

Wu-Syndicate "Where Was Heaven"

Visit "[Where Was Heaven](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* - a different version is on The Swarm Vol. 1

[Myalansky]

This goes out to all my cats in the projects
Just livin it, still livin it
Thru the rough times and the bad times,
the crimes, where was heaven
Must be somewhere here, though, for real
I never seen the place
Maybe some place you got when you die

An ordinary cat from outer 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, knotty 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 comin to get you and I be waitin too
Holiday and birthday presents was never comin
through
Remember at the age 13 I started smokin weed
Hanging out with cats that was older, start to run the
street
Dropped out of high school selling drugs, impressin
chicks
Spent most my cheddar on gear, my man was buyin
whips
New York, Jamaican, Miami niggaz, flooded Virginia
quick
Cause signin work only if buying, prices was high as
shit
Remember when I first got hit, I seen the iron spit
50 cash bent in one corner bleeding where pellet hit
My man Shawn, he held on strong
Slug burn through his lower back side, crack 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 too, I
couldn't 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
nothing
Scratch I made when I was pumpin, I'm here to offer
somethin
Making sure the crib stay tight, for real I wasn't no
dummy

Tell me where you getting this money, I wash a car be
lying
Saying anything 'sides drugs selling, my sister seen
me on the block
Transact' with fiends, be saying I'ma tell it
Growing up was hell no doubt, I wonder where was
heaven

(women singing in the background)

Shit, it's like yesterday, you know?
It all comes back though, but still
But still livin on the block, but still fucked up
You know? Crime affiliated, Crime Syndicate
Whatever you wanna call it
You know what I'm sayin? Affiliated with the bad shit
All the time just 'cause I'm a victim of the projects

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 slingin 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? yeah
Ma' I just 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

(women start singing again)

I wonder if heaven was a place in this planet
You'd find me right there.

Where was heaven.

Visit [Wu-Syndicate](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.