

2 Pac

"I Wonder If Heaven's Got A Ghetto"

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I was raised a little young nigga doin' bad shit
Talk much shit, cause I never had shit
I can remember bein' whooped in class
And if I didn't pass momma would whoop my ass
Was it my fault poppa didn't plan it out?
Broke out left me to be the man of the house.
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit
Found a block, got a glock, and I clocked grip
Makin G's was my mission
Movin enough of this shit to get my momma out the
kitchen
And why must I sock a fella
Just to live large like Rockafella
First you didn't give a fuck, but you learnin now
If you don't respect our town, then will burn you down
God Dam, it's a mutherfuckin riot
Black people on a rage, police so don't try it
If your not from the town, then don't pass through
Cause some O G's, fools might blast you
It ain't right but it's long overdue
We can't have peace, till the niggas get a piece too
I want G so you labeled me a criminal
And if I die, I wonda if heaven's got a ghetto.
I wonder if heaven's got a ghetto
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I wonder if heaven's got a ghetto
I wonder if heaven's got a ghetto
Here on earth
Tell me whats a black life worth
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts
And even when you take the shit
Move cowards get a lawyer, you can shake the shit
Ask Rodney, Natasha, and many more
It's been goin on for years, theres plenty more
When they ask me when will I violence cease?
When your troops stop shootin niggas down in the
streets
Niggas had enough, time to make a difference
Bear witness on are own business
fuck the gaurd cause it's hard tryin to make ends meet
But we couldn't afford the shit, now everythings free
So we loot, please don't shot when ya see

I'm takin from them, cause for years they would take
from me
Now the tables are turned around
You didn't listen until the nigga burned it down
Now Bush can't stop the hit
I predict the shit, in 2pacalypse
And for once I was down with niggas
Felt good in the Hood, being around the niggas yeah
And the first time everybody let go
The streets is death row
I wonda if heaven's got a ghetto.
(Chorus)
I see no changes, all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgraced races
We under, I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people they'll be actin right
Cause both black and white is smokin crack tonight
And the only time we deal is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
Although it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready to have a black president huh
And ain't a secret don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
I wake up in the mornin, and ask myself
Is life worth livin ,should I blast myself
I'm tired of being poor and even worse, I'm black
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull a trigga, kill a nigga , he's a hero
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas
Rather be a dead then a po' nigga
Let the lord judge the criminals, and If I die
I wonda if heaven's got a ghetto.
(Chorus until it fades out)

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