

## Unkle Kracker

### "Heaven"

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If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit  
I don't wanna go  
If Heaven ain't alot like Detroit  
I just a soon stay home  
If they ain't got no Eight Mile  
Like they do up in the D  
Just send me to Hell or Salt Lake City  
It would be about the same to me  
It would be about the same to me

Detroit city  
From Aretha to Aaliyah  
To Bob Segar to  
Joe Louis n' his arena and now me  
Paradime the mic of overachievers  
Smokin sewer caps bottom feeders and parking meters  
A bunch of bad dudes in the mad brew and tattoos  
So think twice before you pass through  
Or get clapped through whack crews get hurt  
We can take you for a ride (ride)  
Or take you for your shirt (shirt)  
I did it in the Bronx, I did in in Queens  
And you can see me do it, do it, down in New Orleans  
Fat backs and greens  
I'm the scene of amazement  
You'll be picking all your teeth up from the fuckin  
pavement  
Is that Kracker with a C  
No Kracker with a K  
Kracker mother fucker all God damn day  
You could take Gratiot south, but that's a real rough  
route  
You'll get found face down with your pockets hangin  
out

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My name is...  
My name is...  
I'm going platinum  
Back up in the mother fuckin saddle  
You wanna battle Kid Rock bitch  
Your up shit's creek without a paddle  
I'm no tattler because I do not snitch  
I lick clits n' drop cock n' twats that spit  
I spit like hicks and make hits for flom  
And that's what you call droppin bombs  
Got a bullet head dick with a thirty aught six  
And from a thousand yards I'll hit ya right in the  
lips...shit  
Motherfucker's wanna talk about shining  
Here's four fingers kiss my fuckin diamonds  
I keep climbing, but these charts ain't shit  
I'm a whinin, linin, rhymin, son of a bitch  
I'm the son of shotguns unsung cry  
And I'm the only MC that'll never die  
Cause if it's real you'll feel it so check for the name  
Or look for the dog with the fade in the chain  
Yeeeeeeeeaaaaahhhhhh

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Kracker's the name double X in size  
And I resid on the side were the sun rise  
See I'll never be touched because I'm outta reach  
Call me Kracker just be fuckin up spots like bleach  
Worst in my division I got bitches on the file  
From the Mississippi River on back to Belle Isle  
I got style, but it doesn't show  
I got more love for Detroit then you'll ever know  
I know cats that sling crack and cats that scrap  
Cats that bust beer bottles over baseball caps  
Cats that get drunk and like to spark up skull cats  
They keep sawed off chillin up in the trunks  
Whores an 44's, scoops n' blow Faygo bitch  
We pound cans of Stroh's

We run the mitten from the river way up to the farms  
That's why we get these fuckin D's tattooed on our  
arms

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