

# Is There a Heaven 4 a Gangsta?

Master P

Hah, light ya lighta  
Damn, I done did some messed up stuff  
Rest in peace Tupac  
I wonder this my last weed I'ma smoke  
This for all my dead homies  
My last time ridin up in a fixed up car  
Another soldier gone  
with gold plates  
Unhhhhhhh  
My last bitch I'ma fuck, is this the end?

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Grew up in the ghetto, raised by killers T-R-U 'cross my stomach  
Yo' neighborhood thug nigga, tryin to make it  
Out this fucked up environment  
Where niggaz die tryin to make a dollar outta fifty cents  
The ghetto got me crazy, I smell daisies  
But I can't die tonight my old lady's pregnant with a baby  
Tupac said there's a heaven foe a G  
But I wonder if there's a restin place for killers and gangsta niggaz like me  
Me fucked never lost my life and sold my soul to the devil  
I hope I die in my sleep but the noise it's gonna be a one-eighty-seven  
Ain't no turnin back I'm strapped with two chrome gats  
I see death around the corner (damn, run) my time to go I'm ready to black  
Cause I'ma soldier, gone off that doja  
Ain't no cryin at my funeral I lived life to the fullest as a high roller  
So when I die, put me in a pine box  
Bury me like a G two glocks and a fuckin bag of rocks  
And open up clouds for these strangers  
Before you take me Lord tell me

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Look into the eyes of a killa, neighborhood drug dealer  
From ghetto, hero swore he wouldn't be the next nigga  
to lose his life in this dope game cocaine  
He told me don't trust nobody; his best friend was the trigga man  
I see tears in his sista and his momma eye  
His old lady stare at the casket askin God why  
The church is full of killers, and drug dealers  
Bangers, and motherfuckin cap peelers  
Six of his homies carried him to the hearse  
First time that he even been to church  
Damn, now he's in the dirt  
Pourin out beer for my dead homey  
A bunch of rest in peace t-shirt with his motherfuckin picture on it  
This nigga lived fuckin rowdy, and if he gotta die  
he don't give a fuck cause this nigga, been BOUT IT

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This goes out to all y'all motherfuckin soldiers  
True niggaz, high rollers, No Limit niggaz, gangstas  
Caviar niggaz, niggaz that dyin with motherfuckin badges on they casket  
Niggaz that's dyin in this rap game  
All y'all real niggaz  
Or should I say this new wave, dope game  
Y'all feel this, all y'all niggaz dyin in the pen  
All y'all real niggaz that lost niggaz  
I'ma strike y'all nigga with some game  
All y'all real bitches that lost niggaz  
Ain't nuttin mo' precious than life  
Gangsta niggaz and gangsta bitches  
Gangsta niggaz in the Ward, Baton Rouge  
Go pout some beer out for y'all thug niggaz  
All y'all niggaz on Death Row  
Lake Charles, Shreveport, New Mexico  
R.I.P. nigga  
Mississippi, Texas, Alabama, Atlanta

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Indiana  
[fades]