

# Heaven's Arms

## The Game

Part the Red Sea in red Louboutins, who the don?  
Walk inside the club with all this Gucci on, you've been warned  
Packing heat like two LeBrons  
And my crew is strong as Cali kush  
It keep you (higher than heaven's arms)

Gucci in my closet, pardon my head  
Pardon my French, but I'm on my Nas shit, off with your head  
Off with your bitch, she offered me head, I offered her dick  
Slid my black card at the reception, now we off in the Ritz  
I'm rolling this kush, she coughing and shit  
Freak bitch named Jada love the LOX, I got her talkin' to Kiss  
Got my hands behind my head, now she all in the splits  
Dick must be good 'cause now she in Boston with bricks  
Got a text on my iPhone, she caught with my shit  
Off with a ten, she took it 'cause she's far from a snitch  
Hold her mama and her daddy down, got a sister at Georgetown  
Paying her tuition so she ain't gotta be strippin'  
It's money so I ain't trippin', this bullshit get printed  
Them banks get scoped out, black cars get rented  
My Gucci suit tailored, my fade get tapered  
You get sent to your maker, fuckin' around with my paper, 'cause I

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Hard bottom Ferragamos, IQ too much for mediocre convo  
I know a Farrakhan though, three-story condo  
iPod shuffling between Common, Jay Electronica and Bono  
Armado, the last words of Paul Castellano  
Nothin' but endless paper and bitches for niggas I know  
Smokin' Cheeba, feeding divas McDonald's  
All the way in Milano, ashin' out Cohibas  
Fuckin' in that blue Aventador, the nose like Gonzo  
Let a bitch get a breather, then she back hittin' high notes  
Throwin' Louis luggage at dealerships, fuck a car note  
15's in everything, beating like Harpo  
Rolling purple like Harpo, bitches by the car load  
They wana see Prince, I'm pulling strings like Carlos  
Santana, now we in Magic, Atlanta  
Wipin' Ciroc off my Loubi's with my Gucci bandana, 'cause I

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Kanye with Kim now, I'm happy for that nigga  
Disrespect him or his wifey, I'll slap you for that nigga  
Grew up listenin' to Pac, now I'm rappin' for that nigga  
My brother been dead 20 years, I'm trappin' for that nigga  
God Flow like Pusha n 'em, rose Phantom pushin' 'em  
Splittin' Louisville Sluggers open, puttin' kush in 'em

Ain't forgot about the Twin Towers, I blame Bush for them  
Obama can't speak on it 'cause the government's shushin' him  
But that's my nigga though, still stackin' figures  
So one day I'm top 5 and I can politic with Jigga though  
I was just trying to Blueprint myself behind Jigga, though  
And all them old disses, yo, bullshit, Thibodeau  
He be where the Summer be, I be where the Winter go  
Tomahawk the Bugatti, Florida State Seminole  
I'm out here tryna win a penant though  
Never thought I'd be legendary, but fuck it I'm in it so

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