

## Down Here Up There

Lyfe Jennings

Lord, it's a constant struggle (down here)  
Specially when all you know how to do is hustle (down here)  
Lord, it's a miracle - I'm still breathing (down here)  
Lord, it's a battefield (down here)  
Lord, it's easy to get killed (down here)  
So I keep my family near me (down here)  
And keep my bulletproof vest on  
Thank you, Lord, for making teflon (down here)  
'Cause the ghetto has a way of manipulating the children  
Tricking them into believing that life has no meaning  
Down here, down here  
Lord, if you see my grandmother (up there)  
Tell her I know she's disappointed in me  
Hates to see me in and out of jail  
But tell her life ain't as heavenly here as it is (up there)  
I know it's probably lovely (up there)  
But tell her I ain't in no rush to get (up there)  
So I keep my pistols off safety  
At all cost I got to protect and feed these babies  
===As they lay, it's been hell  
Keeping my black ass from coming (up there)  
So I'm thankful everyday  
And pray my enemies, don't roll down on me  
And send me kicking and screaming (up there)

Ohhhhh, ohhhhhh, yeah, ohhhhh, ooo, ohhh, hmmmmmmmm

To my peoples trying to make it from (down here)  
To my peoples who done made it (up there)  
To my peoples trying to make it too (up there)  
From down here