

## Delerium

### "Heaven Is So Close"

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Lord, have mercy (try to sleep) Heaven is so close  
(But with all this bloodshed and letdowns)  
When you born and die and live in the ghetto  
(Just won't let me sleep, but it's one thing)  
Heaven is so close (that's gotta smile on my face)  
When you born and die  
(Now I know heaven is so close, so close)  
And live in the ghetto (just listen to me)

[Mr. Serv-On]

If murder is hereditary, then dyin young is my destiny  
Fuck doin time for felonies, the hell for what ya tellin  
me  
It's what I'm seein, believin it's a better side  
All I'm seein is my genocide, suicidal thoughts  
Brought my mamma broken hearts  
I threw a jack at niggaz, and drinkin liquor  
To help me see God quicker  
All it did was have me mad to hear my daughter call  
me Mr.  
Her mamma shoulda taught her better  
Now I'm writin Dear God letters  
Askin how my cousin went from makin hella Gs through  
the years  
To doin \$30 hits and alcoholic tears  
Fears from these streets scared me  
I decided a long time ago, to let the Lord guide me  
Through this optimism, kids dyin, I don't know  
I guess I miss em, like lil James Darby  
And Lil Mann out the projects  
Never got to see they happy years, all they felt  
Was the blast from a lost tear, and last year  
The nation felt shame, but only they mothers felt the  
pain  
To hear the Lord call they name  
This game has got me feelin like I'm losin all my sanity  
At times I think the world is blamin me  
But I ain't lettin em get me down  
I'm keepin my head up cause I know I got a dosage  
Heaven is so close

Chorus (2X): Heaven is so close  
(Now I lay me down to sleep)  
When you born and die and live in the ghetto  
(I pray the Lord my soul to keep)  
Heaven is so close  
(And if I should die before I wake)  
When you live and die and live in the ghetto  
(I pray the Lord my soul to take)

[Master P]  
Bill Clinton, you gon feel me  
Takin welfare from ghetto children  
That's why every hood infected and lookin blurry  
I mean every homie I know in the dope game  
We sell it, but who make cocaine?  
Artificial contaminated  
My little homie lost his life for rims that was gold plated  
211 ain't nothin but robbery  
187 ain't nothin but a hobby  
In the ghetto, death is like a ??? cheese  
I mean yo best friend turn into yo enemy  
Lord knows, I don't wanna die young  
Earth is hell, heaven is eternal sun  
Bury me a G, fuck dyin poor  
The hood got me trapped, I'm a victim of this ghetto  
Mouth full of cooked rocks, standin on the block  
100 Gs, two keys, runnin from crooked cops  
I done seen little kids lose they life  
I done seen niggaz mammas smoke the pipe  
I done grew up with killas, my brother died a drug  
dealer  
Like Spice 1 say, even young niggaz  
Die in the ghetto  
You never know when it's yo time, or my time to go

Chorus (2X) Silkk- Man, whattup dawg, I found out  
None of us can cheat death  
No point in ?fakin it out?  
See, I was born hustlin  
Ain't no way for us out here  
In the streets to get off  
But, uh, judgement comes for all of us  
And when it's yo time to go  
Can you go clear conscience?

[Silkk]  
See they often told me heaven was close  
But I think it's even closer, look  
It ain't no fun to have yo name on wanted posters, look  
See I ain't got time for bitches  
I keep my hand on my 9, and keep my mind on my  
riches

It's a everyday struggle, everyday hustle  
Tryin to make bank  
I went to jail for a couple of months  
And I had some time to think  
See I really can't take it  
Everybody changed up at the last minute to go to  
heaven  
They ain't gon make it  
The government ain't got no love for none of us  
God, you gotta understand, just think if you was one of  
us  
I be forever ballin in my sleep  
Be countin, thinkin, of ways to get out, it's just too deep  
I seen so many things and wonder, "Why me?"  
I pray to God let my mom die before I  
She pray to God, "Don't let my son die before me"  
And I wonder, if it's low  
They say heaven is a million miles away  
But to Silkk it seem so close

[Master P and Mr. Serv-On]  
Heaven is so close when you born and die and live in  
the ghetto  
Heaven is so close when you born and die and live in  
the ghetto  
(yeah, you know what I'm sayin?)  
This goes out to all my dead homies out there  
(I know how it is up there, you know what I'm sayin?)  
You see what I'm sayin? (no red or blue, no black or  
white  
we all the same up there, fool) Sometimes they point  
the finger  
at us ghetto people (you know this go out to all my little  
dead  
homies out there) Mr. Serv-On, Master P, Silkk the  
Shocker  
(P brother, Kevin Miller, slugged up) It ain't changed  
(You know lil Reg, Joshua Carter) Everybody need life  
insurance  
(Howard little brother, you know what I'm sayin?  
mistakes happen)  
You never know when it's gon be yo time to go  
(you know what I'm sayin, nigga, we with you)  
Cause if you live in the ghetto  
(And my cousin Randall, nigga, I'm gon always see you  
nigga)  
It's like you one step away from heaven

(whether I'm dead or alive, my homie D. Fuller, nigga  
my homie Mouse, you know what I'm sayin, no matter  
how you went fool

you still got love from me, it's gon be like to everybody  
that done lost somebody, whether it's your mother,  
your uncle  
your sister, your brother, your child, it doesn't matter  
you know what I'm sayin, they all up there, it's gon be  
one big party  
with tangaray and hennesy and pineapple juice, they  
even get up like  
that up there, you know, so y'all take it easy out there  
for No Limit, T-R-U, fool, Heaven, Heaven)

Chorus to fade

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