

# Heaven Yea

Audio Push

Iverson I 3's, I kick ID's  
iPhone, IG's, where the time go?  
Feel like I've been living my life with a blindfold  
Eyes closed, on a quest for truth like  
What can I do to help diffuse  
The pain of my neglected youth?  
Of course a nigga want to flex, it's cool  
But my people need an extra boost  
Look, we can start with Hell  
People say "hell yeah", ain't nothin' yeah about Hell  
The Law of Attraction is real  
And what you speak is eventually revealed  
Chill, Price, cause that's the truth  
You know they don't like how that taste  
Well I refuse to be another black face  
Lost, chasing cheese in a rat race  
Look, I'm on a mission headin' towards the ceiling  
But I can't ignore the feeling  
The government settin' up drive-  
bys for organ stealings and blamin' other blacks for the killings  
We like her pics cause they more revealin'  
You chasin' hits cause it's more appealin'  
According to the blogs or according to the clowns who can't sing a note or p  
lay a fucking instrument at all damn  
Y'all gon' make me blow a fucking head gasket  
I'm black Jesus with a bread basket  
I'm tryna feed my people, carry 'em to the light  
I already had to carry my cousin's casket  
I gotta carry too much casket  
Ain't nothin' heavier than that  
If this a fight then I ain't ready for the match  
Cause I'd do anything to bring my niggas back  
But, see that's why we gotta prosper  
Momma had to do it no papa  
Drama everyday this shit ain't no soap opera  
Days of our lives we ain't lettin' shit stop us  
Gotta pull up to the meals in the Gotta have my sack right for the pocket wa  
tches  
Black man dyin' on his back like a Black man dyin' on his back, Iguodala  
That's Price

Gettin' money livin' large?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
Proud of who you are?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
Got your momma out the hood?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
And are your peoples livin' good?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah

I been on a mission, so long  
I can't keep on livin', all alone

If money's what you call riches  
I don't got that type of riches  
A richness is life and livin'  
I'm just tryna make the right decisions

See they want us to fight the system  
I'd rather get high and light some incense  
I'd rather turn my phone off then fight with you over retweetes, likes, and mentions  
Yeah, fake trends don't make you woke  
And no money don't make you broke  
And being saved don't make you pope  
So don't judge, nigga show love  
Cause I learned more through a beat than I ever learned in a seat  
So let me speak my piece  
If the kids try love things get deep  
Hearts get chilly, TLC creep  
And it's fuck love, give me drugs  
Ugly friends want a hug, fine girls want a thug  
Thugs cry, homies die, women lie, numbers don't  
They get changed can't reach 'em or teach 'em  
Hot damn that boy preachin'  
Breathe in, your stretchin'  
I guess that leaves me one question  
I gotta ask

Do you love who you are?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
Do you align your stars?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
Are you down to Mars?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah  
Do you know the world is ours?  
Heaven yeah, Heaven yeah

I been on a mission, so long  
I can't keep on livin', all alone

This is 90951 News, Too Much Fly High here in Riverside, California. On the scene at Restoration of Jubilee Church where they are having a special event today for all women. Independent women, married women, single women, mothers, aunties, and everything in between. It's women's appreciation this Sunday, and the entire city is out for it. If you have time, bring the family and come down and enjoy this special event. We'll be here all day