

Heaven

Vince Staples

Fuck these bitches, I'm focused on business
Got 'em running in the hood like I bought a new engine
What these niggas try to save I'll spend in a minute
All this money in the way, niggas ain't in my vision
I was really on that block, I came up from nothin'
Putting everything in it, it was all or nothin'
Now these diamonds on my neck got all these bitches fuckin'
With a kid, they used to sin, now I'm the one who fronted
See this Rollie on my wrist, that thing glitter and gold
Eatin' off this old bread, all these niggas go mold
Middle fingers to the haters and niggas that told
Money over everything, that's the way that I roll

I must have died and went to heaven
Currently in shock, it'll hit me in a second
What's your question, you need a blessin'... right?
Or you're just wondering what heaven's like

I got bitches, all I see is bitches, all I see is bitches
Windows tinted
Hide some people in it
We extremely lifted
Ain't no limits
Kids defying physics
Crucifying bitches
Ain't your business how I spend my time, I got bigger fish to fry
They telling lies, I swear to God
Heaven left 'em mesmerized
Everything ain't televised
When it rain, then it shines
Nevermind. Missing all the devil's signs
Hellen Keller blind, you need eyes
Then I'mma come and lend you mine
Every time I start walking proud, they wanna chop chop chop chop me down
I just wanna make out with Foxy Brown
Monday nights, shit raw for now
Close it up, yeah I lock it down
Smoking blunts 'til I'm Gangnam Style
Coughin' into my coffin now
Have a bad bitch, money, and a crocodile
With me
Rest in peace to Pimp C
Set me free
Need ecstasy
I just really wanna get my jet to leave
Go and play the front 9 at Pebble Beach
Just set some goals that I'll never reach
Get you high, seven leaves, never peak
Good energy 'til it's rest in peace

Running out of hope, running wild cuz my momma close
To dying while we broke, a youngest child, I always listened to my father
When he spoke, because he'd been through it all
A Chris Paul jersey hung on the wall in ninth grade
Back when niggas only wanted to ball
We used to steal from the mall and had to run from the guards
But now we run from the law with guns stuffed in our drawers

And all my chambers revolve cuz I can't risk gettin' caught
I got too much on my plate, I think a better tomorrow is what I'm trying to
make
At least for most where I stay, I learned at a young age ain't no savin' 'em
all
See some problems is born too far gone to be solved
I got a lot on my heart. Scorn the weary
Never believin' no woman, cuz bitches lie on the frequent
Live and die by this gun, niggas ain't shooting for fun
So run your pockets, we need it

[Hook x2]