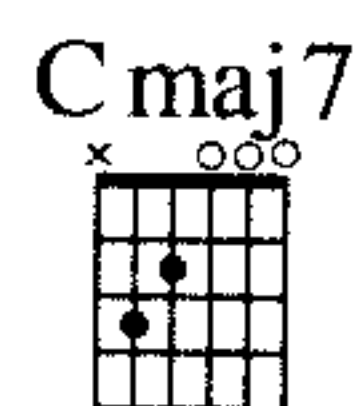


I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto

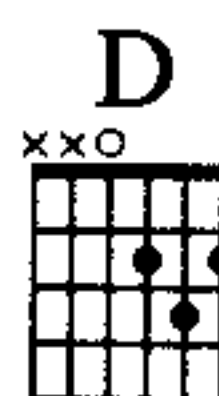
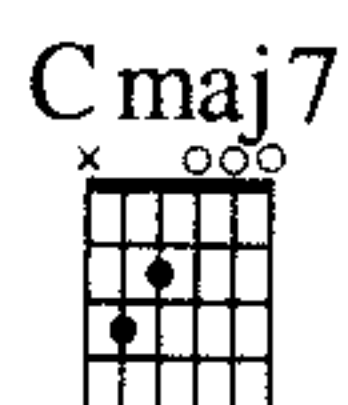
Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, LARRY GOODMAN,
DERRICK McDOWELL, ROGER TROUTMAN
and LARRY TROUTMAN

Moderately ♩ = 108

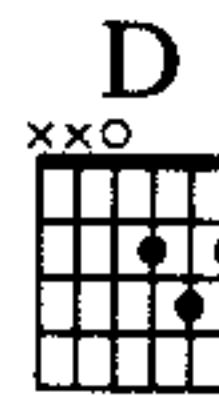
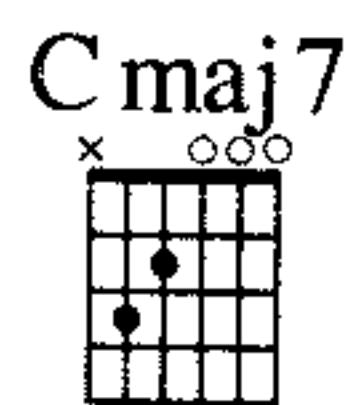


mf

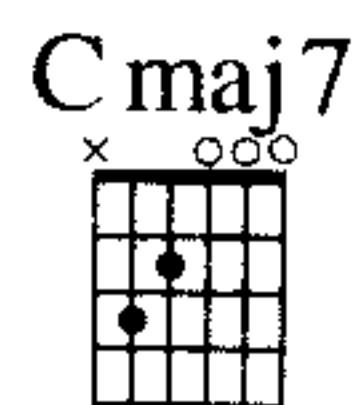
Spoken:
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.



I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.



I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.



I wonder if heaven got a ghetto.
Rap: 1. I was

Verse:

Em A D

raised the little young nigga doin' bad shit. Talk much shit 'cause I never had shit.

2. See additional lyrics

Em A D

I could remember bein' whupped in class. And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass. Was it

Em A D

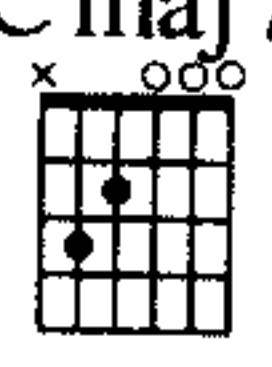
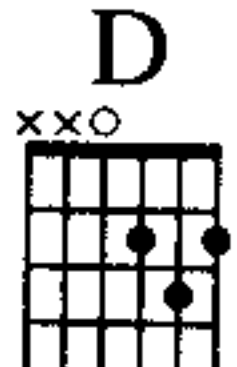
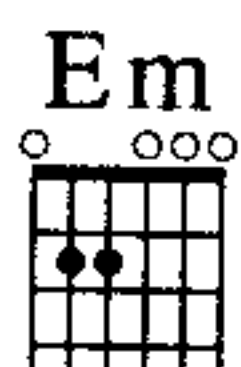
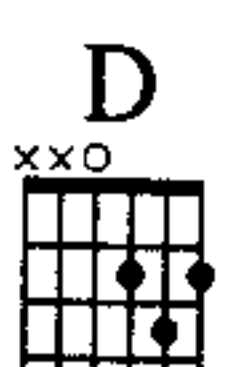
my fault Papa didn't plan it out? Broke out, left me to be the man of the house. I couldn't

