

## **Troy Spratt**

### **"Heaven 4 A Gangsta"**

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[chorus]

Is there a heaven for a gangsta gangsta gangsta ughh

2x

Is there a heaven for a gangsta

[master p]

Grew up in the ghetto raised by a killa

Tru across my stomach

Your neighborhood thug nigga

Trying to make it out this fucked up environment

Where niggaz die trying to make a dollar out of 15  
cents

The ghetto got me crazy

I smell daisies

But i can't die tonight my old lady pregnant with a baby

2pac said is there a heaven for a g

But i wonder if there's a resting place for killas and  
gangstas like me

Been fucked up for most my life

Done sold my soul to the devil

I hope i die in my sleep i know it's gonna be a 187

Ain't no turning back i'm strapped with 2 crome gacks

I see death around the corner

My time to go i'm ready black

Cause i'm a soldier gone off that douja

Aint no crying at my funeral i lived life to the fullest a  
high roller

So when i die put me in a pine box

Bury me like a g 2 glocks and a fucking bag of rocks

And open up clouds for a stranger

Before you take me lord tell me

[chorus]

[silkk]

Just a young nigga addicted to fast cars fast money  
and fast bitches

Git me blasting til it's the mothafucking last nigga

Its gone be hard trying to get to heaven cause my life  
is mostly marred  
All i see is 2 levels and 187 sell a nigga ??  
So living gangstafied and gang banging  
You know just imaging niggaz be acting bad up there  
If they had a heaven for a gangsta  
Block parties all days til we get tired, free sex like the  
sixties  
Nigga drinking up on some forties, nigga pumping up  
on some swishies  
Dice game every hour  
For the gangstas money and power  
Rewards for niggaz that's bout it  
Extra time for busters and cowards  
Cause every nigga on the block i know  
Will be living in mansions and riding old school  
If i was born to be the fucking president  
Everythin i ride would be on some gold shoes  
Is there a heaven for a gangsta i can't wait  
Even have some bitches crying trying to get into the  
gate

[chorus]

[c-murder]

Is there a heaven for a mothafucking gangsta ass  
nigga like me ( i doubt it)  
Cause niggaz like me down south (new orleans) stay  
bout it  
Swamp niggaz,  
Tru soldiers  
Fill your head with lead  
I ain't scared to die i'll smoke your ass like douja  
Retaliation is a must so i bust  
Your ass be on the run i can't keep bullets up in my  
fucking gun  
They ask me why am i so sick,  
Its because of my click  
Full of murders and robbers, rehabilitated convicts  
Rest in peace to all my fucking dead niggaz that took  
the stand  
Lord forgive me but i know i'm going to hell man  
I walk the streets with my converse, khakies and my  
chrome gack  
Pockets full of drug money and crack, heroin  
Will i ever see the man upstairs i know my chances are  
slim  
Cause god don't want no killas standing next to him  
So i'm a hustle and sell my d (dopeman)  
But i wonder is there a heaven for a gangsta nigga like

me

[chorus x4]

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