

Pearly Gates

Chris Webby

I've been showered with champagne and loving
They say my name when they notice me
When I'm gone, they gon' wish they were coming
'Cause you ain't never met a soul like me

Yeah, I'm a rare one, since I started back at square one
Give it everything I got, I never spare none
I'd been a light in the dark for them like a flare gun
While I got a baddie in the Cadi' with her hair done
Pulling up like Dean Martin, carving
My lane in the game, all flame, this a arson
Smoke in the range with a strain from the garden
They know the name, got the fame for a bargain
Just hard work, I ain't sell my soul
I had many a chance, but I'd tell them no
Fuck the world, anyone who's independent knows
And still they treat me like royalty wherever I go
I'm that genie in the lamp, son, you ain't never seen
Listen close, I'ma show you what a real one means
And there's no in-between, that's the fact of the matter
I ain't after the happily ever-after, I'm after leaving a legacy
Leave the next gen with the recipe
Living on through the lyrics and the melody
Whether I go tomorrow or it's in my late seventies
I guarantee that you motherfuckers gon' remember me
Dodging where the devil be, tryna forge another path
Playing to my specialties, living through my fucking raps
Keep the microphone with me like my other half
'Cause no matter where the fuck we at

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Till I'm in that black hearse, pulling up in a box
It's a lost cause even tryna come for the spot
When I really leave, then you'll see what you all got
Good luck filling my shoes, I'm a size y'all not
But when it's all done and I really do leave
Don't grieve, I'll be right upstairs rolling my weed
Honestly, some of y'all gon' wish you came with me
Biggest party in the afterlife since they claimed Biggie
In the champagne room doing Molly and coke
While down on earth I'm living on through all the songs that I wrote
I'll be up in the balcony rolling trees and get blown
While Amy Winehouse duets with Nina Simone
Thugs mansion after-party doing shots with 'Pac
And Frank Sinatra while we rolling up with Peter Tosh
And Marley, Chris Farley, and Basquiat
Till I dip with Marilyn Monroe giving me top
Shit, it's all good, on a sky-way just cruising
With James Gandolfini, lighting up a Cuban
Pull up at the pearly gates looking like a boss
Ask Bob Ross, yo, this celebration going off
Ain't no COVID up here, shit we packing a room
Only one wearing a mask is MF DOOM

So when you hear the bass banging from the sky and you wonder why
That's just the party on the other side

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