

# 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  
This could be  
Heaven right  
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

This could be  
Heaven right  
Here on Earth, Here on Earth  
This could be  
Heaven right  
Here on Earth, Here on Earth

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

This could be  
Heaven right  
Here on Earth, Here on Earth  
This could be  
Heaven right  
Here on Earth, Here on Earth

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