

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

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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