

Mr. Sancho

"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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