

Heaven on Earth

Vic Mensa

Do the realest niggas die young?
A question for the gun that killed my nigga Cam a.k.a. DARE
How's life up there?
Do you still laugh like crashing trains?
Do you tag your name on angel wings?
I don't know how time works in Heaven, but it's been a minute
Write me back
Lil' Vic

This could be
Heaven right
Here on Earth, Here on Earth
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Here on Earth, Here on Earth
(Yeah, Cam what up bro?)

What up Cam?
It's your little bro
It's been a while since we spoke but it's hidden fo'
The other day I saw your sister bro
Sad it had to be at another funeral
That was a wild summer, same one that took Rod from us
When I heard they stabbed him in his side
Swear to God I could feel that shit in my stomach
Yo, I heard it was some niggas from the Wild 100s
That sneaky bitch set you up man
Fuck man that shit was tough man
Over some petty ass weed
I was like anybody but Cam
I called Autumn immediately
Needed someone to feed it to me
I couldn't stomach it on my own
I wanted to throw up like I was chuggin' patron
Every time I run through your number in my phone
I think about bullet holes runnin through your dome
I just saw you that week on 53rd
I'm tearing up man it's hard to put this shit in words
It's like Macklemore at the Grammys, man
I just feel like you got some shit you didn't deserve
You was a good nigga, but the good niggas always die young, fucking 'round w
ith them hood niggas
I know you had your hands in that dirt, but
They ain't have to air you out outside that Kenwood Liquors
Now shit'll never ever be the same for me
None of this money takes my pain from me
But still for whatever it's worth
I'm just writin' you this letter
Send it to heaven on earth

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What up lil' Vic?
It's your big bro
It's been a while man, what's good though?
I see you on the road like 10-4
I ain't surprised I knew you was gonna kill em tho
I heard your song "Holy Holy"
That shit really touched me
You was just a little bony homie
To see you in front of thousand of people, screaming my name, man that shit
did a lot for me
Sometimes heaven gets lonely
I talked to your grandma, she said "Tell Vic I'm proud for me"
I got that little liquor you poured out for me
I was drinking it with Rod, I know that you miss him
You really need to keep your squad closely, I mean Joey, Kene, Smoko, Towkio
You know? Your ride or die homies
'Cause to be honest them other niggas is all phony
But you know you got to stay off them drugs man, they no good for you
I see you in that bathroom stall suicidal with that gun in hand
How could you wanna die? Shit is so good for you
Heaven ain't that bad though
Just a lot of sunny days, mad dope
I smoked with Kurt Cobain yesterday, he said he liked your shit
And to tell you that you on the right path though
Don't cry, I'mma see you when it's time
And it ain't time yet, so keep on your grind
Keep your mind on your money
And your money on your mind
Cause trust me you're gonna get through the worst
Sincerely Killa Cam
From Heaven on Earth

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What up young Vic?
You don't know my name
I'm just another nigga caught up in the street game
I been through things, seen things
I know this might sound crazy but let me explain
It was a dark night, I got call from this broad right
She said I'm hittin you about this shit
Because I know you got stripes like off white
I got a lick for you, you got a car right?
You leaving for my crib in an hour
Hold on one sec, he just got out the shower (Who you talking to?)
Nothin' I'm just talkin' to my momma
Now listen close, I can't talk no louder
He got 10 pounds in the trunk
He's bout to make a run to drop the Benz off to the plug
You could get him robbed for the cash if you quick
And I know he ain't strapped because I just hid his gun
I asked her who the nigga was she ain't say a name
But I just had a baby man I had to make some change
I was hurt, how could I turn away a stain
So I called up my brothers like Damon Wayans
We piled up in my Monte Carlo, pulled up to the bitch crib
Seen a white Ford Explorer shorty just told me to follow
He was sittin on 75th, he bent off Stony and made a stop at the Kenwood Liqu

ors

He ran inside to get a drink

And when he stepped out he had a bottle of hennessy in his hand

We rolled up and put that banger to his face

"Give me everything in the car, nigga everything"

He start stumbling like "I-I ain't got anything"

I said "Shut the fuck up man, open the trunk up man

Before I gotta let this hammer bang"

He reached for the keys and put him in

The trunk popped open seen the weed in Saran

I said step the fuck back, he ain't listen though

I saw his hand reaching again

I was scared, I ain't gon lie

That's what it was

I thought he had a gun, my eyes went black

I let two shots go (two gunshots)

Before I knew it, he was layin in the ground in a puddle of blood

I know it ain't right

I think about it every night

I ain't even mean to take his life

We livin in the streets where ain't shit free and your man just had to pay t
he ultimate price

A week later I saw your post on the 'Gram

R.I.P DARE with a picture of him

I recognized the face from somewhere and then I realized

Damn