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Kendra Smith "Heaven & Hell"

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"My nigga, what it look like?"

Niggas hating, bitches hating, babies dying Bullets flying, helicopters, police sirens, preachers lying

Genosism, criticism, unemployment, racism Burning buildings, AIDS victims, cancer killing, no cure Oil spilling, turmoil, poverty-stricken Police brutality kicking ass of us Africans, hostages in Afghanistan

Not to mention another prison, child molesting Cow intestines, botox injection, earthquakes that's government testing

Secret society weapon, opium plant manifested That turn to crack, then invest it amongst us blacks, just a method

To hold us back, great depression, amongst Iraq no direction

No google map, just a TEC for the soowoo Swerving Isuzu, then blah-blah-blah, adolescents go cuckoo

Mothers are boo-boo crying, the governor keep us starving

These commercials keep us buying these cigarettes Supermarkets fill up our liver with triumph, distinctive living with

Science

No place to live in, no Zion, see that's forbidden, we frying

"My nigga, what it look like?"
That's exactly what Hell look like, uh

Tell it like it is, nigga
Tell it like it is, homeboy
Tell it like it is, nigga
Tell it like it is, tell 'em what's up

"My nigga, what it look like?"

Malcolm laughing, Martin laughing, Biggie spitting

'Pac is rapping, Gregory capping, people singing, bells is ringing
Children playing, angels praying, fourteen carat golden streets
Cali greens, red wine, potato yams, turkey legs
Calling every human being...

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