Em A D

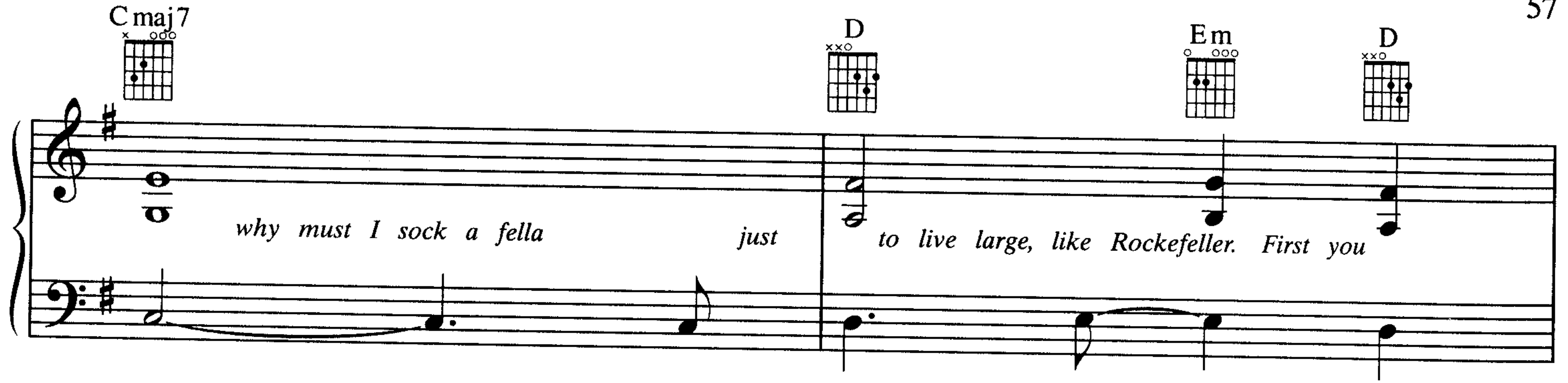
take it, had to make a profit. Down the block, got a Glock and a clock grip.

Cmaj7 D Em D

Makin' G's was my mission Move enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen. And

Cmaj7  D  Em  D 


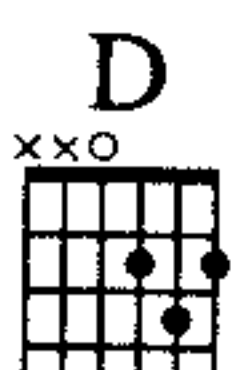

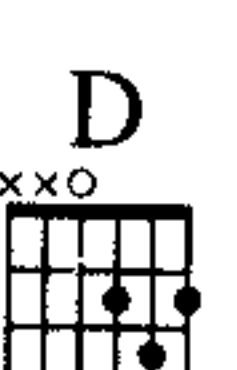
why must I sock a fella just to live large, like Rockefeller. First you



