

# Heaven Can Wait

## Freddie Gibbs

24 hours to live, what would you do?  
Just get high, treat everyday like my birthday, smoke with the crew  
Hit the hood cause you know bitches be thirsty for dudes with loot  
I change the paint to money green on my Cutlass  
Rumble the roof like it was reinvented  
Where the freaks is?  
Whats a drop if ain't no bitches in it?  
Ride with me today, I'm in a mood to go spend some spinach  
On my niggas of course  
Funny how we straight from section 8, now we chill in resorts  
30, 40 deep on south beach, me and D-Edge  
Brought some bitches with us, but fuck these Puerto Ricans instead  
Do this for my people, hopefully I can leave them some bread  
Before these punk polices or jealous streets leave me for dead  
I live a wild life, some might say it's child-like  
On my second childhood  
Bubba kush, banana wood, sippin on some purple fluid  
These drugs will kill me before I let you do it  
187 Proof, I die today, I live through this music, Gibbs  
Before I check out, let me diamond my neck out  
Blow a mil on my niggas, fuck bitches like I was fresh out  
Fresh to death when I step out, every day approaching the gates  
I live a helluva life, baby, heaven can wait  
Before I check out, let me diamond my neck out  
Blow a mil on my niggas, fuck bitches like I was fresh out  
Fresh to death when I step out, every day approaching the gates  
I live a helluva life, baby, heaven can wait  
Heaven can wait  
Everyday I pray to be as strong as Huey Newton  
Before you pull that trigger, take a closer look at who you shooting  
Mirror image, nothing different, you just another slave  
Tryin to succeed in these European's narcotics trade  
Worked all week, 140 dollars was all I made  
Fuck a job, I'd rather chop a rock and be chopping blades  
Gotta watch these cops cause I came too far to die in a cage  
Watch who you fuck, rather catch a bullet than die from AIDS  
Before I check out, let me diamond my neck out  
Crushing feelings on Broadway, I pulled that Monte SS out  
Buy my mom a new spot and make sure that bitch super decked out  
Swear I can't leave this Earth 'til I'm sure that you never stress out  
Before I left out  
I grab the zip and extra clips and hit the L on 21st and Virginia, and bless the Fifth

Hit the lab so I can lay all the shit I didn't get to spit  
Could die tonight, but what I write they forever gon' reminisce  
It's Gangsta Gibbs

Songwriters

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