an take dem kids

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(50 Cent)

Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change the courage
to change the things I can, & wisdom know the difference
In AA they make you say dat
Thas the pray they burn in ya head when you a case act
Man I might talk to you while we up in them pens
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 drawers
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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