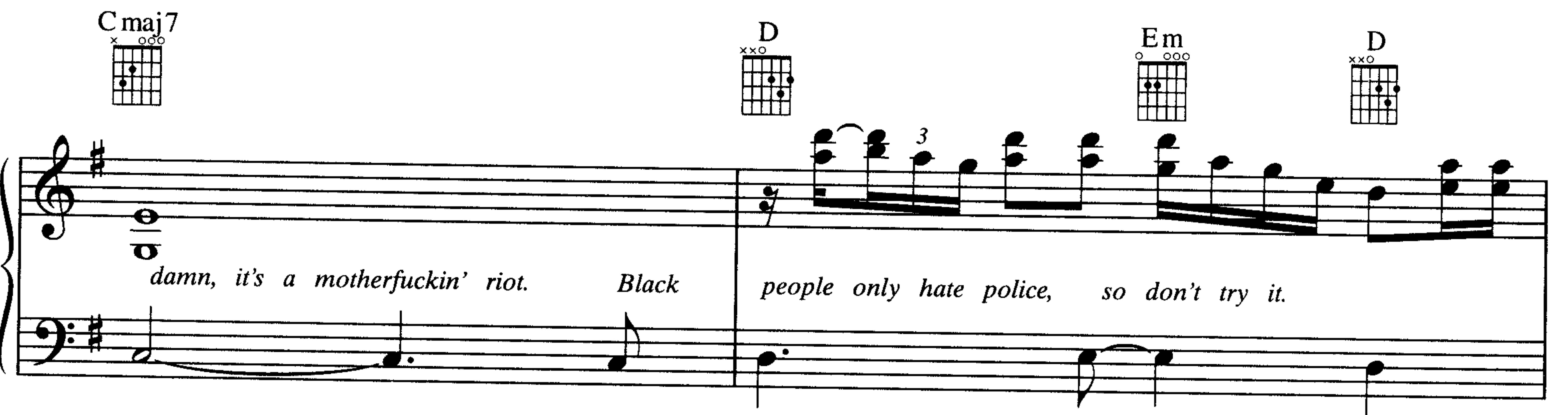
Cmaj7  D  Em  D 

didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now. If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down. God



Cmaj7  D  Em  D 

damn, it's a motherfuckin' riot. Black people only hate police, so don't try it.



Em  A  D 

If you're not from the town, then don't pass through. 'cause some O.G. fools might blast you.

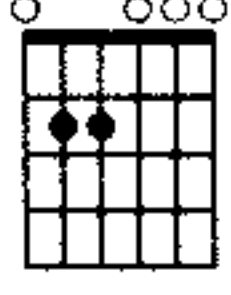


Em  A  D 

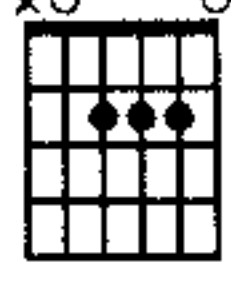
It ain't right, but it's long overdue.. We can't have peace till the niggaz get a piece, too.



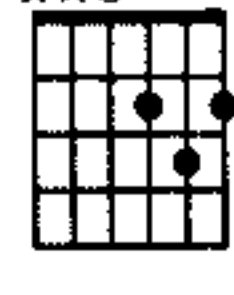
Em



A



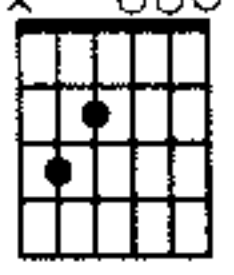
D



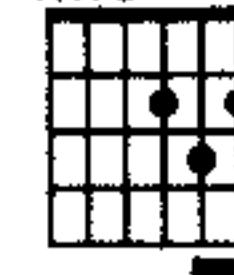
I want G's so you label me a criminal and if I die, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.

