

TRU (Master P) "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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