

# 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 in front 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