Chorus:

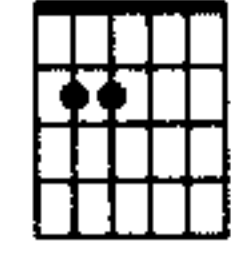
Cmaj7



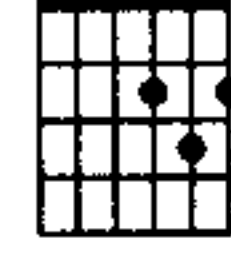
D



Em

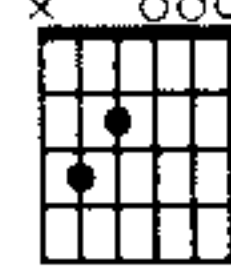


D

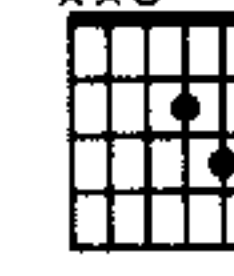


See additional lyrics *I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.*

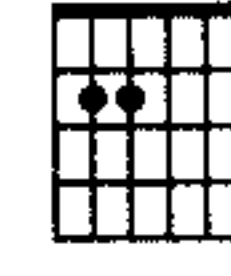
Cmaj7



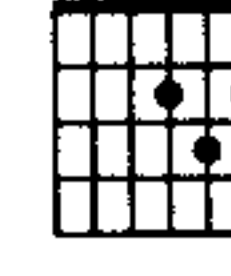
D



Em

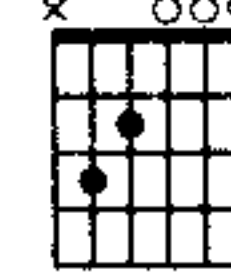


D

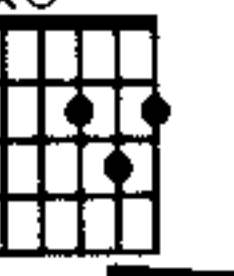


I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.

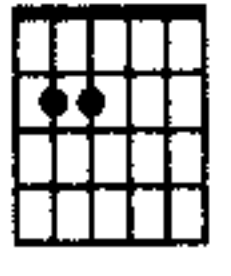
Cmaj7



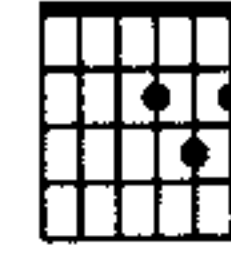
D



Em



D



I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.

Cmaj7



1.2.



D.S.

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.
Here on Earth,

3.
D

Repeat ad lib. and fade

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.

Verse 2:

Here on Earth, tell me, what's black life worth?
 A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts.
 And even when you take the shit,
 Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit.
 Ask Rodney, LaTasha and many more.
 It's been goin' on for years, there's plenty more.
 When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"
 When your troops stop shootin' niggaz down in the street.
 Niggaz had enough time to make a difference.
 Bear witness, own our own business.
 Word to God, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet.
 First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free.
 So we loot, please don't shoot when you see me.
 I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take it from me.
 Now the tables have turned around.
 You didn't listen until the niggaz burned it down.
 And now Bush can't stop the hit,
 Predicted the shit, in 2Pacalypse.
 And for once, I was down with niggaz, felt good
 In the hood, bein' around the niggaz, yeah.
 And for the first time everybody let go.
 And the streets is death row, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.
 (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces,
 Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races.
 We under, I wonder what it take to make this
 One better place, let's erase the wait state.
 Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right.
 'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight.
 And only time we deal is when we kill each other.
 It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other.
 And though it seems heaven sent,
 We ain't ready to have a black president, huh.
 It ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact
 The penitentiary's packed and it's filled with blacks.
 I wake up in the morning and I ask myself,
 "Is life worth living, should I blast myself?"
 I'm tired of bein' poor, and even worse, I'm black.
 My stomach hurts so, I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch.
 Cops give a damn about a negro.
 Pull a trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero.
 Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggaz.
 I'd rather be a dead than a po' nigga.
 Let the Lord judge the criminals.
 If I die, I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.
 (To Chorus:)

Chorus at ending:

Just think, if niggaz decide to retaliate
 (Soldier in the house.)
 I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto.