

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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